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# REAL WEST

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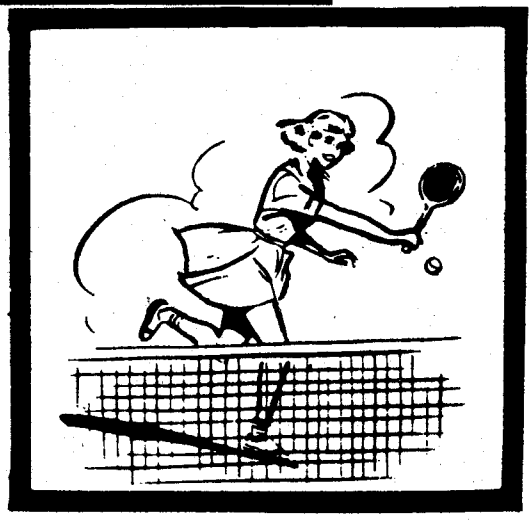

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# Where WOMEN Were Scarcer Than GOLD

By George Hart

COVER STORY

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

*Miners at a Saturday night fandango. To solve the problem of dance partners drawings were held to determine who would be the "ladies" for the night.*

The tenth mandate of the "Miners' Ten Commandments" reads as follows:

"Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet 'single blessedness;' nor forget absent maidens; nor neglect thy 'first love;' — but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she awaiteth thy return; yea, and coverth each epistle that thou sendest with kisses of kindly welcome — until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou dost love and covet each other, thou shalt 'pop the question' like a man, lest another, more than thou art, should step in before thee, and thou love her in vain, and in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great, and say, 'such is life;' and thy future lot be that of a poor, lonely, despised and comfortless bachelor."

On the face of it the above would seem to be a tall order for any miner, but old western mining camps were usually short of three things; namely, good diggings, good whiskey and women (good or otherwise). This last named shortage probably lessened the opportunities for breakage of the tenth commandment.

The scarcity of females in the California camps led both the French and German governments to embark on a venture to fill this gap in the miners' life. France hit on a lottery system wherby the profits realized from chances taken on bars of gold were used to pay the transportation costs to the goldfields of hundreds of members of the cyprian sisterhood and their male "protectors."

The Germans utilized a method that was described and roundly criticized by the (San Francisco) *Alta California:*

"It may hardly seem credible that a system of peonage of Anglo-Saxon flesh and blood is rife in California. The system of importing females from Germany, by contract, has been carried on with great profit to one or two parties in this city. Young girls are bought, sent out here in ships, and have to serve a term of years to their master — no matter what labor may be required.

"We are informed they are virtuous; though notions of propriety forbid that a female who can be fondled and clasped by every comer, be he drunk or sober, uncouth or comely, can be chaste; yet such a miracle exists."

Despite these schemes — conducted by countries and individual entrepreneurs alike — figures taken from the United States census for 1850 show the "gentler sex" representing less than eight per cent of the population of California.

One miner was so starved for feminine companionship that he was willing — if we may take him literally — to surrender one of his digits if he could but escort some choice hometown girls he had in mind. In his diary he wrote:

"Would give my little finger to go to the theater or museum with some certain Baltimore girls, tonight — hush memory — or I'll go mad."

Not quite so extreme, but equally impressive was the man who upon hearing a *rumor* indicating a woman had appeared in a camp almost fifty miles distant traveled muleback to merely get a glimpse of her.

To be sure, this was an unusual case. Most miners settled for something more prosaic in their search for entertainment. After days of backbreaking work they needed an activity that would "get the kinks out" and momentarily take their mind off the fair sex. Saturday night fandangos were usually the answer. To solve the problem of dance partners drawings were held to determine who

*(continued on page 60)*



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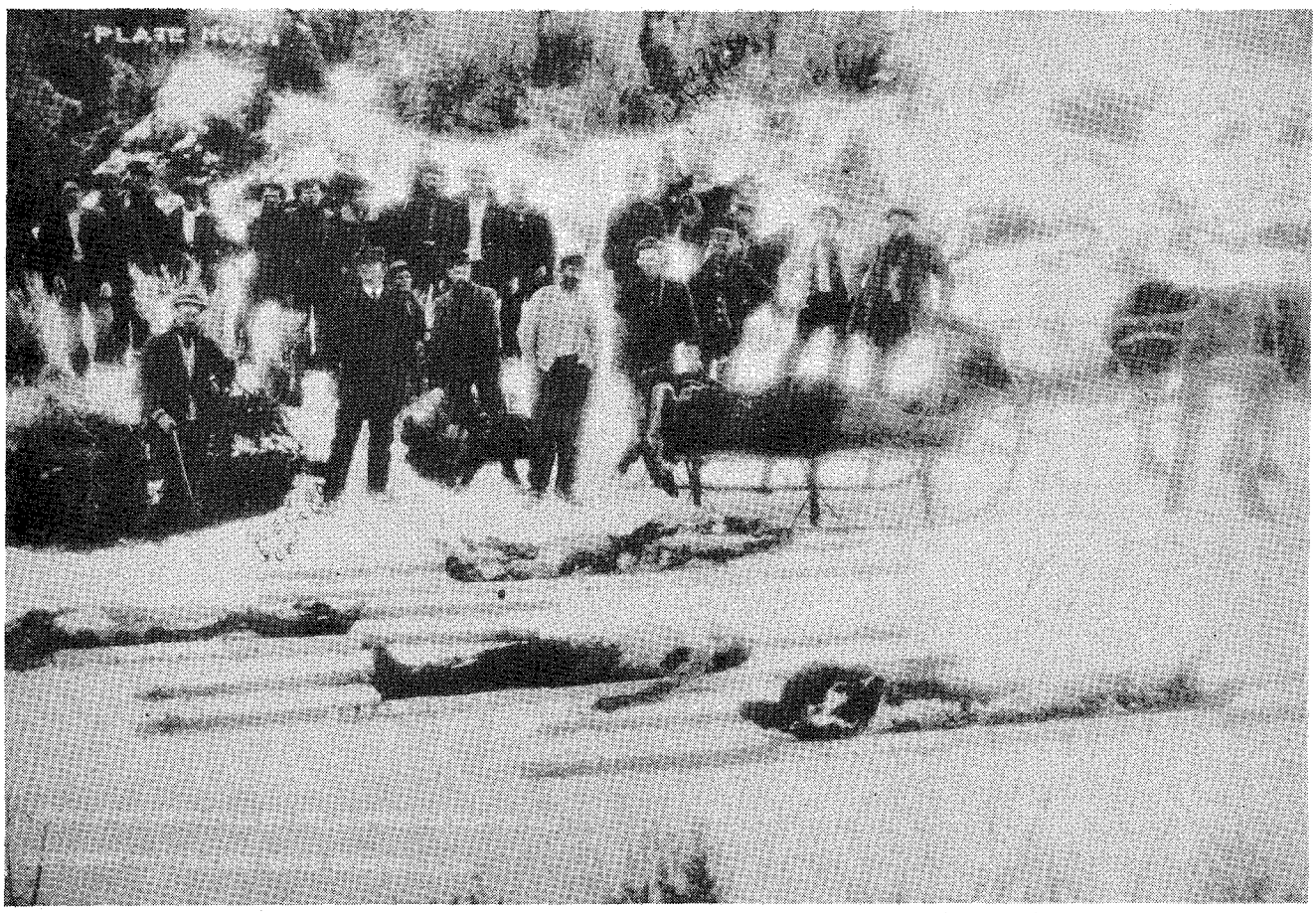

*Bodies of slain stockmen prior to their transfer to the sleigh to be taken to Eagleville.*

COVER STORY

# SHOSHONE MIKE'S

"My God! I tell you I'll NEVER forget it! Seeing our four massacred friends ly'in' there frozen into the snow an' MUTILATED! We knew then, well enough, that it was Injun work!"

Ottie Van Norman, 93 years of age, was remembering that gruesome massacre and how he had ridden out as a member of the search and avenge posse that snowy winter sixty-two years ago.

Ottie was concerned that I should record the facts and dates, and everything pertaining to that grisly affair. He nudged me anxiously, "Get out your talkin' box now, an' I'll tell you EXACTLY what happened."

It was the custom for Surprise Valley ranchers to drive their stock out to Public Domain ranges for free grazing over the state line on the Nevada desert as soon as the first spears of green grass appeared. There the sheep and cattle would remain until the first snows threatened. Then all but the cows and calves and the flocks of sheep would be driven to the home ranches. Watchful herders and their dogs were left in charge of the remaining animals.

But that winter of 1910 began early in this northeastern California back country region. Heavy storms battered the country and deepening snowdrifts began piling up in the Warner Mountains overlooking the valley. The temperature began dropping steadily so that by December below zero was the norm, and the pass through the mountains to Alturas, the supply and County seat, was closed leaving Surprise Valley isolated.

Tucked into the northern end of the valley old Fort Bidwell, abandoned less than twenty years past, had become the local Piute Indian Reservation. The Indians were now all friendly, many of them working on the white ranches up and down the valley.

This region lay within the trailways of Indians traveling to and from southern Oregon, southwestern Idaho, western and southcentral Nevada, for the Piute, Bannack, Snake, Pit Rivers, Modoc and Klamath tribes neighbored each other.

Once in a while however, renegade Indians would slip through the country. The local Indians would keep a watchful eye upon these unwanted troublemakers until they had left the region, for the memory of past Indian troubles were still close to them.

One such hostile band was that of Chief Shoshone Mike Daggett. These renegades had been observed



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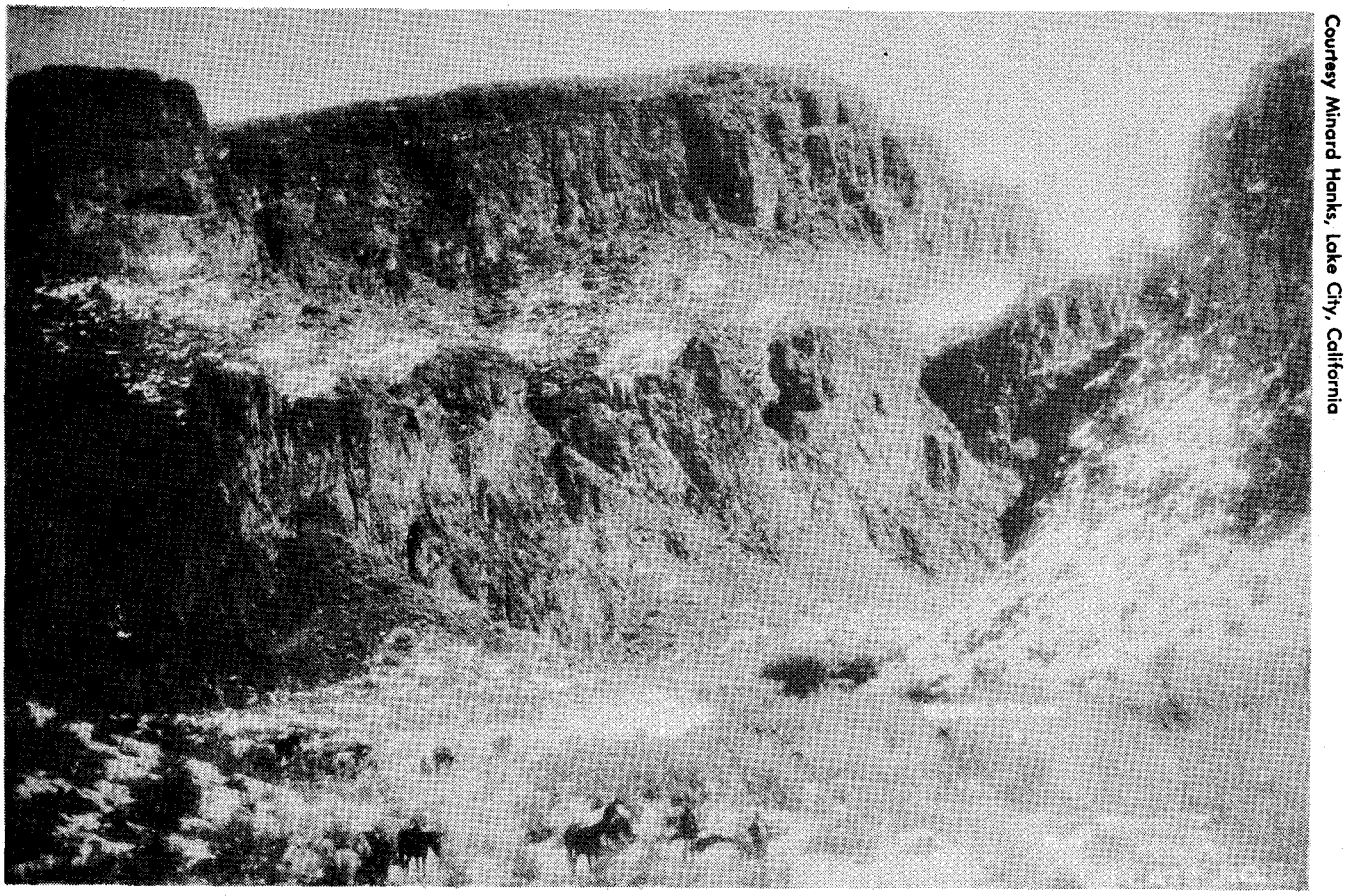

Courtesy Minard Hanks, Lake City, California

*Base of high cliff and willow patch where slain men were discovered in Little High Rock Canyon.*

# LAST WARPATH

By
Dorothy Robertson

stealthily passing through the region. The local Indians reported them as being "Heap bad Injun!" But since they kept on their way without making trouble no more was thought of them.

Then in the middle of January a rider came in from the southeastern Nevada range and told of seeing some fresh-slaughtered cattle hides. "The way them beeves bin skinned I calc'late it was Injuns!" he declared.

However, it was well-known that cattle-rustlers often tried to make their steal look like Indian work. The three valley stockmen who were wintering their animals on the Nevada ranges decided they ought to ride out and inspect their herds, check on their herders and their supply caches in view of the terrible weather, and keep an eye out for rustlers.

Thus on January 16th Basque sheepmen John Laxague and Peter Erramouspe, together with cattleman Harry Cambron, all of Eagleville in the southern end of the valley, bundled themselves to the ears and rode out into a freezing white world. Only Harry Cambron was armed with a thirty - two Savage automatic pistol.

Since the weather was so bad, the men told their families they might be late returning and they were not to worry. They would try to get back in ten days. They planned to stop at Billie Denio's Homestead some fifty miles eastward, from which base they would inspect the slaughtered beeves a few miles hence. Then they would ride out to check on their camp - tenders and herds.

Laura Murphy of Eagleville, Harry Cambron's fiancee, kissed him goodbye and reminded him that their wedding day was in two weeks' time, blizzard or no!

The days passed with more snow and blizzards smothering the countryside. But after two full weeks had passed without word from the stockmen, Laura Murphy fretted. She persuaded a mutual friend, Warren Fruits, to ride out to Denio's and check on their safety. She was sure her Harry would not lightly miss their wedding day.

On arrival Fruits discovered that the three Basques had indeed reached the Denio Homestead, and had also talked Dominic "Bert" Indiano, a Basque buckaroo who worked for the two sheepmen into accompanying them out to Little High Rock Canyon to inspect the beef carcasses. Thus the Denios and their buckaroos were the last whites to have seen the four stockmen alive. They too had not worried over the men's failure to return, for in that snowbound country travel could not be regulated. Besides the men were warmly dressed, well-supplied, and knew that isolated region well, and there were always the scattered supply caches to draw upon. Obviously, they said, the men had holed up from the storm.



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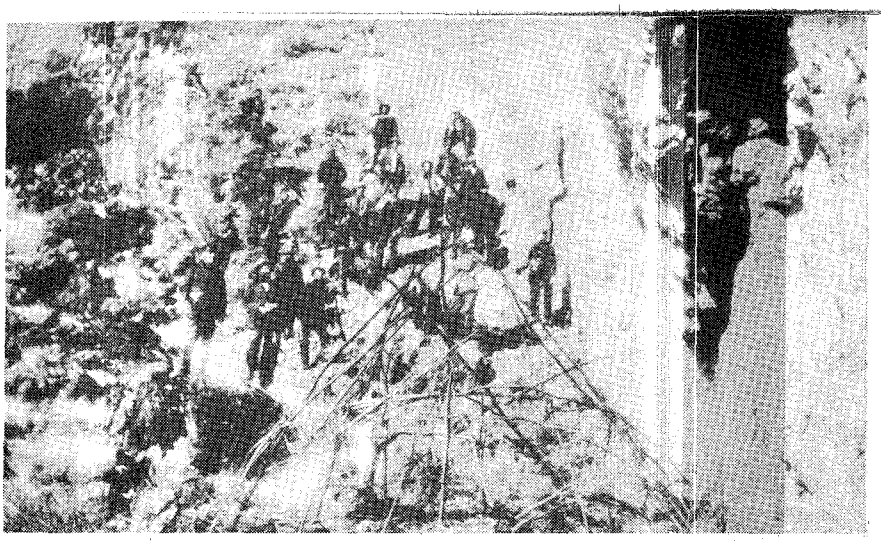


Courtesy Minard Hanks, Lake City, California

*Indian deserted camp: Cave upper right, tepee in foreground in Little High Rock Canyon, Nevada.*

When Fruits returned to Eagleville with the news, friends and relatives stopped worrying. Perhaps the men had even ridden out to Quinn River country, northeast of Denio's where they also wintered sheep.

Meanwhile, Indiano's camptender out on the Black Rock Desert was wondering why his employer had not brought his supplies. He decided on a quick trip into Eagleville. On his way through Little High Rock Canyon he too noticed the recently slaughtered beef hides. Recognizing the Indian method of slaughter, he was distinctly disturbed and hurried towards Denio's Ranch. There he learned that his employer and the three other stockmen had left the ranch two weeks earlier, heading for his camp!

Worried over this news, Billie Denio hurriedly penned a note for Indiano's herder to take into Eagleville. When the town learned the news upon his arrival, the place was in an uproar, fearing a tragedy of some sort. The alarm was telegraphed to Herb Humphrey in Reno, since Humphrey was the Cambron brothers' partner.

Quickly a posse was organized. Only the hardiest men were chosen to go on this arduous ride through below zero temperature and deep snow. All night long before their departure the horse-shoers were busy. Rifles, pistols and ammunition were collected; a necessary pack train loaded with supplies was organized to follow in the rear of the search posse.

Of the clamoring crowds of volunteers, only nine of the toughest men were chosen. These were Ben Cambron, brother of the missing Harry, Warren Fruits, Dr. Milo Kennedy, Ed Hogle, a buckaroo from the Bare Ranch, Henry Hughes, George Holmes, Mort West, George Reeder and Ottie Van Norman. However, before the posse finally rode out of the valley their number had grown to twenty!

The posse rode out on February 8th, undaunted by another blinding snowstorm. The going was extremely tiring for the horses because the drifts were belly-deep. After a grueling ride the posse rendezvoused at Billie Denio's Homestead, fifty miles away. There they rested before heading for Little High Rock Canyon; obviously the place in which to begin the search for the missing men.

Although much time had elapsed since the stockmen's disappearance, the men were not unduly dismayed. They were used to this rugged country and knew how to pick up tracks despite the deep snow.

It was now four days since their departure from Eagleville when they at last reached the beeves' carcasses. Most of the boys knew that their friends must have met with trouble at the hands of Indians, even if they could scarcely credit such a happening in 1911! For moccasin tracks were plainly to be seen around the carcasses.

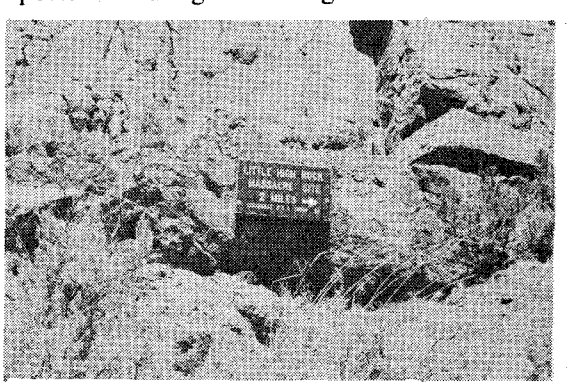
Warren Fruits had ridden on ahead when, about one and onehalf miles up the narrow, steep-walled gorge of Little High Rock Canyon and some three odd miles from the Denio Homestead, Fruits stumbled across a few bloodstains. His heart leaped. He knew this was a bad sign. And then he spotted a human hand sticking up out of the snow at the edge of a stunted willow patch along the stream ahead. Forgetting the instructions to fire only three shots if the missing men were found, Fruits excitedly emptied his pistol into the air.

The rest of the posse quickly converged on him. They found Fruits kneeling in the snow in shock, babbling over the piled bodies of his friends. And no wonder! Infuriated curses filled the air as the boys crowded round their massacred friends. The men had been riddled with bullets and mutilated, piled head-to-feet face downward like cordwood, and their boots and clothes taken.

Shuddering, the onlookers saw that poor Pete Erramouspe had had his luxuriant, glossy moustache sliced off, lip and all. Another had an eyelid removed. One and all knew the meaning of this act ... some Indian buck had wanted them as trophys to hang at his belt! Children of Surprise Valley settlers who had fought off Indians a scant forty years past, they needed no one to tell them the meaning of that act. And they also found all the gold had been hacked out of the victims' mouths.

Checking the still-clear moccasin tracks in the snow, the boys saw that the men had been ambushed in a clear space beyond, then their bodies dragged down to their final resting place. Nowhere was Harry Cambron's pistol to be found. Gone were horses, supplies, ammunition belt; in fact, nothing had been left behind but the men's bodies, less than half-clothed.

Then someone discovered moccasin tracks leading towards the sheer cliff nearby. There they found the tracks lead up a hard-to-see seam, footholds that led upwards. Once on top the men saw a large cave, while on the flat space before it they discovered two pitched teepees with brush bark mats around the lower sides and extending upwards some three feet, obviously designed to keep the weather out. Two trails led up along the extension of the cliff to lookout posts camouflaged with sagebrush.



*Marker showing way to Massacre site.*



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Inside the cave the men found several tons of prepared jerky. They also found children's toys: clay horses and dolls. And there was a half-filled pail of frozen water still sitting there.

The men found this inexplicable. Why did the Indians abandon their cave and supplies? Were they afraid now of vengeance at the hands of white men? If so, then why did they leave their tracks behind for anyone to follow? Or did they plan on returning to their hidden camp at a later date? Nevertheless the men were jubilant. They could see the miscreants had not been gone long. They had a chance to catch up and exact retribution. But they needed more ammunition and supplies.

Warren Fruits elected to ride back to Surprise Valley and break the news. Mort West volunteered to ride in too, and bring back the needed ammunition and arrange for supplies. Two of the posse members set out to check on another isolated homestead, the Pages'. They lost their way in the blizzard but managed to find their way back to safety at the Denio Ranch.

When Fruits' and West's news flashed up and down the valley, horrified feeling rose to the exploding point. The fearful local Indians quickly offered their best trackers. Storekeeper Billie Fenwick opened his doors to freely pass out ammunition. Then, despite the bitter weather, Mort West turned right around and rode back to Denio's with fifty clips of ammunition. And the telegraph informed an unbelieving country of the massacre of four Surprise Valley stockmen at the hands of renegade Indians! California and Nevada newspapers exploded into banner headlines.

At Reno, crowds quickly gathered at the Overland Hotel, for the slain stockmen had many friends and relatives in that area. Excitement was at high pitch for too many of the older people there remembered their early days of fighting Indians during the Piute War of the late 1860's. They kept shaking their heads: "But THIS is 1911! How can it be?"

By February 13th, Washoe County officials and Coroner Lee J. Davis, together with Nevada State Police and Modoc County officials, had arrived at Denio's Homestead which was designated the posse's headquarters.

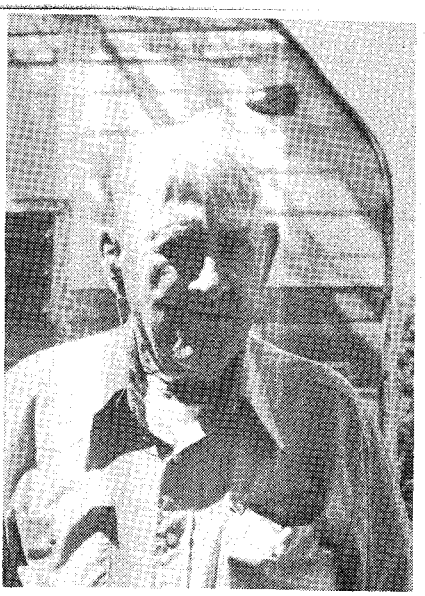
That night sixty men tried to take turns crowding into two tiny 10 x 12 foot bunkhouse cabins to get some sleep and get out of the deep snow and bitter cold.

A wagon and sleigh had been brought to bring out the stockmen's bodies. At the narrow mouth of Little High Rock Canyon it was seen that the wagon could not be taken in. It was left while the horse-drawn sleigh was pulled to the site.

Meanwhile, enterprising G. L. Matthews, a Cedarville photographer, had brought his camera and plates and thus recorded the grisly sights for a horrified country.

The posse found great difficulty in separating the frozen bodies from the ground and each other in the seven below zero temperature. A makeshift inquest on the spot in the early morning hours by lantern light was held by the coroner. Then the bodies were respectfully lashed down on makeshift blanket-and-pole stretchers and secured to the sleigh, then taken out of the canyon to the wagon, and so on to Denio's. There a second inquest was held under the eyes of Dr. Sidney Morrison, Coroner Davis, Assistant Attorney Milton Moore and Sheriff Charles P. Ferrel of Reno, Nevada. Also present were Nevada State Police Chief Captain J. P. Donnelly and two sergeants, P. M. Newgaard and Charles Stone, and Modoc County's Sheriff L. C. "Elzie" Smith of Alturas.

*Billie Denio's homestead, now abandoned. In 1911 it served as headquarters for the posses searching for the missing stockmen.*



*Ottie Van Norman, last living member of the posse that rode after Shoshone Mike in 1911.*

It was quickly assumed that the four massacred men had been surprised. They had fought valiantly and desperately for their lives under extreme odds, only one pistol against an unknown number of Indian guns.

When eventually the cortege entered Eagleville the sorrowful valley was on hand to pay their last respects. Services were held in the little community church and burial was in the cemetery in Eagleville.

Sheriff Smith selected the avenging posse he wanted to ride east with him. "You've got to be marskmen, and you've got to have the guts to stick in the saddle in all kinds of weather for who knows how many days!" he said baldly. "I know you all want to help get those murderin' devils but ..."

Besides the white hot anger, there was now another potent reason for the tough young men's burning desire to ride out and this was the mounting rewards being posted. The State of Nevada posted a $500 reward for the apprehension of the murderers; California posted $1000; Mrs. John Laxague posted $2,500 and Mrs. Erramouspe offered $2,500, while the Surprise Valley residents collected $2000.

Because of these rewards, the posse members were not deputized so that they might share in the rewards.

Surprise Valley citizens quickly organized the vital packtrain to care for more than fifty men and horses who had to be fed daily besides the needed remuda of spare horses. But it wasn't until February 16th that the posse set out on a bitterly cold day with heavy snow.

The men were not disheartened

*(continued on page 62)*



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# The Old Trading Post "BULL PENS"

By Maurice Kildare

**The trading post on the Kaibeto Plateau in Western Navajo country had a special lay-out designed to keep Indian customers from congregating in large numbers or committing mayhem on clerks and Indian traders. Of course, such measures might not have been necessary if all Indian Agents had been completely fair.**

From author's photo collection

*W. S. Young trading post in the bull pen. This trading post was located at Redlake, north of the Leupp Indian Agency.*

Joe Lee raised a long cedar club as Navajo badman, Taddytin, came over the counter at him. The six foot tall renegade, in trouble with the law and with his own people, had started the argument in the trading post bull pen.

One swift blow hurled him senseless off the four foot high wooden counter to the concrete floor. His kinsmen, who had come with him to the Redlake trading post from the Kaibeto Plateau of the western Navajo country, carried him outside to recover.

This was the second violent incident with Taddytin that Lee had been involved in. In the first, he lost when the renegade disputed the offered price for a small blanket (rug) brought in to sell. Knocking Lee down, Taddytin appropriated seven silver dollars from the cash drawer and dragged him outside the post on a sunny April day in 1896.

Stuffing sand in Lee's nose and mouth, slapping him repeatedly while spitting tobacco juice into his face, he asked, "How do you like that, white man?"

Naturally the youthful Lee, coming to the Navajo country in 1876, didn't like such ignominious treatment even a little bit.



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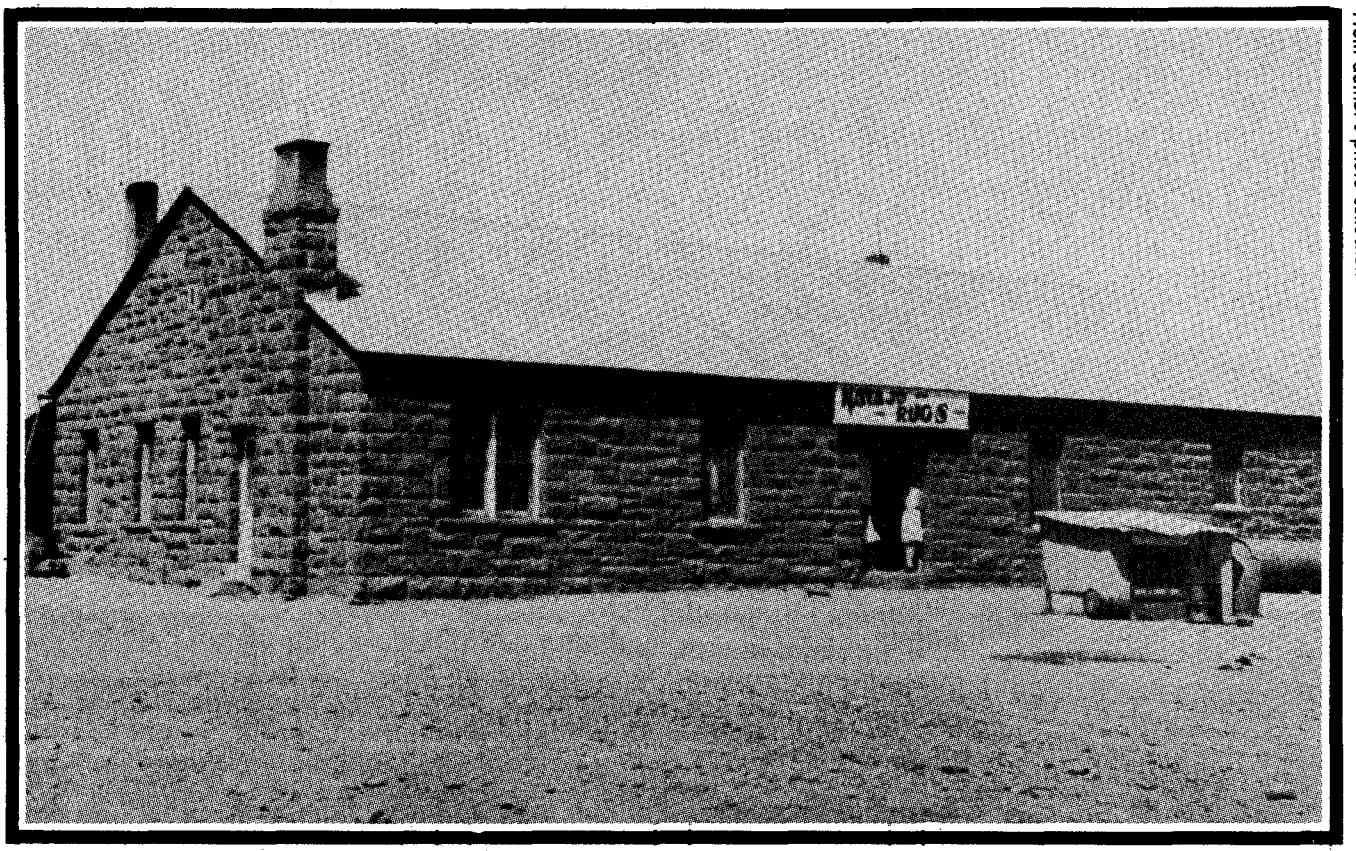

From author's photo collection

*Sunrise Trading Post had iron bars over all the windows, yet it was burglarized.*

On releasing him Taddytin said, "I'll be back in eight days with another blanket the same size. You have seven dollars to pay me or I'll treat you even worse!"

Cutting the hard cedar cudgel Lee waited. When Taddytin returned, the badman lost and received $4 for the blanket which was all it was worth. From then on Taddytin entered the bull pen in a peaceful manner as all other Indians who traded at the place known as Tonalea today.

But Taddytin never mended his ways otherwise and was killed while resisting arrest in 1916.

The Redlake trading post bull pen had hinged counter tops placed there by my great uncle, George W. McAdams. Taddytin wasn't the only renegade and outlaw in the Navajo country. Indeed, bad Indians were strung across the reservation from the Colorado River in the west to Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. Until 1934 at least one Indian trader was killed every year.

The bull pen at Redlake was especially contrived with the best security measures then used. The corner containing the post office that then received mail twice a month from Flagstaff south on the railroad had chicken wire completely around it from counter to ceiling. The store counter tops were so hinged on the outside edge that when lifted in case of sudden trouble, the four inch thick planks slid into a hook on the four-by-four studs reaching the ceiling. Each such section was also six feet long.

This protective device was used many times at Redlake. Other trading posts had their own ideas of self-defense yet did not save some trader from being murdered.

The customers' space, the famous "bull pen" throughout the Indian country, had counters deliberately built high. Into what was a carefully planned small space opened the one door from the outside.

In the bull pen was transacted all business, meetings of community friends discussing everything from birth to death, sessions of government agents and other officials with local headmen (district chiefs) and tribal judges' court.

The original bull pens were on the average about 8 by 10 feet. This required that large meetings of Indians be held outside, invariably in front of the trading post.

The first bull pens of the few trading posts in existence prior to the roundup of the tribe in 1864 (there were a few) and for some years after the Navajos' release from the prison reservation at Bosque Redondo, 1868, had different protection devices that were in use until about 1874.

The posts, built of adobe or stone but usually picket-poles, consisted of two rooms; the largest not over twenty feet in length and sixteen wide was the store part. An attached room, 10 by 14, provided living quarters for the hardy trader who usually lived alone. In the earliest days no family resided at the trading posts. None would risk the danger from the almost constantly warring Navajo tribesmen.

The high store counters running the length of the side and both ends of the bull pen had chicken wire fastened from the outside edge to the roof poles. A small oblong hole was left in the wire, framed by wood. Through this small space the Indian passed whatever products he wanted to trade, a blanket, silver jewelry, strings of beads, skins, furs or sheep pelts and so on.

When a barter price was agreed upon the trader passed back through the hole items the Indian wanted. He then subtracted the merchandise cost from what the Indian had due him and very carefully stated the amount. This prevented any argument on the remaining amount.

If this wire protection wasn't there, Indians would gang up in the bull pen, suddenly grab all the trader's goods from the shelves and run from the post. These Indians included Utes, Piutes and Hopis as well as Navajos.



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The last of the chicken wire protected trading posts that I ever saw stood in the sandhills northeast of Keam's Canyon agency in 1933.

Agency Civil Engineer Hugh L. Russell, later Coconino County superior court judge, took me there. He found it on one of his hiking rambles. No one living rambles. No one living knew who built this old two room stone trading post with rusted chicken wire over the counters still intact, or who had been the trader.

Juan Lorenzo Hubbell and his brother, Charles, retained the high counters facing the bull pen before wall shelves at their Ganado store in 1884 but with the outside boards sloped inward to the floor. This old trading post is now a national monument, it is not the original one or on the site they bought from "Old man" William Leonard which was at Ganado Lake.

The high counters at old Houck trading post, established in 1874, had a pipe railing twelve inches above the outside edge. It was removed by me when I went there in 1921.

Round iron bars were placed over the windows and were retained for a longer period than other security measures. Despite them, Sunrise Trading post on the Little Colorado River near Leupp agency, was burglarized in 1929. The culprits managed to cut two heavy bars over a back wall window and enter.

A sack of pawned silver and turquoise jewelry was taken and the cash drawer emptied of $600. Some merchandise was also stolen. The robbery occurred while the trader and his wife slept in the living quarters of the oblong stone building.

None of the Indian burglars were apprehended.

The iron bars were still over the windows when I ran Sunrise trading post in 1932-1933.

Kaibeto in the far west which was established in 1914 by my uncle, C.D. Richardson, had the same window bars. This did not prevent robbery of the store in 1920 when merchandise, money and pawned jewelry to the value of $2,800 was taken.

Part of the loot was fifty sacks of flour, which led to the culprits' downfall. Three were arrested, tried, convicted and received three to five years in the federal penitentiary.

The bull pen was a dangerous place until recent times. Charles Hubbell, who re-established himself from Ganado at Cedar Springs, was shot down by two Navajos in 1919. The store was then robbed and set afire in an attempt to conceal the crime.

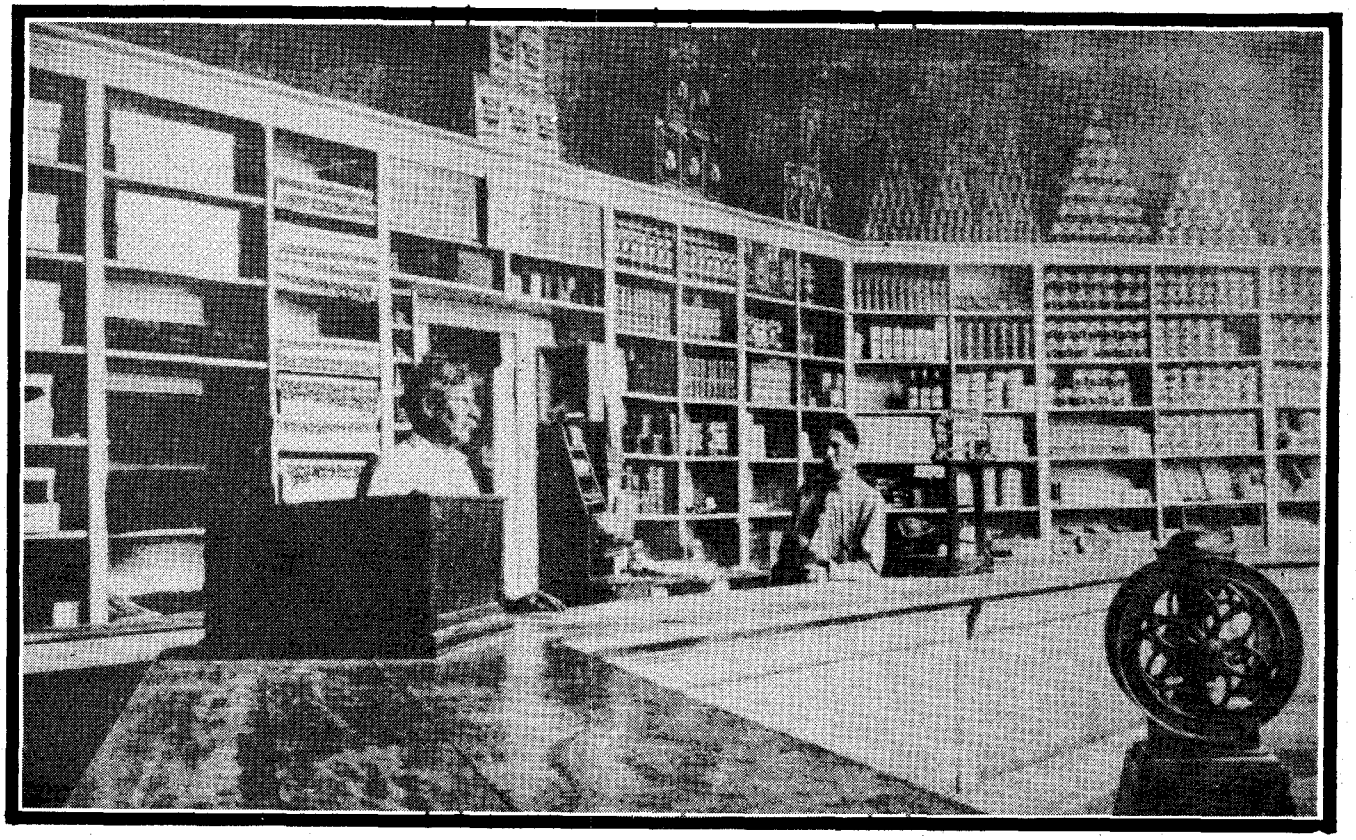
The two were eventually apprehended and went to the penitentiary.

Almost the same thing happened to eighteen year old trader's clerk Pat Smith at Tucker's trading post northeast of Chaco Canyon in New Mexico. Smith was inveigled into opening up after sundown and killed. After being robbed the store was set on fire and the interior burned out.

Two Navajos were arrested. One was released before trial. The other received a sentence of 25 to 35 years in the Santa Fe penitentiary where he died in 1928.

Some traders were killed away from their posts. Instead of being murdered more were seized in the bull pen, taken outside and tied hand and foot on the ground or to a tree. Being thus secured was, to the Navajos, a great insult. Even the famed "Don" Lorenzo Hubbell was once grabbed and tied outside his store to a wagon wheel. He might have been slain if his close friend, an aged headman, had not come riding along.

Most Navajos were a peaceful people. If a large number were present in the bull pen, especially



From author's photo collection

*Bull Pen at the Tuba City Trading Post, 1904. Trader S. S. Preston is at left. In right foreground is a coffee grinder for customer convenience.*



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when enlarged after 1900, or outside the post, no acts of violence took place. The "long hairs" were certain to prevent them.

My ancestors were traders in the Navajo country for more than a hundred years. Only one, Fred Smith, a pack train trader and a great-great uncle, was killed. He was bushwhacked about August 5, 1861 in lower Navajo Canyon, probably by Piutes.

My two great uncles, three uncles, my father and assorted cousins never had any serious trouble with Indians. Nor did my brother and I. All were close friends with their customers and in many instances considered family relatives.

I recall an incident when my father had to leave the trading post at Inscription House in an emergency. My mother and sister remained there alone. A close long hair friend of the family heard a rumor that two educated Navajos planned robbing the store because women would make no resistance. He guarded the post two nights before father returned. Only then was it learned that he had lurked outside the large sandstone building from sundown to sunrise.

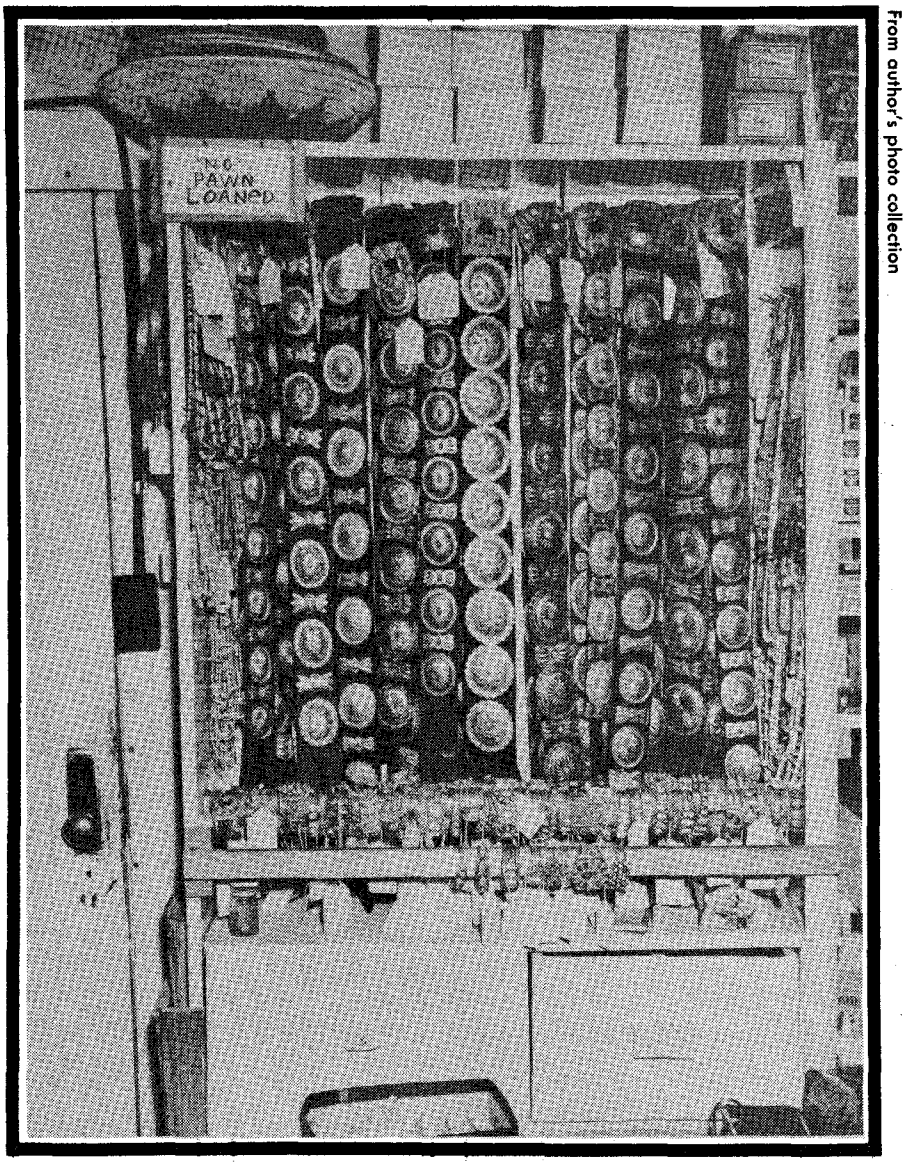
There was one iron-clad rule in my family, "Never lie to an Indian, never cheat one and never promise him more than you can do, and then do it."

The last of the deliberately small bull pens and iron barred windows was at Rainbow Lodge trading post on Navajo Mountain built by my father in 1924.

The reason was the same as in the earliest days of trading. The post was 75 miles from the nearest white neighbor, over an atrocious road with no telephone or other means of calling in help. In addition, the thirteen families residing there and eight or ten Piute groups had successfully evaded the army roundup of 1864. They had fought all comers to survive and were a most independent lot.

Also, outlaw Piutes from Utah came through going south to another group at Willow Springs far down on U.S. Highway 89 to hide out from federal officers seeking them. When the heat cooled they came back through heading for the badlands north of the San Juan River.

My father had no difficulties with any of them. But after him Indians beat up and tied down three different traders at Rainbow Lodge. One of them was so thoughtless as to strike an aged headman and probably got what he deserved.




From author's photo collection

*The Inscription House trading post pawn case. A succeeding resident trader posted the sign at the upper left and ended a long established trading post custom.*

Two years after building the stone, fort-like post on Navajo Mountain, father moved down to Red Mesa, 28 miles south on the Navajo Mountain road from Tonalea, and established Inscription House. This one did not have barred windows and double locked doors and the bull pen was about twenty-five by sixteen feet, accommodating many customers at one time.

There were several very old customs in the bull pens but long since abandoned by new-comer traders. One was a bucket of drinking water with cups. Another was free tobacco. It was loose smoking tobacco in a cigar box on the counter with cigarette papers and matches. Usually the first thing an Indian did, man or woman, was to roll and light a cigarette while resting before trading.

When stingy traders began coming into the Navajo country during the 1930's some nailed this box down on the counter and adulterated the cheap tobacco with shredded dried leaves. Others did the same and drove sharp pointed nails up through the bottom of the box so that the smoker had to fill the cigarette paper with tobacco one pinch at a time between nails!

In my time on the reservation, trading at eight different posts, I never had the free tobacco privilege abused but once. The culprit turned out to be a white outlaw on the dodge who had robbed a bank in New Mexico.

He arrived at Pine Springs trading post, in eastern Arizona, one fall morning on a worn down horse. Entering the bull pen he helped himself generously to the tobacco. Altogether he smoked three fat



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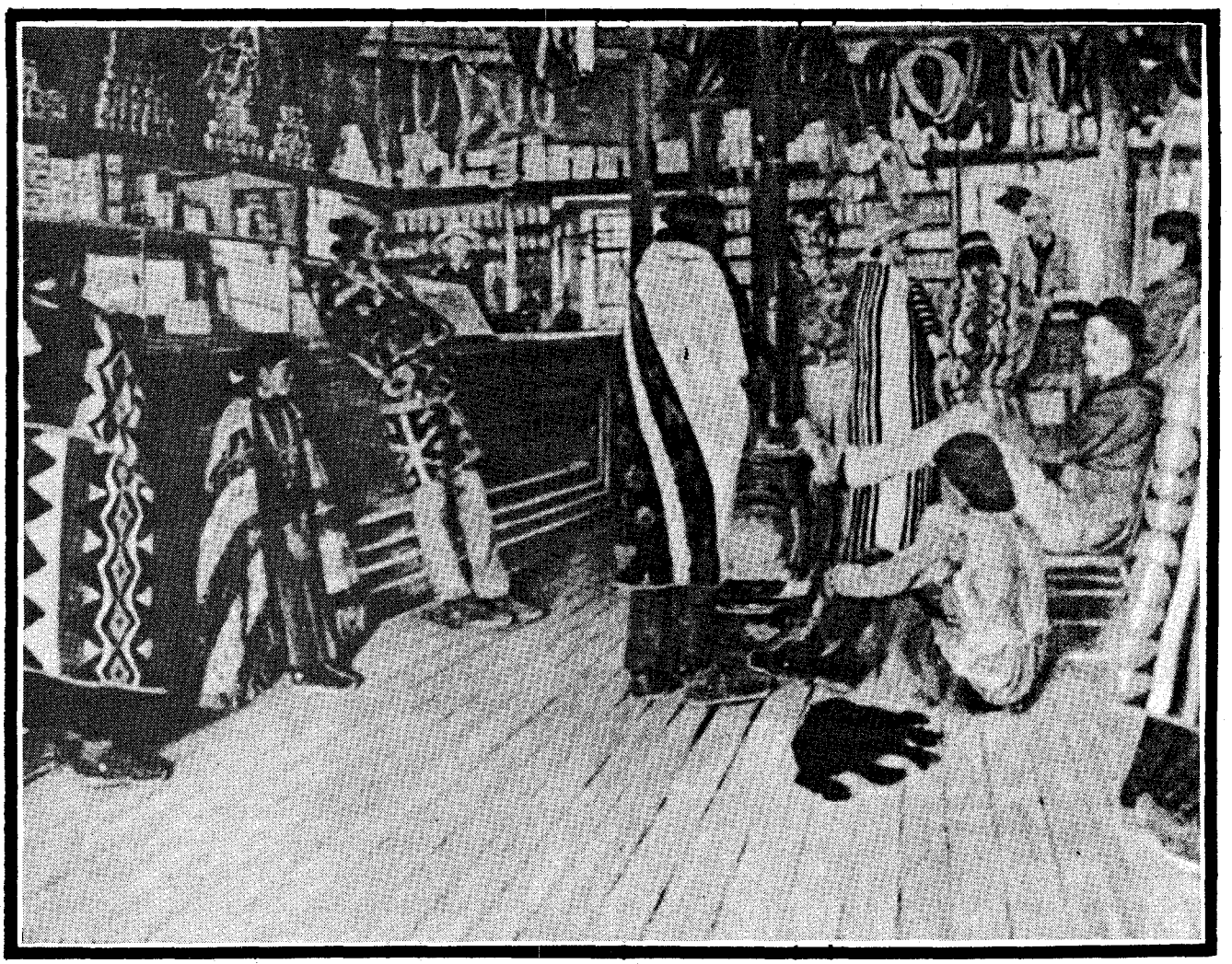

From a painting by E.A. Eubank

*The bull pen in the old J. L. Hubbell store at Ganado, 1908.*

cigarettes and thought he wasn't seen slipping matches and loose tobacco into a shirt pocket.

I had relieved a bachelor trader extremely afraid of Indians; a serious fault. To protect himself, so he imagined, this trader had armed the store, literally.

Beginning at one end of the high counter he had nailed a leather holster to a stud under the top containing an automatic .45 Colt. Three feet beyond he hung a leaded wagon wheel spoke on a nail by a leather thong. At the same spaced interval was another automatic, another leaded spoke and so on all the way around the bull pen. No matter where he stood behind the counter when and if trouble broke suddenly he would be within reach of a weapon.

On taking over the post it had been my intention to remove the weapons but I neglected to do so Now one came into good use, but robbery could have been prevented with one automatic hidden near the cash drawer under the counter.

During his smoking the young outlaw, about twenty-five, spoke less than a dozen words.

Finally he said, "I'll take six sacks of them Bull Durham's."

To get the tobacco necessitated turning my back. Long suspicious of the outlaw I did so, coming all the way around fast and up with an automatic leveled over the counter top. It was in time to catch him with a double action revolver half drawn from his riding chaps pocket.

Sent on his way, the outlaw was captured in southern Apache County. Returned to New Mexico, he was sentenced to a long term in the state penitentiary.

It was also the custom to lend back the Navajo pawner his goods on request. This happened when Indians attended a squaw dance (*endah),* a nine day ceremony or even a three day one-horse medicine man sing *(B'jene).* Especially if it was at a distance, the Navajos wanted to make a good appearance. So they took out on "loan" bracelets, beads, concho belts, silver mounted bridles or a good saddle.

Very seldom was this privilege abused because it ruined the Navajos credit standing at the post in the public eye. However, there were cases involving trickery.

A Navajo "borrowed" a nearly new wagon from the trader to whom it was pawned. He asked for it to haul in his winter wood. That being a reasonable request he drove off with the wagon. Going to another trader he pawned the wagon to him and then later borrowed it. He worked this scheme four times before being caught.

No real harm was done, for the Navajo paid off when his sheep and cattle were sold that fall. In fact the stunt was so amusing that the story kept the western Navajo country in laughter for weeks afterwards.

Pawn was usually kept on a shelf or in a case between merchandise shelves. We thought nothing of it being stolen until white tourists began braving the atrocious roads into the back country.

*(continued on page 76)*



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**A few miles from Austin, capital of Texas, Swen Beryman ran a little store. Swen didn't have too much of value in his store but he did have tobacco and Brack Hendricks, a Texas badman, wanted some and he didn't intend to pay for it. What the gunslinger didn't know was that what the Swede lacked in legs, he made up for in fighting spirit.**

# SWEN BERYMAN
## Texas Legless Hero

By Harold Preece

Brack Hendricks, blessed with two normal legs, wanted tobacco on credit. Oatmanville merchant Swen Beryman didn't extend credit to itinerant desperadoes.

Now those two faced each other across the glass case where Swen kept his supplies of tobacco — Bull Durham for smoking, Star Navy for chewing. Mr. Hendricks' spurs were rusty and his boots shabby. But the gun dangling from his belt gleamed bright under the brass kerosene lamps fixed to the ceiling. Swen stood by the case, a damp rag in his hand, a bucket of soapy water standing on the counter, a half-filled package of scouring powder within easy reach. A huge clock near the iron safe chimed the hour of seven. A Swedish language calendar, mailed to Swen by an old country relative, showed the date to be April 26, 1880.

Brack Hendricks didn't read Swedish or very much English. But his nostrils itched for a smoke, his mouth was dry for lack of a chew. It was a situation of classic dimensions if enacted in this little cedar brake hamlet, a few miles from Austin, the Texas capital. Throughout history, ambling bad men have exacted tribute from settled folk following routine occupations. Swen had been tidying up his general store preparatory to closing, when this tough customer had breezed through the door.

Speaking in curt politeness: "What you want, Mr. Hendricks?"

The fellow's answer was a rough movement of a hand. He slid a panel of the case open and started filling the pockets of his jeans. "Put that on my account," he said contemptuously.

Swen's tongue flared. "Pay me $2.20, Mr. Hendricks, or give me my merchandise back. You got no account here."

Hendricks bit into a plug of Star Navy. "Get an account now, you sawed-away Swede."

The bad man's eyes strayed covetously toward the safe back of the counter. Thieves and killers always believe that small shopkeepers are hog rich. Swen Beryman casually picked up the box of scouring powder. He hurled its remaining contents straight into the eyes of this dubious character.

The desperado shrieked in agony from the strong stuff. His eyes flowed; the big legs churned and wobbled. He grabbed his gun but lacked the vision to aim straight. So the .45 slid harmlessly to the floor. Swen crawled across the counter, extracted six bullets from the magazine, then hit Hendricks across the forehead with the butt. Hendricks dropped to the floor, swallowing the slab of tobacco, coughing himself into unconsciousness. At that moment there appeared a Travis County deputy and a Texas Ranger from Austin, the county seat. They had traced their man by recognizing the brand of his stolen horse tied to a hitching post outside the store.

The lawmen handcuffed the knocked-out outlaw then dragged him off. For all practical purposes that ended the professional career of one more roving brush popper.

The brave cripple refused to share in a reward for his capture, but was grateful to get back his seized tobacco. Brack Hendricks drew five years on a felony count for stealing the horse, six months on a misdemeanor one for robbing a storekeeper. But punishment scarred him less than that humiliation from which he never recovered.

He had been stopped by a man with no natural legs and no gun and made to look like a fool in the eyes of everybody he had plundered or terrorized. Hendricks served three years in Texas state prison then died of shame.

This was one of the many stories that I heard about Swen Beryman during my youth in Austin. My informants would number pioneer lawmen like old Ranger Sam Nichols and Travis County sheriff George Matthews, early day settlers of Oatmanville then called Oak Hill, and many friends among the Austin Swedish community which remembered him well. All that I was told became vague in my mind after I left Texas for a 23-year period in New York. For memories stored away too long often recede into shadows and echoes.

During the early part of 1968 I found myself back on native soil and living in Dallas. One morning on a neighborhood stroll I began chatting, Texas fashion, with a lady standing outside a house whose ornamentation included two very old wagon wheels.

The wheels drew my attention for being authentically western. Casual conversation turned into a reminiscent one when the lady told me that she was also from Central Texas and a granddaughter of Swen Beryman, "the man who had run the store at Oatmanville."

Later, I was introduced to the lady's sister who had still more to tell. In the homes of both granddaughters, I became a welcome guest and avid listener. This only published account of a memorable pioneer is the final result.

His story is that of an everyday, industrious Western settler whose life had been lived in a sort of daring simplicity. This was true of most of the original pioneers. To my knowledge he never killed nor backed out of an obligation. As a merchant he generously extended credit to honest customers between crop and cattle sales but, instinctively, recognized a deadbeat. As a naturalized citizen, he kept abreast of the times and was very loyal to the overall institutions of his adopted country.

In a deeply symbolic sense, he typified one of those



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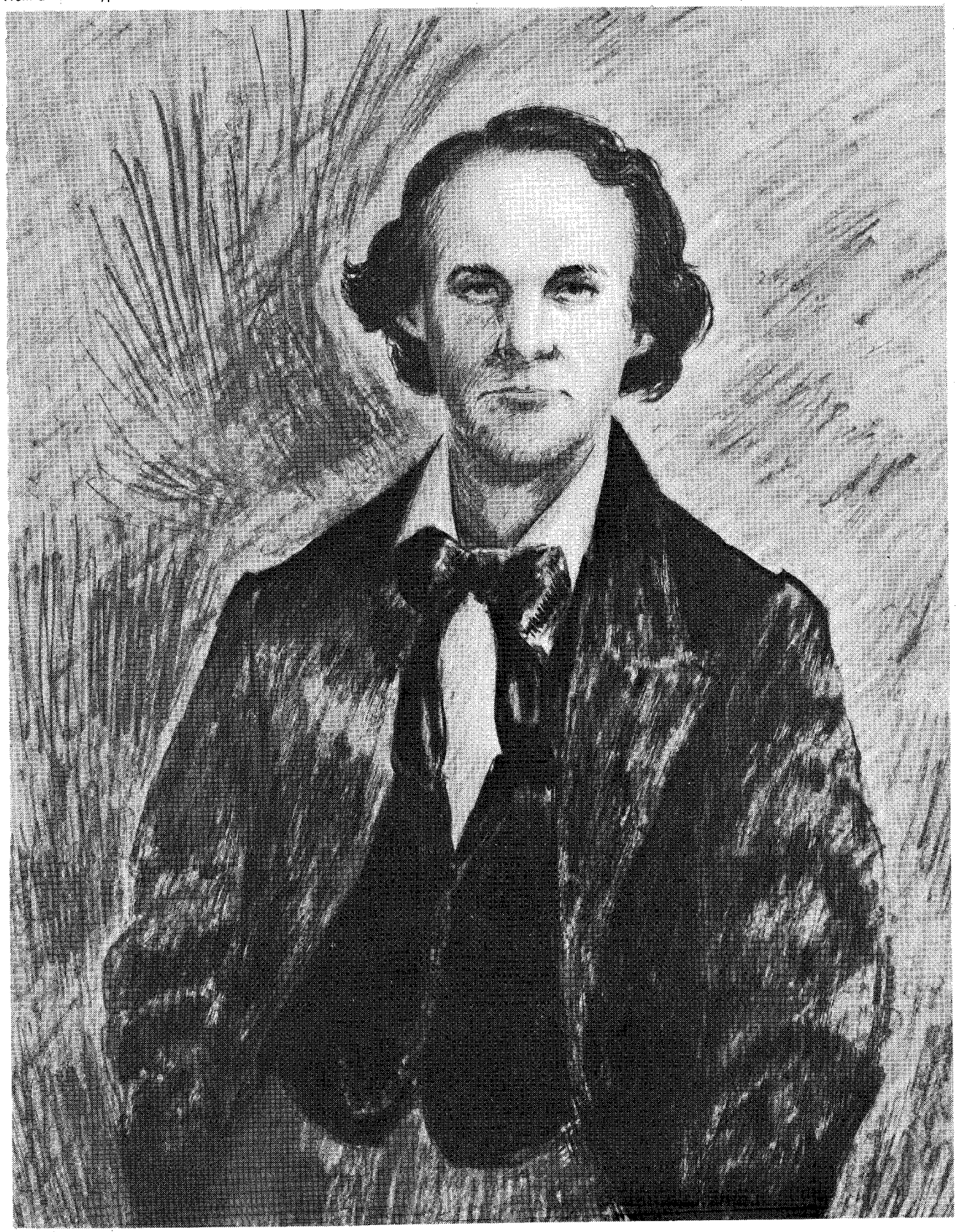
From an old tintype



***Double amputee Swen Beryman battled a bad man and worse weather in the wild Texas hills.***

many sturdy immigrant groups which helped populate my native state, the Swedes. Temperamentally those peaceful Scandinavians could no more be *pistoleros* than the Poles, the Czechs, the Alsatians, and comparable other nationalities finding new homes and adjusting tranquilly to new customs in the friendly Lone Star State. Their numbers might be small; their contributions would be large and invaluable.



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By family records Swen Beryman was born at Ekjo, Sweden, on July 5, 1836. That same year Texas, far across the ocean, would win its independence from Mexico to enter the American Union a decade later. The young Swedish farm boy would have probably never heard of Texas and would have only the vaguest notion of the United States during his growing years. But that big domain of the Lone Star was eager to attract good, hard-working settlers wherever it could find them.

Land was free or cheap in this empire-sized state with its benign climate and its prodigiously fertile acres. But land was dear in subarctic Sweden with only a portion of the country being arable. Meantime the whole European continent was being wracked by fierce religious and political controversies, hitting hardest ordinary farming and laboring people.

American land and immigration companies began sending agents abroad to recruit settlers, providing ships for transportation and lending money for passage. As a consequence, thousands of dissatisfied people would leave their native countries including large contingents from those three highly civilized Scandinavian nations of Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

Some of these hardy Norse pioneers would aquire homesteads in Minnesota to become, eventually, that midwestern state's dominant ethnic element. Others would join a great international exodus of Mormon converts to Utah so that its culture is today a unique Anglo - Scandinavian blend. Others, and to our great gain, would find their way to Texas.

Swen was a slim, thin-faced boy of 16 when he landed at Galveston, then Texas' main port, in 1852. Then he was still bearing his original surname of Bergman. His living descendants in this state do not know how it became Beryman except for a likely misspelling by some immigration agency clerk. But in that year of the boy's arrival, Millard Fillmore was president of the United States; the Mexican War was four years finished; this exuberant young state of Texas had been but six years a member of the Union.

The lad probably knew not a word of English when he first set foot on the terrain of Texas. He was probably not surprised to learn that it was many times the size of his native country because earlier Swedish immigrants would have told him. He wanted to see some Indians but all the coastal tribes had been annihilated except for a few scared remnants hiding in dense forests. The common foods of Texas seemed strange and too highly seasoned for a boy brought up on the bland fare of Sweden. But this new land had no kings to crack whips. No arrogant soldiers to steal and lay waste the substance of its prospering farmers.

And everywhere he went he was made welcome this "foreign boy" groping with a new language and a new culture. Never in his "old country" would he have been invited to stay overnight at a rich man's home or to sit down at a table with a rich family. But here hospitality to all was a part of a whole new exciting way of life. The respect shown Swen Beryman, recently Bergman, underscored the impact that Swedish immigrants were making upon the growing new state. Swedes and Germans, it was said, could produce bumper crops of corn and cotton on acreage that Anglo farmers considered to be fit only for weeds and cockleburrs.

Both of these kindred ethnic groups placed much emphasis on education and religion. Neither was any problem to the embryonic law enforcement setups of the outlaw-harassed state. The very dignity and peacefulness of these Teutonic immigrants was their own best protection against gunslingers. But with so much game around, everybody in Texas learned how to shoot. Swen never cared much about side arms since they connoted robbery and homicide to his tidy mind. But he developed a hankering for venison because it tasted like the reindeer meat of Sweden. So he bought a high-powered deer rifle. For the rest of his life deer hunting would be his favorite sport, and maybe his one dissipation.

Within six months, the immigrant boy had learned to speak English with fair fluency though never losing his Swedish brogue. In another half-year he could read and write his adopted language passably. He easily picked up the art of lariat and branding iron out of his interest in Texas' spectacular cattle.

There were those giant, lumbering longhorns whose likes he had never seen in Sweden. The cattle there tended to be small, dairy breeds rather than the large beef species. Along the way he became an expert butcher and bronc rider.

From the Beryman family album.

*Francis Beryman, Swen's son, became a respected farmer in the Dallas area, and like his father maintained an interest in "things Swedish".*

Swen Beryman may have been Texas' first Swedish cowboy, though years later his countryman, S.M. Swenson would found the vast SMS ranch in the state's western section.

The youth worked at various frontier occupations besides cowboying including farming, blacksmithing and wagon freighting. "He never backed away from a hoe, a shovel or a lasso," so his granddaughters declare. "No kind of work ever scared him. Laziness he considered one of the seven deadly sins."

Out of whatever wages he earned Swen Beryman saved something. Their continual solvency also contributed to the regard that Swedish settlers enjoyed in Texas. From his savings, Swen began buying land, cattle and horses of his own. After 10 years in the new land, he felt that he had put aside enough to afford a wife and family. He was nearing 26.

Of course any prospective Mrs. Beryman had to be a Swedish girl. Rarely do immigrants marry outside their particular ethnic groups though their native-born children often do.

Unfortunately most Texas Swedish ladies were already wed or engaged. However, it happened that one of Swen's close friends was corresponding with "a girl from the old country" living in New York.



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And this young woman had a girl friend recently arrived from that "country".

Johanna Anderson was the name of this pretty blonde lass working as a housemaid for a doctor's family. So pretty soon two Texas Swedish boys were deep in romantic correspondence with two New York Swedish girls.

Courtship was overshadowed by the erupting Civil War. How their destined grandparents managed to maintain communication with New York staying in the Union and Texas bolting is still a mystery to present-day Beryman descendants. But, maybe, in all sorts of odd ways, love finds methods of prevailing over hate.

For in 1862 or 1863 Johanna Anderson arrived in Texas by stagecoach. Maybe she was able to cross military lines, because of her being obviously a foreigner, speaking scant English and having little comprehension of what this sectional fight was all about. The bride-to-be brought her beautifully inlaid hope chest and her wedding dress, both still preserved by her granddaughters. The newlyweds settled on Swen's small ranch about 40 miles west of Austin in the same general area where a later American president, Lydon B. Johnson, would be born.

Beryman children started coming. The Civil War would pose special problems for those nonbelligerent parents. For, by and large, Texas immigrant groups including the Swedes were opposed to human slavery, the main cause of that sick conflict.

Swen Beryman was not a militant Unionist like his German neighbors along the Perdenales. But that peaceful Swedish family suffered, with the Germans, outrageous depredations of Confederate army officers, wanting not only horses and provender but all the money they could lay their hands on.

Says a Beryman descendant:

"My grandfather buried in the dirt floor of the smokehouse" (the pioneer name for an outbuilding storing food supplies) "two pots full of good United States money since Confederate currency was practically worthless.

"Years later Grandpa took my uncle, Francis Beryman, to the smokehouse and showed him where that money was buried. Sometimes the best horses would also be hidden in the place where we kept the sides of bacon.

"Once a Confederate patrol rode up when Grandpa was away from home. My mother was carrying a rifle for protection but a sergeant said, 'Lady, put down that shotgun and cook us a dinner.' Then they carried off everything they could when they left."

Yet, somehow, that peaceful pioneer family managed to pull through the grisly Civil War and the tough reconstruction period which followed. They raised good cattle and horses and produced bumper crops on rocky acres. Later they would become regular readers of the Austin Statesman and of a Swedish language paper still published, The Texas Posten. The Beryman children attended country schools. At night, all gathered for family worship centered around a Bible written in their ancestral tongue and brought by Johanna from Sweden.

Roving bands of Comanche Indians left their ranch untouched except for an occasional cow butchered or an occasional horse stolen. But cautiously Swen required his children to stay close to the house till those trigger happy warriors were finally driven out of Texas.

Then in the winter of 1878 tragedy got the drop on that prospering hill country rancher. The setting was a deer hunt.

On a mildly brisk November morning, Swen rode with three neighboring ranchers toward a pair of twin peaks, Long Man and Long Woman Mountains. These 1400 feet hills had been, ancient Indian religious shrines centered around the two tribal deities, Long Man who was the Earth Father; Long Woman, his wife, worshipped as the Earth Mother.

Swen laughed at an old legend of the Indians having cast a spell on their "temple" when the not very reverent Texas Rangers had expelled those fierce warriors from the Pedernales country. He was aware that some credulous whites refused to hunt in the area dominated by those sinister promontories. To Swen's practical mind this meant only that there would be more deer available for his friends and himself.

He may have chuckled at a warning in a dream of one of his children and told to his wife. "I saw Daddy freezing to death and bundled up in blankets." Swen figured that some old country superstitions had rubbed off on his offspring. But the mythology of icy Sweden just didn't seem to fit into Texas where snow fell only once every five or six years, and usually light stuff at that. As it was, Swen Beryman was out to bag a couple of bucks. The hell with spells and dreams.

The hunters rode down a trail paralleling the left bank of the Pedernales leading to another which was a direct route to that old sanctuary of the Comanches. Once Swen's mustang tripped over a heap of Indian arrowheads washed up by recent rains. None of the party bothered to dismount and pick up this kind of "junk" found all over the hill country. Herds of wild horses fled before the quartet on saddleback. Swen looked up to see some small darkening clouds in those blue Texas skies. A shower might be on the way he thought. No bother. All the men were carrying slickers strapped to their saddles. His only worry was that more than a little rain might wipe out deer tracks.

Ten-thirty a.m. by Swen's Ingersoll dollar watch. The horsemen turned down that dim trail leading toward the Indian peaks, five or six miles away. Now a pall of blackness was gathering across the skies. Leaves of mesquite and pecan trees quivered under fresh, rustling winds. Drops of rain began jigging on saddlehorns. The day turned chilly.

"We'd better turn in at some ranch house till this blows over," one man said uneasily. "I read in the almanac, last week, that some mighty bad weather was acoming about this time."

Swen snorted. "Almanacs! I wouldn't wrap a dead squirrel in one. This'll soon pass." His jaw tightened. "And I never went deer hunting without bringing back a deer."

The hunters rode on. Little streaks of ground lightning began flashing along the rocky terrain. A flock of scared goats bolted across the trail, a Negro herder afoot chasing after them. Little gusts of dirt and pebbles whipped around the flanks of the nervous ponies. Thunder crashed and then the skies spewed.

Rain quickly turning to sleet swept down in torrential billows from the inferno above. Hard, egg-sized chunks of hail pounded the sombreros of the riders and the heads of the excited horses. Swen grasped the bit of his mount tightly. No bronc was going to throw him at a crucial time like this.



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Then the day became pitch black. Through the hours of fumbling darkness the riders managed to stay in their saddles. Horses, by instinct, adjusted to the tempest, enduring it with their riders. The men could not see each other within this inky void, except when a sudden flash of lightning outlines them in mutual silhouette.

"Let's try to make it across that next hollow," Swen shouted, "and to the Jennings ranch on the other side."

The men spurred their horses in a right angle toward the little hollow a quarter mile away. But when they reached it, a deluge of savage rushing water had filled the small declivity. All the surrounding area was flooding from the overflow of the Pedernales and its tributary creeks.

The men wheeled their horses finding temporary refuge on knolls and transitory islets of rock or brush. A flash of lightning struck an elm tree. The trunk burst into flame but was quickly extinguished by another deluge of rain. The day turned from cold to freezing. The hill country was suffering from one of its sudden, violent, but uncommonly cold tempests.

A soaked, dying hawk fell from a tree to land across Swen's saddle. He tried to brush the carcass away only to find that his hands were growing numb. Then he first felt that odd sensation in his legs. He could barely manage to keep his feet in the stirrups.

*"Just saddle stiffness,"* he thought. *"That and maybe a touch of rheumatics from being so danged wet. Strong hoss liniment will limber them up once I get home. But won't Johanna chew me out for paying no mind to her derned old dream!"*

Swen tried to spur his pony from one saturated knoll to another. Spurs never touched horse. His legs were barely mobile.

For the first time in his life he was scared.

Gingerly he tried to flex his knees. No motion. No sensation. His arms and hands seemed enveloped by that same torpor. He shouted to his companions. A mocking crescendo of thunder drowned his voice.

Sweat poured from his forehead making him feel more drenched and miserable.

Then in the traditional vagary of Texas weather, the storm suddenly ceased. Patches of blue appeared in the skies, beginning to obliterate the ugly black clouds.

Swen looked around. Scores of drowned birds lay on the muddy soil. A dead hog floated down a ravine dry until this inundation. Two gasping coyotes were feebly struggling for life in that same drift-strewn channel.

Ironically a dead deer lay under a lightning-split live oak tree. The charred horns of the animal showed that it had been a victim of the same bolt.

Swen's companions were scattered within 300 yards. All had managed to stay aboard their mounts. But all were drenched. For none had been able to unstrap his slicker during the storm.

The men spurred toward him. "Looks like you got hit harder than any of us, Swen," one remarked. "Are you all right?"

Swen felt again that creeping numbness in his legs, in his arms. His tongue was thick as he replied:

"Boys, I think that my legs are frozen. My arms too." Hurriedly the three bundled him in saddle blankets. He was lifted astride the horse of another man after his own pony had been left to find its own way home. Then the party rode as rapidly as the soaked ground permitted back to the Beryman ranch on the near side of the Pedernales. They would have never made it had the place been located across that swollen stream.

Tearfully but competently, Johanna put her husband to bed. But neither horse liniment nor applications of hot ashes wrapped in towels restored circulation to those numbed limbs. Swen's teen-age son, Carl, mounted a horse and rode toward the home of a country doctor with both of them fording flooded creeks on the way back.

The doctor gave Swen a thorough examination, then said:

"Mr. Beryman's arms can be saved. His legs will have to come off."

There in that day before modern anesthetics, the doctor sawed off those legs which had been so agile. Few men in the early West had ever survived a double amputation. Many died from blood poisoning after one leg had been removed. But with a hardiness worthy of his long ago Viking ancestors that sturdy Swede lived.

Motion finally returned to his arms so that he could eat normally instead of being spoon fed by patient Johanna. Slowly, as he lay abed, the maimed stumps of his legs

From the Beryman family album.

*Swen Beryman's daughter, Eva Johanna Grimm named for her Swedish grandmother, Johanna Anderson, was one of Texas' first lady lawyers but died during her twenties.*

healed. A pair of artificial legs was bought to supplement the stumps. Swen learned how to raise and flex those wooden substitutes. But he would never again be of the same height physically. Nor ever move normally on the glorified sticks.

Once he could limp around, he realized that the ranch would be too difficult to maintain without his labor and active supervision. No man of his caliber could let any kind of disability let him remain idle.

Legs or no legs he wanted to be doing something. He meant to find a way to support himself and his family.

So he sold the ranch. From the proceeds he bought the general store at Oatmanville, trading center for the hill folk on the left bank of the Colorado River.

Swen's sons, Carl and Francis, helped him in the store. Their father gave generous credit to those of honest reputations. Most of those little farmers and ranchers qualified. Like most frontier merchants, the proprietor also did business by barter.

Chickens and turkeys could be swapped for bolts of calico. Eggs

*(continued on page 71)*



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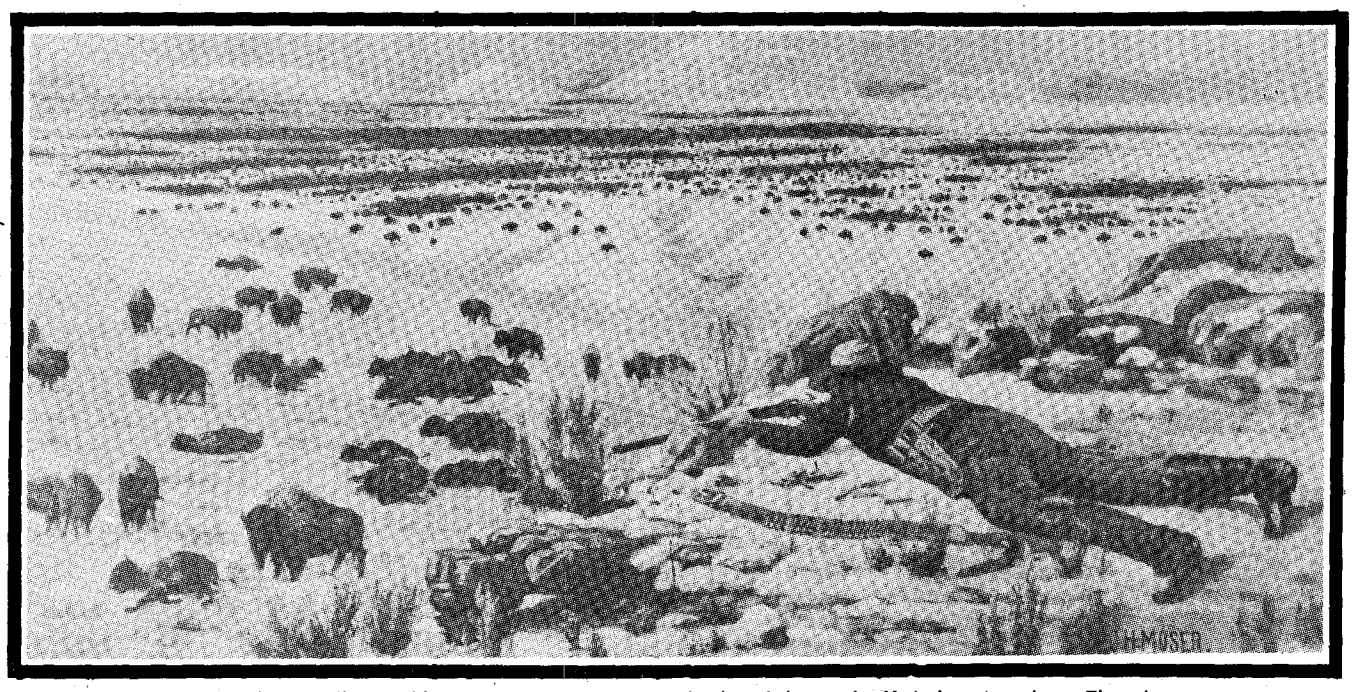
# They STARVED

**An Army officer told old Frank Mayer when he was a young lad that the best way to wipe out the Indians was to slaughter the vast buffalo herds. This wasn't as hard to do as it seemed because buffalo are stupid, they can't see well or hear well, and they had a poor sense of smell, so it was easy for the buffalo hunters.**



Smithsonian Institution Museum of Natural History

*Painting of "The Still Hunt" by James Henry Moser who lived during buffalo hunting days. The above was painted in 1888.*

When old Frank Mayer at the age of ninety-seven, was hale and hearty and full of enthralling memories and conversation, he told of hunting buffaloes for a living for ten full years. During some of those years he did not invest any of his money in powder or lead, for Uncle Sam gave it to him outright. The method of getting ammunition was delightfully simple and completely bereft of the usual Army red tape and procedure.

"I would ride into one of the Army camps on a Sunday morning and seek out the commanding officer," he was quoted as saying. "We would sit and smoke. After a while he would ask me if I could use some ammunition. I would say I could, and as much as I could carry away was all mine."

He was young and callow in those days and thought it was his good looks or winning personality which was making the Army so generous. One morning he mentioned this generosity to the post commander.

"What am I supposed to do with this ammunition—hunt Indians?"

"Hell, no, that's our job," replied the commandant. "You just kill the buffalo. We'll take care of any Indians."

Then he explained the Army philosophy behind the free powder and lead. "Either the buffalo or the Indian must go. There isn't any other way. Only when the Indian becomes absolutely dependent upon us for his every need, will we be able to handle him. Every buffalo you kill will save a white man's life."

This was all the encouragement the several thousand tough young adventurers on the Western plains needed. They went to buffalo killing with a vengeance.

The story of the buffalo days is one of the great sagas of the West, yet is misunderstood. Mention buffalo hunting to almost anyone, and he will form the mental picture of a man riding directly into the huge body. Fire will be snorting from the nostrils of the horse, and everybody will be having a hell of a good time — except the buffalo!

It was a method of buffalo hunting, this running method. But it was merely the show-off's way, a stunt reserved for when Eastern folks were out West and wanted some fancy theatricals by amateur exhibitionists with horseflesh to spare. The professionals used a more prosaic system, which made up for its lack of drama by being 500 times more effective.

The word spread east how a man could make his fortune killing buffaloes. Soon a horde of raggle-taggle adventurers began to pour westward. There were the newly discharged Civil War soldiers, carrying military muskets; ruined Southerners seeking a new start in life; boys from the farms; clerks from the cities; ne'er-do-wells from everywhere. The carried a weird variety of guns from old cap-and-ball pistols, smooth-bore muskets, Kentucky rifles to Colt revolvers.

They soon found out they could not make a fortune killing buffaloes, or even earn enough to even feed themselves. Buffalo hunting really was a job for the experts. But as fast as they quit, new recruits came to take their places. At the height of the massive buffalo slaughter from 1,000 to 2,000 hunters were in the field on the central western plains.



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# The Indians

by
Cy Martin

COVER STORY

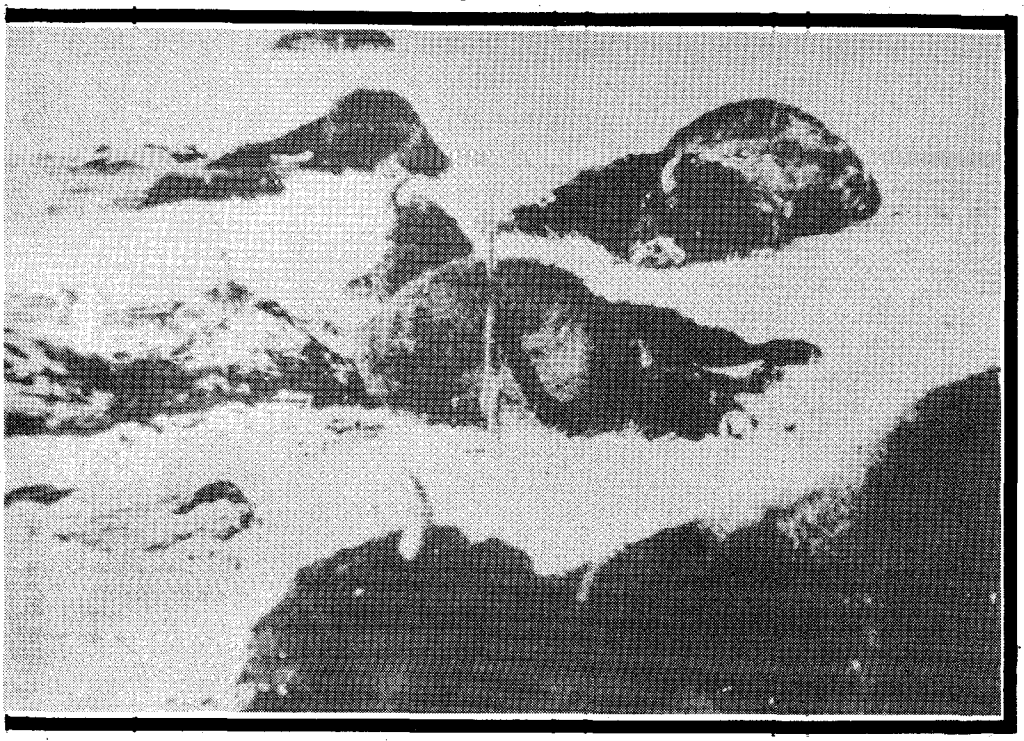
Phillips Collection, University of Oklahoma

*Buffalo skinners at work*

Different hunters had different ideas about rifles, but the greatest and most deadly American rifle ever made came West from Christian Sharps' Bridgeport factory. It was called the "Sharps Buffalo". Its caliber was .45-120-550—the cartridge was 45/100 of an inch in diameter, loaded with 120 grains of black powder and fired a slug weighing 550 grains. It was a tremendous killer and would drop dead in his tracks the heaviest buffalo who ever sniffed and ate grass. It weighed nineteen pounds, so it took a man to handle it.

The bullets used in the big single shot rifles of the day were not usually lubricated with wax or grease. They were "patched" or wrapped with fine paper. The patch was cut so the two ends were at an angle and were just long enough to go twice around the bullet without any overlap. The end at the butt of the bullet was twisted and tucked into a slight hollow at the base. The patch was intended to leave the bullet at the muzzle when it had served its purpose of preventing the sharp corners of the rifling from nicking the bullet and fouling it up with lead.

Rifles using paper-patched bullets were the most accurate of their day. But, like all breech-loading black-powder rifles, they produced their accuracy only when they were cleaned after a few shots. Fouling builds up, caking in front of the chamber which deforms the bullets and cuts the paper patches. Professional hunters could not clean their rifles during a hunt, so they poured water down the barrel. Often, lacking water, they simply urinated into the muzzle.



Kansas State Historical Society

*Buffaloes killed for the hides*

Some smart hunter on the range soon discovered two interesting quirks in buffalo psychology. His discovery doomed the buffalo herds. The first was the fact the buffalo normally was an animal which ran in small groups of ten to twenty individuals. These groups were in charge of, not a bellowing mean old bull, but of a wise old cow.

The second was, if you isolated one of these little groups and shot the old lady herself, through the lungs so as to make her bleed freely, the others would not stampede. They would just hang stupidly around, nosing here, sniffing the blood as it flowed from her nostrils, and would continue to mill around like politicians outside the polls on election day. You could shoot down every last member of the gang and not start any fuss. This was called "making a stand" and it explains the secret of the successful buffalo hide hunters.

The buffalo's disposition did not help him preserve himself for posterity, either. He was at times about the most stupid wild animal who ever crowded into the ark. His eyesight was poor, his hearing even poorer, and he could not smell at all



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Photo by Cy Martin

*Diorama in the Montana State Museum of a pishkun. This method of driving the buffaloes over a cliff was often used by the Northern Plains Indians.*

well. He was not aggressive, all pictures of a buffalo turning on his enemies to the contrary. His only instinct was to run, and he was a good runner. But then a calf did not even think of running when his mother was shot through the lungs.

Most hide hunters used a forked stick for a rest and fired from the prone or sitting position. With a rest, the new Sharps was ideal and the hide hunter soon developed the "still hunt".

When the "runner" (buffalo hunter) decided it was light enough to do his job, he would spot his first victim — always a cow. He would lung-shoot her, but she did not drop. She just staggered around, while the others frantically smelled her and milled about. Firing as quickly as he could, the runner would down the whole bunch. It was just about as exciting as shooting a dairy herd in the barnyard.

The only real hunting occurred as the hide hunter would cautiously approach the herd against the wind, coming as close as possible without being seen by the near-sighted animals. He tied his horse to a bush and crept even closer. From a slight rise overlooking the herd the hunter would take careful aim and shoot the old cow leader. From then on the boom of the big gun would not disturb the rest. Round after round was fired into such a stand. With each shot another animal would drop, for without their leader no headlong stampede from the death scene occurred.

Billy Dixon, a famous runner, killed fifty buffaloes a day in this manner. Just exactly the number his skinners could handle. When finished with one bunch, he would turn to the next, probably not over fifty yards away. But, paying absolutely no attention to the excitement next door, Dixon would repeat the process. Then he would turn to the third, fourth, and so on and on until he downed the fifty buffaloes his skinners could manage before dark.

A good man who was careful not to cause the bunch to take fright could kill all the animals he needed, usually from a single stand and quit work early. Frank Mayer's largest kill from one stand was fifty-nine; but Billy Dixon chalked up 101 without moving out of his tracks.

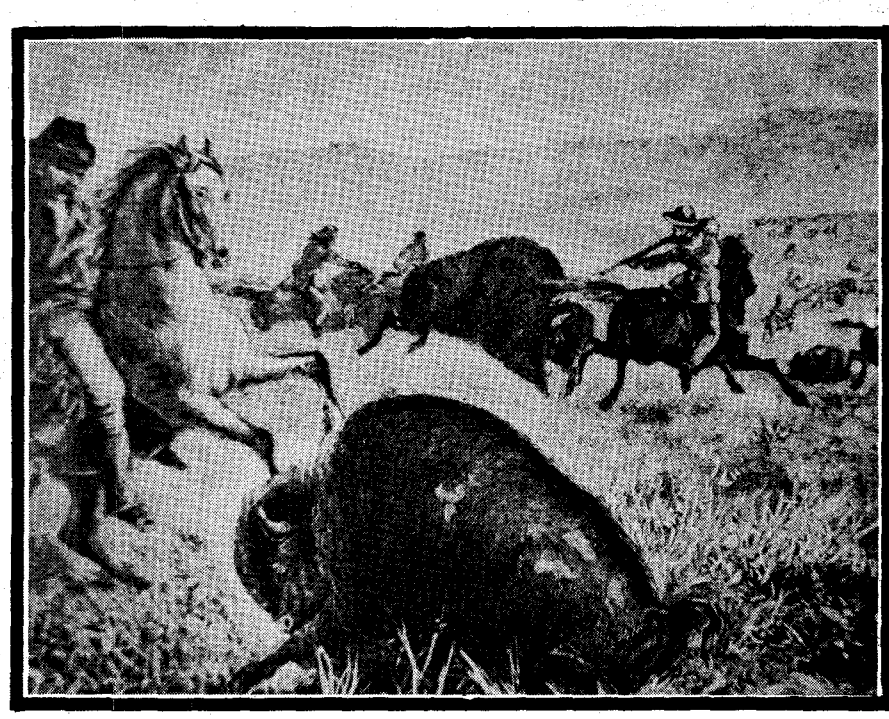
However, these were not any lasting records, for Zack Light, a Kansas hunter, downed seventy-four shaggies with his Sharps big .50 in a single stand. He killed over 2300 buffaloes during one season. Wright Mooar shot ninety-six from a single position, and Kirk Jordan killed 100 in his best stand, while Charlie Rath shot 107 one morning down on the Canadian River in 1873. Up north in Montana, Vick Smith shot over 5000 buffaloes in one season, and Doc Zahl killed the final record of 120 buffaloes from one stand.

It is said Tom Nixon killed 110 head in forty minutes on the headwaters of Bluff Creek in western Kansas. He used two Sharps rifles, when one became overheated he opened the breechlock and ran a wet cloth through it, then he used the other gun until it was too hot to hold. Nixon was credited with killing 2173 buffaloes between September 15 and October 20 back in 1875.

Wright Mooar estimated he killed over 20,000 buffaloes in nine years of hunting. Doc Carver, who later was in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, claimed he killed 30,000 buffaloes during his hunting career. Brick Bond claimed 300 shaggies killed in a single day, and from mid-October to mid-December in 1876, he downed 5855 animals. Bond, who used a Sharps big .50 with an octagonal barrel, was permanently deafened from the sound of his own gun.

The runner, as he preferred to call himself, even though he did not even walk after his quarry, but lay hidden behind some hill from which to shoot, would scout for herds the day before. These spotted, he would return to camp to clean his rifles, load his cartridges, and loaf. All the while the skinners worked hard and were quickly smeared with blood, grime, and crawling insects. They were paid $30.00 to $50.00 a month, though a few worked on a piece rate of 25¢ a hide.

The job of skinning was always turned over to these menials, for no rifleman could ever stand the feel of a skinning knife in his hands; it con-



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*Early buffalo hunters as shown on a 1903 postcard.*



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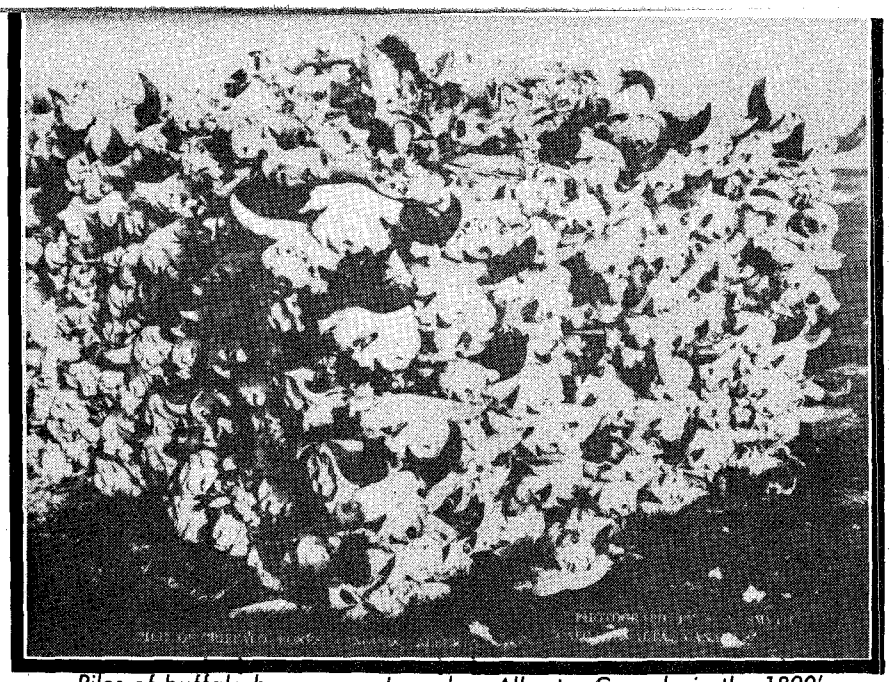
taminated him. When the hides were removed, the hide wagon would drive up, the hides would be loaded and the outfit headed back to camp. The carcasses were left to the wolves. Then they were baled ten to the bale, taken to Dodge City, Abilene or Denver where the buyers were waiting with the long green.

The speed of the skinners was amazing. They propped the carcass in position with a "pritchell" stick. This was three feet long with one end sharpened and a nail driven into the other end. The nail was stuck into the carcass and the sharp end of the stick pushed in the ground. The dead buffalo was now on his back and his legs were up out of the way.

A pointed ripping knife, razor sharp, was used to slit the hide from beneath the lower jaw, down the neck and belly to the tail. The hide was ripped inside each leg and a crescent-shaped cut was made around the neck, including the ears, but leaving the skin on top of the head. The hide was freed-up a little, and a rope tied around the neck flap.

A mule or horse was attached to the rope and the hide was peeled off the carcass. In most cases they did not even take out the tongue or cut any meat. It was the hide and the hide alone the runners were after. The skinners carried butcher steels in their belts to keep their knives razor sharp, and at camp there was a small grindstone. The green hides weighed eighty to a hundred pounds, and were rolled up and thrown on the wagon. Back in camp they were spread out on the grass with the hair side down, fleshed roughly and allowed to dry and cure in the sun.



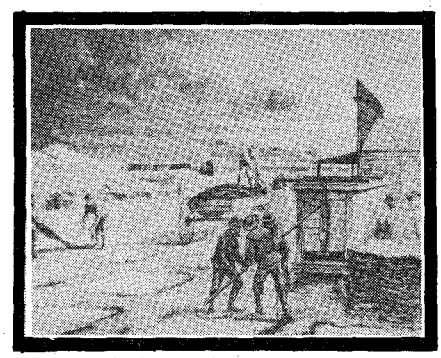
H. Pollard Collection, Provincial Archives of Alberta

*Piles of buffalo bones near Langdon, Alberta, Canada in the 1890's.*

Arsenic powder also known as "South American Bug Poison" was sprinkled on both sides of each green hide. This killed the maggots and buffalo flies which ruined them for sale. The hide was pegged down and held taut by driving sharpened pegs, six or eight inches long, through slits along the edges. A large bull hide might have two dozen pegs holding it down while drying. Three or four days of sunshine dried the hides stiff as a board, then they were turned over and the hair side dried.

The hide, which was worth $2.25 to $3.50, was what lured many a boy away from a snug home to a hard, dirty uninspiring career on the buffalo ranges. He would figure it out for himself even if he possessed only a third grade education: There were millions of animals running loose, yours for the shooting, each worth about three bucks. Suppose you kill only a hundred a day—three hundred dollars for your day's work. This is $2,100 a week—over $100,000 a year. A little figuring of this kind out around the livery stable and the next day a couple of

*(continued on page 74)*



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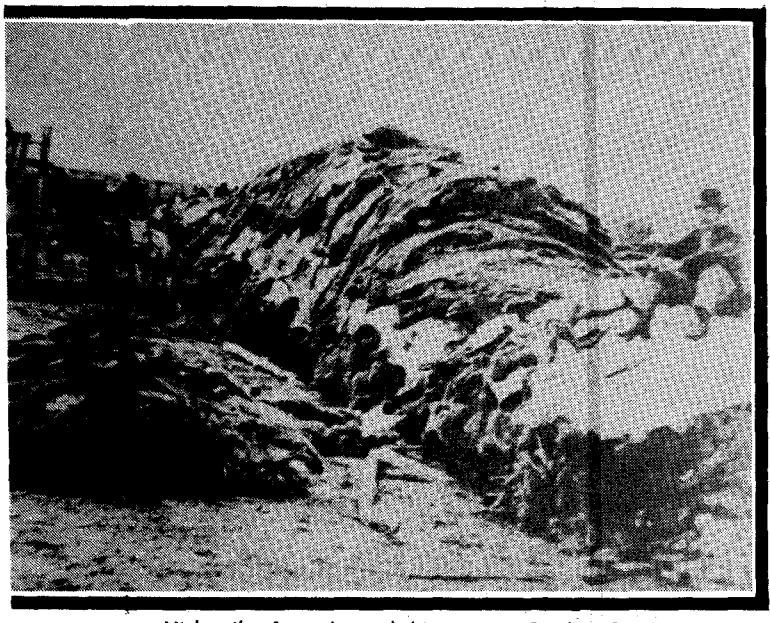
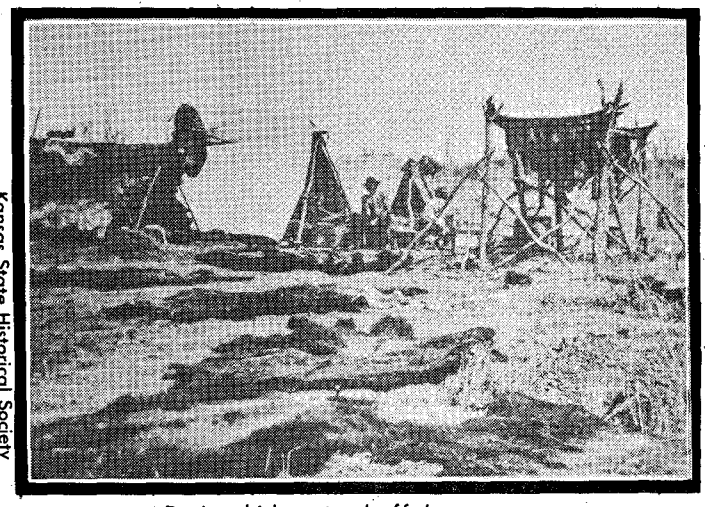
*Curing hides and bones as drawn by Frenzeny & Tavernier for HARPER'S WEEKLY April 4, 1874*



Kansas State Historical Society

*Hide piles for sale and shipment at Dodge City, Kansas.*



Phillips Collection, University of Oklahoma

*Drying hides at a buffalo camp*



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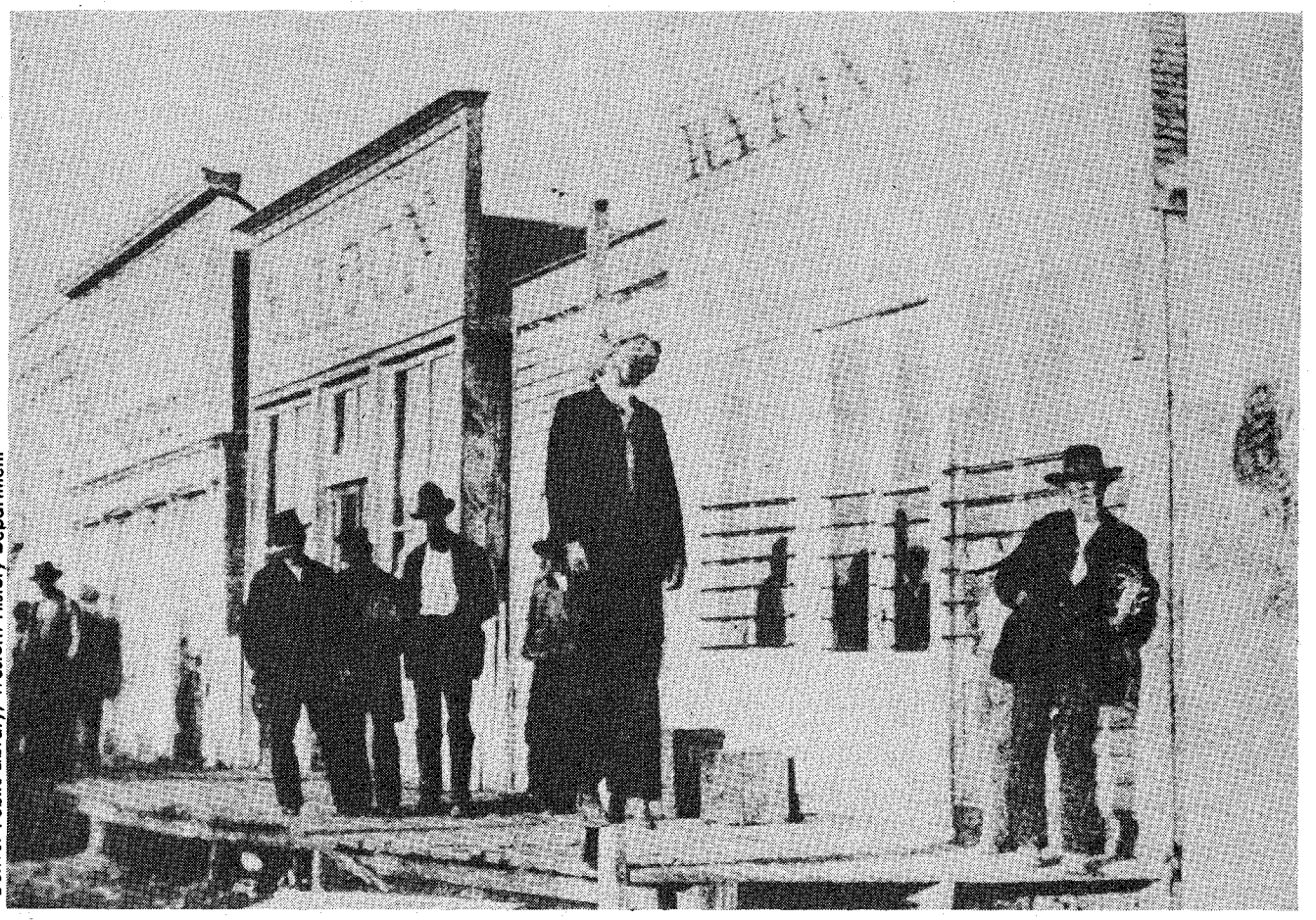
COVER STORY

**When William Burbridge planned the elegant Exchange Bank Saloon, he'd hoped to attract the elite of Raton, New Mexico, to the chandelier - hung, mirrored saloon but one, Gus Mentzer, shot it up one day in 1882 and he was lynched before the day was over.**



Denver Public Library, Western History Department

*Gus Mentzer, hanged by a citizens' mob on June 25, 1882 in front of the bank at Raton, New Mexico.*

# The Day They Hanged GUS MENTZER

By Dick Holben

Every head in the place turned as Gus Mentzer swaggered up to the bar at the Exchange Bank Saloon in Raton, New Mexico on June 25, 1882. Up until the day before, 26-year-old Mentzer had been a partner with William Burbridge in the elegantly furnished establishment. Then Burbridge, the man who'd put up all the money in the first place, had dissolved the partnership agreement and threw Gus out. It was Gus's weakness for the bottle, Burbridge had explained. He'd warned the young man again and again. But Gus persisted and his drunken spectacles threatened to run off the upper class clientele that Burbridge was trying to cultivate. The townspeople never doubted that Gus would hit back. They had been waiting for it since yesterday, and now it looked like the fireworks were about to begin.

Burbridge was city-bred out of Dallas, Texas. He knew nothing about gunfights and wanted to know less, but he knew Gus Mentzer and something told him the drunken fool meant business. Burbridge grabbed in a panic for the revolver under the bar and snapped off a wild shot at Gus and then dove for the floor behind the bar.

Gus had his excuse now and he returned Burbridge's fire with two or three shots of his own, but before he knew it, Deputy R. P. Dollman, a patron in the saloon at the time, was on his feet firing too. Burbridge regained some courage and crawled around the corner of the bar where



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he joined Deputy Dollman in sniping at Gus, who'd taken refuge behind an overturned table.

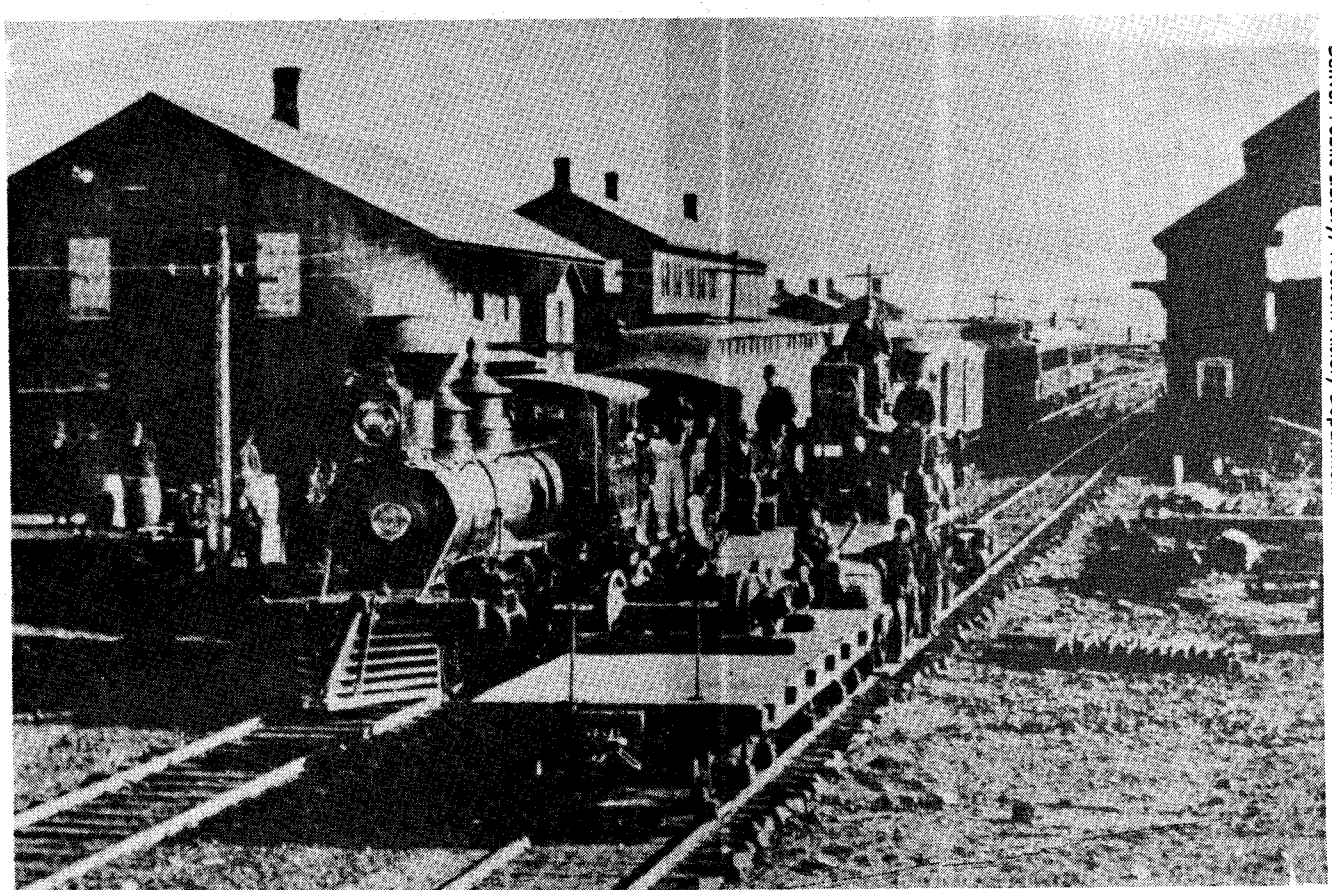
For long agonizing minutes the fight dragged on while the patrons of the bar cringed helplessly in the corners behind what cover they could find. Miraculously, no one was hit and Gus at last bolted for the open door.

Outside the saloon Deputy Dollman sent his searching gaze up and down the street, but Gus was nowhere to be seen. The customers at the saloon had regained a little nerve, and now they boiled out through the doors like an army of ants to see what would happen next. Deputy Dollman employed the most courageous ones of the bunch and together they searched up and down the streets for a sign of Gus; behind the packing crates and boxes at the railroad depot and even inside the train that was unloading a shipment. No luck! And so the party returned to the saloon to survey the damage.

Back inside the bar, some of the hangers-on chattered like magpies over the excitement of it all, but for Burbridge the day was a ruin. Onlookers described him as "almost in tears" as he looked around at the damage to his spanking new saloon. In the three-way exchange of gunshots his richly furnished Bank Exchange was all but wrecked. He had planned it to be the most elegant saloon palace in the southwest and indeed, for a few days, it may have been. Now the expensive cut glass chandeliers and the french mirrors behind the bar were shattered. The elaborate system of plumbing and taps that gleamed with the luster of the modern age had been punctured with a bullet and was just now spewing the last of a keg of beer onto the floor. Burbridge cursed Gus Mentzer — the man who'd caused it all — and wondered for a moment how he'd come to be in such a fix.

Denver Public Library, Western History Department

*The Reverend O. P. McMains, Methodist circuit preacher was in Raton on June 28, 1882 to perform the funeral services for Gus Mentzer and his four victims.*



Denver Public Library, Western History Department

*Railroad station at Raton, 1880 where Gus Mentzer made his wild bid to elude a lynch mob.*



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Denver Public Library, Western History Department

*Interior of western saloon typical of the one Mentzer and Burbridge operated in Texas before moving to Raton, New Mexico in 1882.*

The partnership had started two years before in Dallas when William Burbridge had scraped together what little cash he had to open a sawdust barroom in a weathered old board shack. Gus Mentzer was hired on as business picked up. The beginning was humble but the business prospered and grew. Gus became more than just a trusted employee. His own energies and labor had largely contributed to their success and Burbridge recognized it.

Things had gone pretty well for them until one day a tough looking cowboy drifted through feeling mean. He got himself a belly full of whiskey at Burbridge's saloon and then proceeded to threaten Burbridge himself. Cat and mouse was the game as the cowboy continued to torment the gentle, nattily dressed little man with the eastern accent. Burbridge was no fighter and soon he was shaking in his shoes, but Gus Mentzer was a different matter. He'd been around a lot in his young years and knew how to handle a gun.

"If you want to fight, fight me," Gus had told the cowboy. Then the pair had gone into the street to square off and shoot it out. The cowboy was too slow and he died there in the street.

Soon after that unfortunate incident, the two partners relocated to the promising railroad town of Raton, New Mexico. Burbridge's bankroll had grown with the sale of the old saloon in Dallas and his dreams had soared. No more roughhouse for him he decided. He would open the finest drinking establishment anyone had ever seen. It would cater to the higher class—the genteel—of the town and the many moneyed travelers and businessmen passing through on the train. For months he had planned and schemed, directing the workers in their tasks.

The new Bank Exchange Saloon had opened just weeks before. At first, all went well, but it soon became apparent that Gus was out of his element. His was the sawdust saloon environment: The coarse talk, hard drinking and an unruly patron to bounce out on his ear once in a while. He was sick and tired of the dandies with their ruffled front shirts, he claimed. Why couldn't a saloon be just a saloon. Too late Burbridge realized that his tastes had outgrown Gus's world and Gus's reaction was the bottle. By night and day he drank and in reply to each of Burbridge's warnings Gus would once more remind him that he'd saved his life in Dallas. "If it wasn't for me, you'd be dead. You wouldn't even have a saloon. It's as much mine as it is yours." At last, Burbridge had done the only thing he could, and now Gus was out.

The boys were still jawing over the incident and Burbridge was still toting up the damage when in walked Gus, as bold as daylight, looking for all the world as if nothing had happened. Every jaw in the room went slack as Gus bellied up to the bar and ordered a drink from the startled Burbridge.

"Hold it, Gus! You're under arrest," announced Deputy Dollman, coming out of his surprised state. At that, Gus turned and bolted for the door once more. Dollman got off two ineffectual shots as the fleeing man rounded the corner, and once more the chase was on.

This time Gus headed for the train station. "There he is!" cried one of the citizen mob, Hugh Eddelson by name.

*(continued on page 61)*



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# ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

**Q. Did the Hopi Indians ever engage in warfare against the white man or were they always quiet, peaceful farmers? N. Horan, Greeley, Colo.**
A. Not always peaceful. They shared the general Indian resentment against white encrouchment and fought numerous bloody battles with the Spanish, winning quite a few.

**Q. What is peyote? C. Haskell, Salem, Ore.**
A. Peyote is a spineless cactus producing a drug used by the Indians of Northern Mexico and Southwestern United States. It looks like a turnip root and grows mostly underground, producing a top that resembles a mushroom. This top is either eaten as is, or brewed into a concoction for drinking. The result is bitter, bringing on nausea and hallucinations. There is no loss of consciousness and apparently no urge to violence. A feeling of well-being follows, but also uncomfortable after effects. It was, and probably still is, the basis of a religious cult among the Southwestern Indians. Earlier, the missionaries violently opposed it.

**Q. How did the Spanish find so many gold and silver mines? How did the Indians find so many? How did the Incas get so much gold? How did they work them? C. Cones, Indianapolis, Ind.**
A. Relying on our books containing early Spanish conquistadore records, we make what we hope is an intelligent guess. The Incas found their gold by observation: a gleam in a cliffside, a glitter in a stream, and they dug. They worked them by slave labor, using primitive picks and shovels. The Spanish expanded on the effort and did quite some searching on their own. A likely site was the first requirement and visual observation was the first step in finding such a site. Even in these modern days, these basics are still required.

**Q. What was the Mormon War all about? H. Spingler, Fort Collins, Colo.**
A. The Mormon War, or Utah War, as it is also known, was the culmination of feelings against the Mormons of Utah. They were very exclusive, resenting the "Gentile" settlers who streamed into their territory, which resulted in many clashes with wagon trains. Some of their fervent believers tried to force their religion and customs on the non-Mormon residents. The strong support of polygamy also increased the resentment against them. Things reached a peak in 1857 and the U. S. sent General Albert Johnston with an army against them. Not much blood was shed, except for the Mountain Meadows Massacre (non-Mormons were the victims) and peaceful relations were soon restored.

**Q. You never mention Warner Baxter as a Western movie star, although I've seen many of his westerns. Background, please. O. Newell, Manhattan, Kansas.**
A. It's true; because of his fine dramatic career in non-Westerns, few realize that Warner Baxter played an important part in the history of Western films. In 1929, for instance, Baxter was voted best actor of the year for his performance in IN OLD ARIZONA, which was the first sound feature to be photographed completely outdoors. Some of his other Westerns were: ROBIN HOOD OF ELDORADO (he played the part of Joaquin Murietta); RAMONA, and THE SQUAW MAN, but he is best remembered as THE CISCO KID. Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio on March 29, 1893. He attended the University of Ohio but had to leave upon his father's death and went to work as a machinery salesman. He later joined a stock (stage) company, tried motion pictures in 1916, didn't like them, went back to the stage, and then was hired by Paramount in 1924. From Paramount he went to Fox and became one of their biggest stars. He died of bronchial pneumonia on May 7, 1951.

**Q. When did Wovoka, the Medicine Man, die? P. McGee, Glendale, Ariz.**
A. Wovoka, born about 1858, died in 1932. In his last years, thoroughly dismayed by the massacre at Wounded Knee, he counseled the Indians to follow the ways of the white man.

**Q. Is "adobe", that they make houses from, just mud? P. Deacon, Lincoln, Nebraska.**
A. Well, yes. But not just plain old mud. Adobe is a mud brick made from clay that adheres compactly when wet. After being mixed with water and straw, it is cast into wooden molds about 18 by 6 by 10 inches. When removed from the molds, the bricks are placed in the hot sun and allowed to dry and bake.

**Q. Wasn't Charlie Parkhurst the champion Western stage driver? V. Colt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
A. Although there is no record of an official contest, it is generally conceded that Charlie Parkhurst, who flourished from the middle 1800's as a stage driver, was one of the best, if not the best. As a postmortem climax, in 1879, when Charlie died, and the body was being prepared for burial, it was discovered that Charlie was a woman, and, on top of that, had been a mother. Old Charlie had gotten away with this masquerade for almost thirty years.

**Q. Do the Penitentes still exist? M. Bertolli, Rockford, Ill.**
A. For the benefit of those who might not know, the Penitentes were a secret lay order in the Roman Catholic Church, particularly in New Mexico, known as The Penitent Brothers of the Third Order of Franciscans. Each year during Holy Week the penitents carried heavy wooden crosses on their route to a "crucifixion" site, being beaten with heavy rope whips, cords and other instruments on the way. At the site, the one chosen as the "Christo" was tied to an upright cross. There are reports that, weakened by their sufferings en route, some of these "Christos" died on the cross. Although condemned and forbidden by the Catholic Church in 1889, the practice still persists in isolated areas of New Mexico, although few outsiders have seen it.

**Q. Are the Southwestern pueblos still flourishing? L. Borr, Grand Island, Nebraska.**
A. They are still there and still occupied, these old Indian apartment houses. However, some authorities feel that within one or two generations, when the old conservatives die out, the younger people will choose to move out into the world.

**Q. Did you ever hear of a dish called "hushamargrundy"? E. Soule, Kokomo, Ind.**
A. No, we never did, but after a lot of research we found a reference to it. It was a concoction of parsnips, rutabaga turnips and salt codfish. Our reference says it was served to passengers on board vessels out of Boston, Mass. in the 1840's.

**Q. This may sound like a silly question, but what did the buffalo wallow in the buffalo wallows for? A. Aiken, Marion, Ind.**
A. The search for knowledge is never silly. Buffalo wallowed in the wallows for two reasons: to rid themselves of vermin. and to slough off their winter coat of hair. ●RW



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# SUNSET "KIT" CARSON

By Mario DeMarco

It was my great pleasure to have once done the life story of Sunset Carson in comic strip form. Today Sunset has information that this comic book is now in the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Windy Hollow, Kentucky.

I first met this tall, good looking cowboy in Hollywood in 1945 when he was busy turning out action pictures for Republic Studios. Standing 6 feet 6 inches he can be called the biggest western star that ever rode across the "silver screen". Like his height everything that Sunset did was big.

He was born in Plainview, Texas on Nov. 12, 1927 and first tasted fame as a young boy, having competed in more than 40 rodeos by the time he was 12 years old. Sunset was tall for his age and a little fibbing about that age was done. When it came to riding and performing he wasn't fibbing. He won every known riding contest that was possible for a teenager to enter, bronc busting, bulldogging, calf ropping and trick riding. He was such a good performer that he was invited to join the circus by the late Tom Mix.

After spending some time as a feature attraction with the Tom Mix Circus he got "itchy feet" and decided to go to South America and try his luck with the Argentine cowboys who are considered the finest in the world. So good was Sunset against these fine horsemen that he won the "all around champion cowboy of South America for two consecutive years" 1941-1942 at the age of fourteen and fifteen.

On his return to the states he enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse. From a newspaper clipping which showed his picture he landed a screen test for the memorable part of "Texas" in the Sol Lesser Production of "Stage Door Canteen." Republic Pictures liking the looks of the tall lanky cowboy signed him to a contract. Before he could work for Republic, he enlisted in the service. After being discharged from the service he weighed only 150 pounds, too light for rugged action so Republic told him that when he put on more weight to come back and see them.

He fooled around Hollywood for several months and did manage to get several bit parts in the Hopalong Cassidy pictures. Warner Bros. became interested in him and was about to give him a screen test but Republic Studios stepped in and put Sunset to work in a series of westerns. These series at Republic are considered by many collectors to be the best action westerns ever made by any studio at any time. After Republic he signed up with Yucca and Astor Pictures completing a series of color westerns. It was at this time that he was rated number 8 in the top 10 cowboy stars.

Leaving the movies for a while he joined the Clyde Beatty Circus for several seasons. He also did personal appearances on numerous TV shows. He was the only cowboy to play Steel Pier in Atlantic City since Tom Mix. He then completed a personal tour of the world and had five command performances to his credit performing before the King and Queen of Siam. While on the Island of Matsu for General Yeh, the island was under fire from the mainland, Sunset received a special citation.

In Tokyo he did a series of charity shows for the typhoon victims. His act of sharpshooting with rifle and pistol, using live ammunition was considered one of the most spectacular ever witnessed by the Far East show going public. His fan club there numbers well over 20 million youngsters. He's referred to as the "Cowboy Ambassador of Goodwill" because he has never refused to act for any deserving charity.

From Asia he traveled to almost al parts of Europe. Almost three years were spent in doing these shows. He's also performed in Spain, Egypt, India, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Hawaii, Alaska, Nova Scotia, Mexico and all the continental 48 states.

Sunset completed a movie in 1971 entitled "Outlaw Grizzly," and has just finished producing, directing, and starring in an action packed western "The Marshal of Windy Hollow" which was shot in Kentucky.

At present he's on a personal appearance tour with his new two hour feature "Marshal of Windy Hollow". Any of you old time fans of his can drop him a line in Middletown, Kentucky. Sunset Carson made over twenty westerns in his bright screen career, a cowboy star who is still riding tall and straight in the saddle.

Some of his movies to date are: STAGE DOOR CANTEEN, JANIE, CALL OF THE ROOKIES, BORDERTOWN TRAIL, CODE OF THE PRAIRIE, FIREBRANDS OF ARIZONA, SHERIFF OF CIMARRON, BELLS OF ROSARITA, SANTA FE SADDLEMATES, OREGON TRAIL, BANDITS OF THE BADLANDS, ROUGH RIDERS OF CHEYENNE, THE CHEROKEE FLASH, DAYS OF BUFFALO BILL, ALIAS BILLY THE KID, EL PASO KID, RED RIVER RENEGADES, SUNSET CARSON RIDES AGAIN, DEADLINE, BATTLING MARSHAL, FIGHTING MUSTANG, RIO GRANDE, OUTLAW GRIZZLY.



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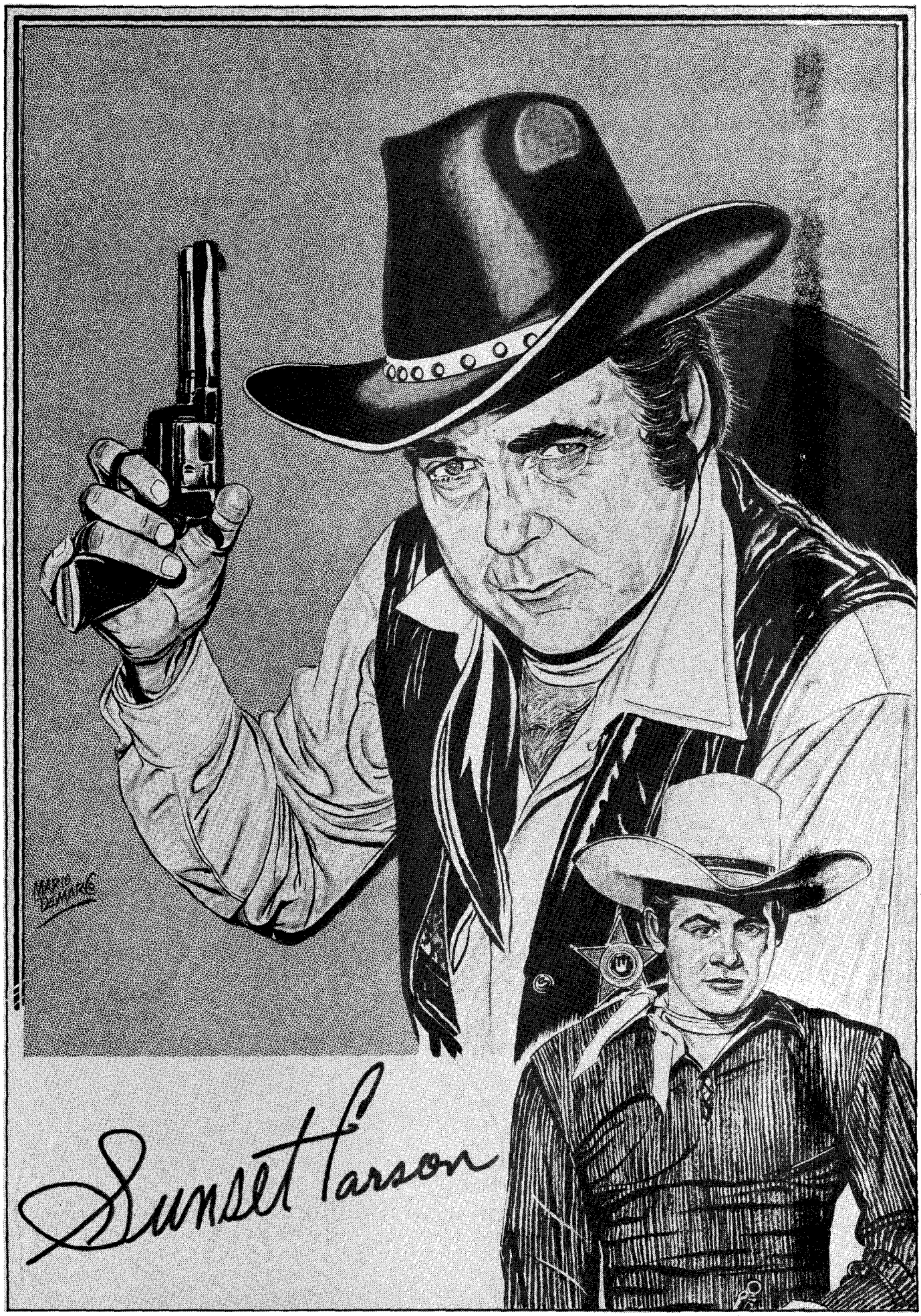




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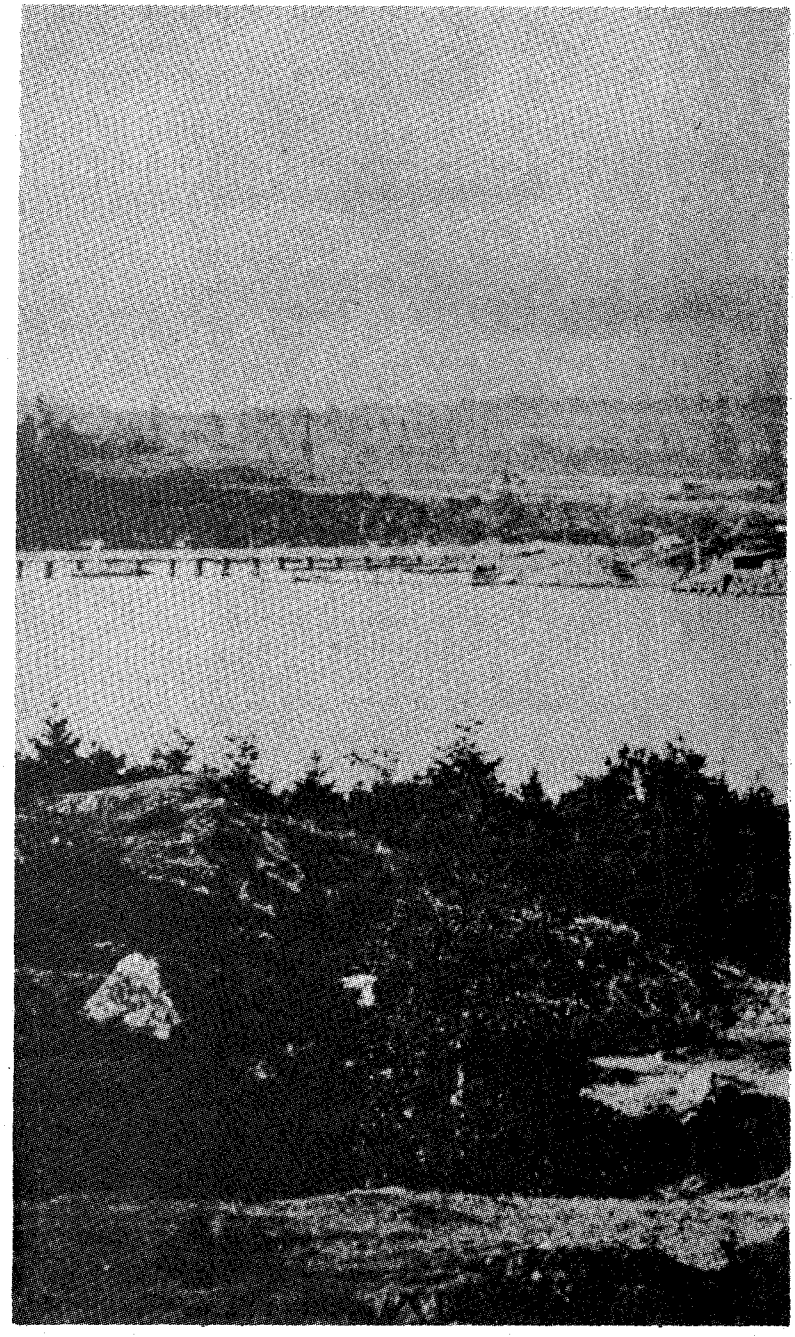
# CAPTAIN JOHN

**Captain John once had led more than 3,000 fierce Haida warriors. This was the same man who had traveled to old St. Petersburg in a Russian trading ship, then to London, and on home by Hudson's Bay Company ship. Captain John could keep his warriors clear of the white man's law but it was white man's booze that destroyed his people.**



*Victoria's inner harbor, where "the vilest stuff that the ingenuity of wicked-minded and avaricious white men ever concocted" was smuggled nightly to the Indian settlements opposite the town.*

"An Indian woman who has resided for nearly two years on William(s) Creek, and was commonly known by the sobriquet of 'Captain John,' died on Monday last from inflammation of the windpipe. This poor creature was the daughter of an Indian chief called Captain John, who was shot in Victoria jail seven years ago ..."

This is the brief obituary notice which appeared in the Victoria *Colonist* of July 8, 1867. Few readers of long ago would have linked the unfortunate woman with what must be the saddest chapter in British Columbia history.

The tragedy had begun just nine years before, but memory — like conscience — can be one of convenience, and likely few of those who knew the true story paused to consider.

One who did reflect upon the unpleasant past, another forty years after, was pioneer journalist David W. Higgins. He had known the leading and supporting actors of the tragedy, particularly the remarkable character, Captain John, upon whose death only Higgins had shed a tear on behalf of the whote community.

Once Captain John had been the most powerful chieftain on the North Pacific coast, boasting 3,000 fierce Haida warriors under his command. About forty years of age when Higgins met him, the chief with the unusual name cut an impressive figure.

Although of average height, Captain John stood well out from fellow tribesmen. "His sallow face was surrounded by luxuriant black whiskers, and his upper lip was adorned by a sweeping black moustache," the newspaperman wrote. "His stature and his light complexion and the hirsute appendages gave rise to the impression that he was the son of a Russian and an Indian woman."

Little was known of John's background, but those details which Higgins had been able to learn were fascinating. It was common knowledge, for example, that, as an Alaskan youth, John had traveled to St. Petersburg in a Russian trading ship, remaining in the wintry city for two years before proceeding to London and home again by Hudson's Bay Company ship.



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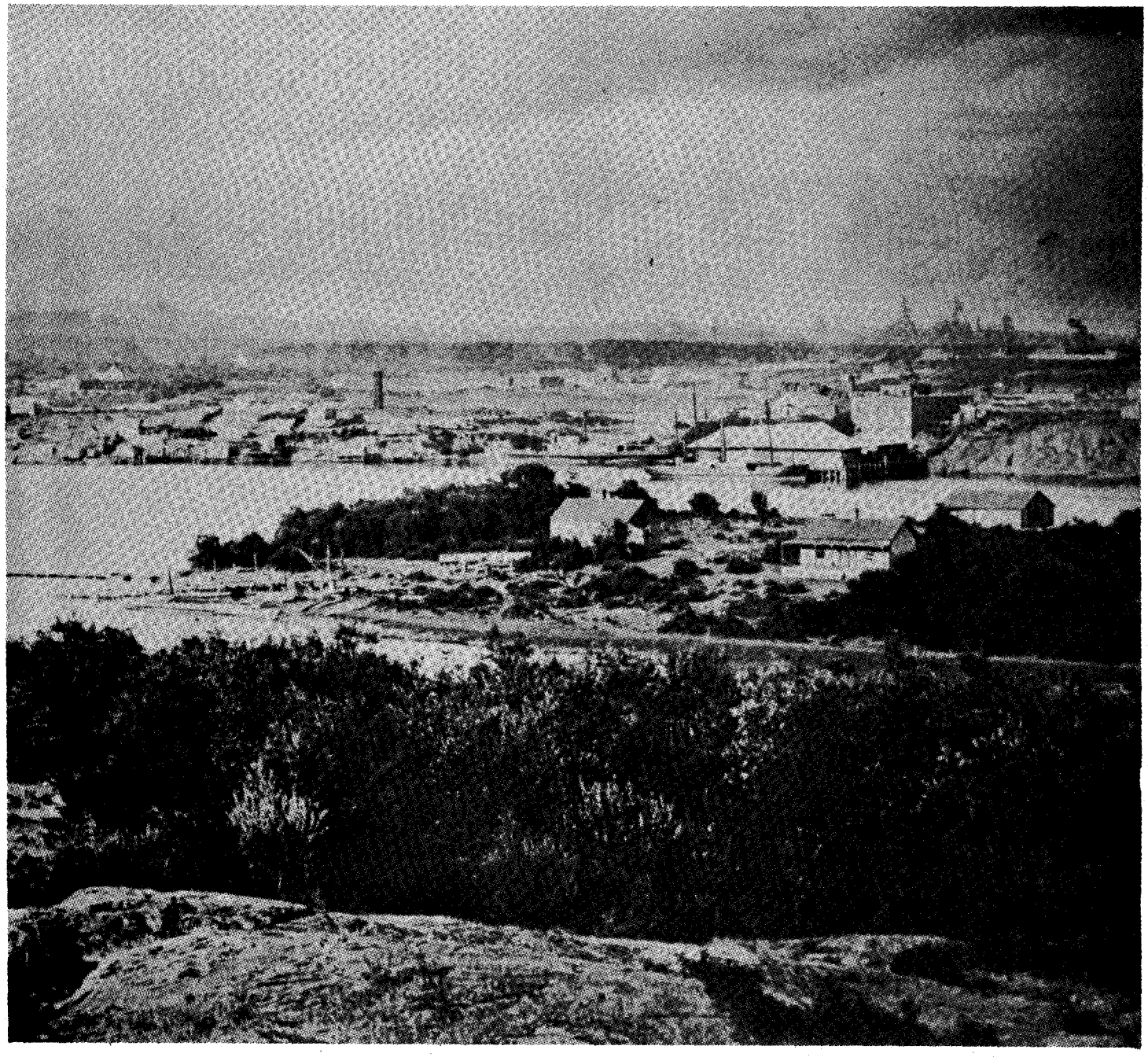
# ILL-FATED INDIAN CHIEF

by
T. W. Paterson



British Columbia Archives photo

Marveled Higgins: "He could read and write a little, and his language was a puzzling maze of Russian, English, Chinook and Indian. With the aid of pantomimic gestures and broken language, he managed to make himself well understood."

How John became chief of the dreaded Haidas remained a mystery even to Higgins, but chieftain he was. His word, garbled mixture of dialects though it may have been, was law. Thousands obeyed his every command.

Perhaps a good clue to John's secret as a leader was his sense of drama, through which he acquired his unusual title. In fair weather and foul, he wore a striking uniform of long blue military overcoat, his wiry black hair crowned by a blue officer's cap banded with gold lace. Upon meeting strangers, Captain John would pull himself erect, make a grotesque salute by pointing forefinger to his cap, and exclaim, "Me big chief!"

Then, introduction done, he would swagger from the startled stranger "with an air of gloomy grandeur intended to impress the visitor with his importance."

If the reaction of more sophisticated white settlers were one of amusement, none let it show. "There was much that was absurd about Captain John's appearance, but, taken all in all, he was the finest specimen of the Indian I ever knew," Higgins recalled.

Certainly his many subjects were impressed; to question John's authority meant severe punishment or death. The entire western shore of the Victoria waterfront, although settled by several northern tribes as well as the local Songhees, was virtually John's domain. Even the encamped "Stickeens" (Stikines), traditional enemies of the Haidas, avoided his wrath.



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When 20,000 eager whites had poured into Fort Victoria during the rush of '58, enroute to the gold fields of the mainland, it was Captain John who had kept his unruly followers in line, time and again preventing open bloodshed from erupting between fiery brave and arrogant white. Mr. Higgins even suspected John of having been in Hudson's Bay Company employ, so diligently had he maintained peace; "one thing is certain,: to Captain John the whites ... were indebted for their immunity from harm."

None could deny that, had John been so minded he could have led his wild army against the settlement.

But the Indians encamped across the harbor faced an enemy against which they had no defence: liquor. David Higgins has left us with one of the most graphic descriptions of the devil's brew which was to destroy a proud nation and culture.

"The so-called whisky was the vilest stuff that the ingenuity of wicked-minded and avaricious white men ever concocted. What it was composed of was known only to the concoctors. I was told that it was made of alcohol diluted with water toned up with an extract of red pepper and colored so as to resemble the real thing. It was conveyed to the reserve under cover of night by boatloads.

"What the Indian wanted was something hot — something that would burn holes through his unaccustomed stomach and never stop burning holes until it reached his heels. Quality was not considered. The rotgut must be cheap as well as pungent, and these two elements being present, the sale was rapid and profitable."

This was the lucrative trade conducted under cover of night by unscrupulous merchants who were respected leaders of the community by day. To the untutored brave, drink was a drug, a mind-bending elixir for which he would literally sell his soul. Daughters and wives were sold into prostitution, sons sold as slaves — no sacrifice was too great for the firewater. Within months, the vast encampments on the western shore had become brawling hives of degradation. Proud braves became stumbling drunks, ready to commit any act of violence for another bottle.

Presiding over this grim scene was the aloof figure of Captain John.

Finally, in the summer of 1860, violence erupted in the Haida camp. Several young warriors, fired with drink, announced their intention to drive the encroaching whites into the sea. Realizing they could not be calmed, John informed the drunken mob they would be slaughtered by the settlers. However, he smiled, if they were spoiling for a fight — why didn't they attack their old enemies, the Stikines?

That evening, near where a modern two-lane bridge spans Victoria's Inner Harbor, a Haida brave, primed with bad whisky, encountered a Stikine youngster on the road. When the boy's decapitated body was found, both camps prepared for war.

The enemies hastily dug trenches and erected log fortifications, and during the next three days waged a bitter gun battle. Musket shots punctured the usual calm around the clock as Victoria authorities had remained neutral.

On the third day of hostilities, a Sunday, Mr. Higgins and several fellow adventurers had decided to visit Captain John's "fort." "We watched our opportunity, and by keeping well behind the standing timber that then thickly covered the reserve, and dodging from tree to tree, we managed to reach the Captain's quarters without injury."

Secure behind the Haida breastworks, Higgins faced a short lecture on his foolhardiness from John. But the chief soon changed the subject, for he had other things on his mind — " he was anxious to know what the papers said about the fight, and I told him, much to his satisfaction, that they reported that he was getting the better of the Stickeens. He was very grave and serious in his demeanor and seemed to feel that a great responsibility rested upon him."

With dusk, Higgins and his companions crept from the fort. Some distance down the trail, they met two men helping a third who was in great pain. The injured man's knee had been shattered by a Stikine musket ball, and the adventurers helped to rush him to a hospital where, the following day, his leg was amputated.

This incident aroused official ire. With a strong force of heavily armed police and marines from HMS *Hecate,* police magistrate Augustus Pemberton marched into the battle zone, arrested leaders of both sides, including a bewildered Captain John, and destroyed the fortifications.

After being "soundly lectured," all combatants were released and peace reigned again in the camps, if ever so briefly.

But the flow of vile liquor continued unabated. From legitimate wholesale liquor import warehouses at the foot of Johnson Street, thousands of gallons of the illicit brew were smuggled by night across the harbor, where eager customers waited in line to pay hard cash for slow death. The addicted brave paid a dollar a bottle, each sale of the diluted rotgut bringing a ninety percent profit to the peddler.

"Did the police know that this infamous business was being carried on under their eyes and nose?" Mr. Higgins had asked his readers in 1904, then answering, "They were well aware of the methods by which the Indians were being cleared off the face of the earth."

The retired editor and member of the legislative assembly had then charged that all police officers of the day had been "taken care of". When other forms of crime had been diligently investigated, the respected owners of the Johnson Street warehouse had continued business as usual, with sloops, rowboats and dugouts ferrying thousands of cargoes across the darkened harbor waters. "The bootleggers," said Higgins, "were immune, and justice was not alone blind — she was so deaf that she could not hear the plaintive cries of the wretched victims of man's greed and rapacity as they rent the night air and seemed to call down heaven's vengeance upon their poisoners."

But divine justice, like that of mortal man, was also blind, and the steady slaughter of an ignorant people marched unchecked. Where once reason and an advance culture had ruled, "debauchery, outrage and death" now prevailed; not only across Victoria harbor, but along the length of the west coast. "Tanglefoot' whisky stalked man, woman and child from Washington Territory to Alaska. What whiskey began, disease ended, and the heavy hand of British justice proved little deterrent against a mounting native crime wave.

Throughout this stormy period Captain John had resisted temptation. Finally, he, too, became a steady customer of the Johnson Street warehouse. Without his authority the Haidas ran rampant. Murder and violence

*(continued on page 60)*



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by Nono Minor

# THE AMERICAN INDIAN

**Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.**

## INDIAN TRIBES OF THE PACIFIC

Indian tribes along the Pacific or western coast, from California to Washington and up into Alaska, differed greatly. Their clothes, customs, dwellings, religions and languages, as well as their physical appearances, were different.

The Indians living in what is now California were interesting in the fact that there were sixteen major tribes who spoke languages representing five of the major language families found north of Mexico. Sixty different dialects were also spoken. Each tribe was distinctly different and independent, often hostile towards the others.

The California climate provided few extremes, the summers were dry and the winters wet, with lots of vegetation. Food consisted of small animals, also deer, bear and even birds, as well as insects which were roasted and eaten. Fish and shellfish were sometimes used as food, although the California tribes did not depend upon the sea for their food. Few Indians raised their own food, as rainfall was light in summer and they had not learned how to irrigate. Acorn, seeds, fruits and berries were gathered and part of them stored for the winter.

Central California had a dense population and great diversity of life was found there. These tribes were hunters and gatherers of plants and seeds. They were peaceful and would fight only if their land was invaded; usually, territorial disputes were settled by peaceful methods.

In the summer they wandered, but in winter they lived in clusters of hamlets, in houses often built partly underground. Many of their ceremonies were for, or to, the dead. They had one God, with several minor ones. The medicine man or Shaman was a specialist using both witchcraft and magic. These tribes were famous for their baskets.

During the ice age there may have been Indians living in Southern California, as stone tools have been found. They were at times called Diggers, or Mission Indians. The name Diggers came from their habit of digging for roots. Later most of these tribes lost their identity and were called Mission Indians because they lived at the Spanish Missions. The first Mission was established by the Franciscan Missionaries at San Diego in 1759, the last at San Francisco in 1823. The Franciscans gathered the Indians into villages teaching them Christianity and trades. Each Mission had a church, schools and shops. After Mexico gained her independence from Spain, there was no one left to care for the Missions, and the white man crowded out the Indian. When California became a part of the United States about a hundred years later, small parcels of land were set aside for the Indians.

The Pomo was an early tribe of California and in the early nineteen hundreds occupied an area north of San Francisco, between the ocean and the Sacramento River, extending about a hundred and thirty miles north and south, and a hundred miles east and west. At one time there were over seventy-five different villages in this area. The word "Pomo" means "red clay" and these Indians placed great value on red clay for flavoring and coloring their acorn bread. Small amounts of red clay were dissolved in water and mixed with the ground acorn flour. Fruits, seeds, deer, bear, elk, wolf, coyote, lynx, rabbit, squirrel and raccoon were eaten. Also land and sea fowl, and fresh and salt water fish.

People of this area spoke seventeen different dialects from five basic Indian languages. They lived in villages independent of each other. Each village was a political unit, handled by captains who acted in an advisory capacity. Each group was usually an extended family with their own captain who inherited his position from the female side. Older men gave up their position to the younger.

If illness struck a village the people moved away, believing evil forces had overtaken the village. In early days Indian children and adults were captured by settlers to work in their homes and fields; the excuse being, the Indian was better off this way.

The Yurok lived near Trinidid Bay in Northern California, about two hundred miles from what is now the California—Oregon border. These were intelligent and a good looking people. The men burnt off their hair to about one inch, or wore it in long stiff braids; the women wore their hair unbraided, and smoothly combed, so it fell about their shoulders.

Little girls of five were tattooed with a black strip continuing from both corners of the mouth to the chin and every five years thereafter a line was added. At daybreak the Yurok washed in the nearby stream and the father stirred the fire, assigning each member their daily work. A young man could not marry until he could give his bride a string of rare shells as long as his arm, and a few red feathers.

These became the property of the first born son to give to his bride. The father taught the boys to be good hunters and the mother taught the girls to be good wives. Younger children were taught respect for their elders. The after world was considered like this one, only better. The soul of an evil person was believed transformed into an animal, until he paid for his evil deeds, then his soul could go on to the next world.

There were six bands of the Luiseno Mission Indians, the Rincon, La Jolla, Pauma, Mesa Grande, Agua Caliente or Warner Ranch, and San Luis Rey Mission. They cultivated figs, peaches, tobacco, wheat and barley. Each family had large homemade clay water containers known as "ollas" which were kept and handed down in the family. These could be used for cooking, and an "olla" with soup or stew, was kept on the fire at all times.

The Indians in the area which is now Washington and Oregon, as well as the Canadian Coast and into Alaska, secured their food by hunting and fishing. Plants and berries were seasonal and it was necessary to preserve them for later use. There was

*(continued on page 63)*



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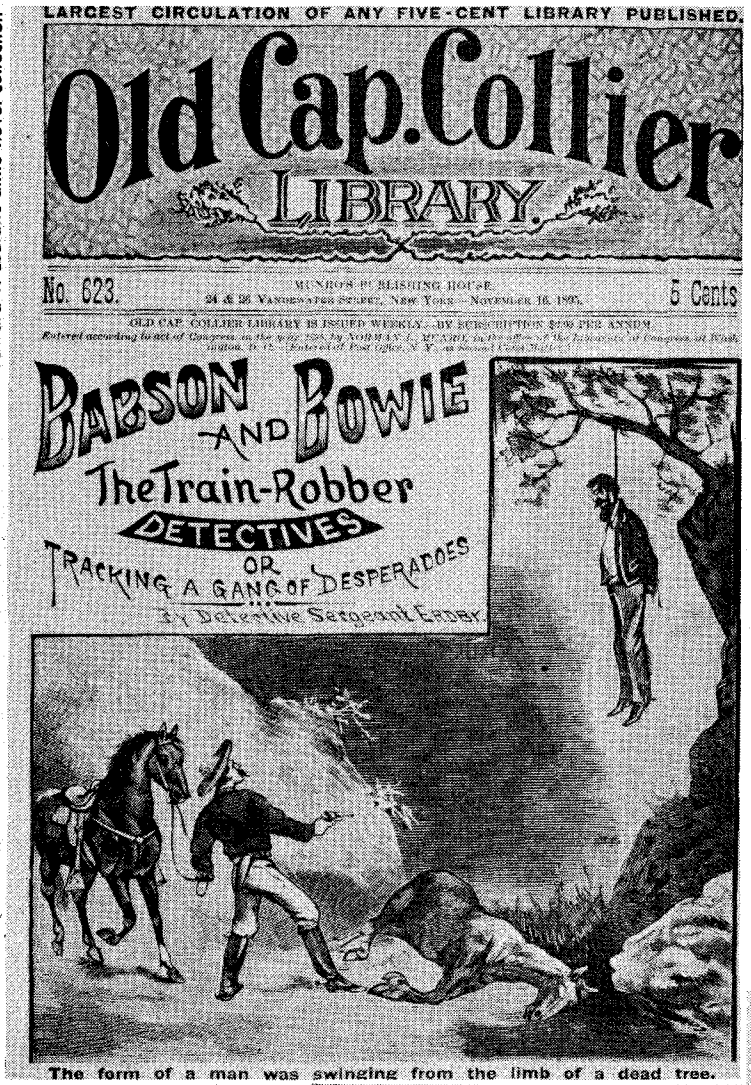
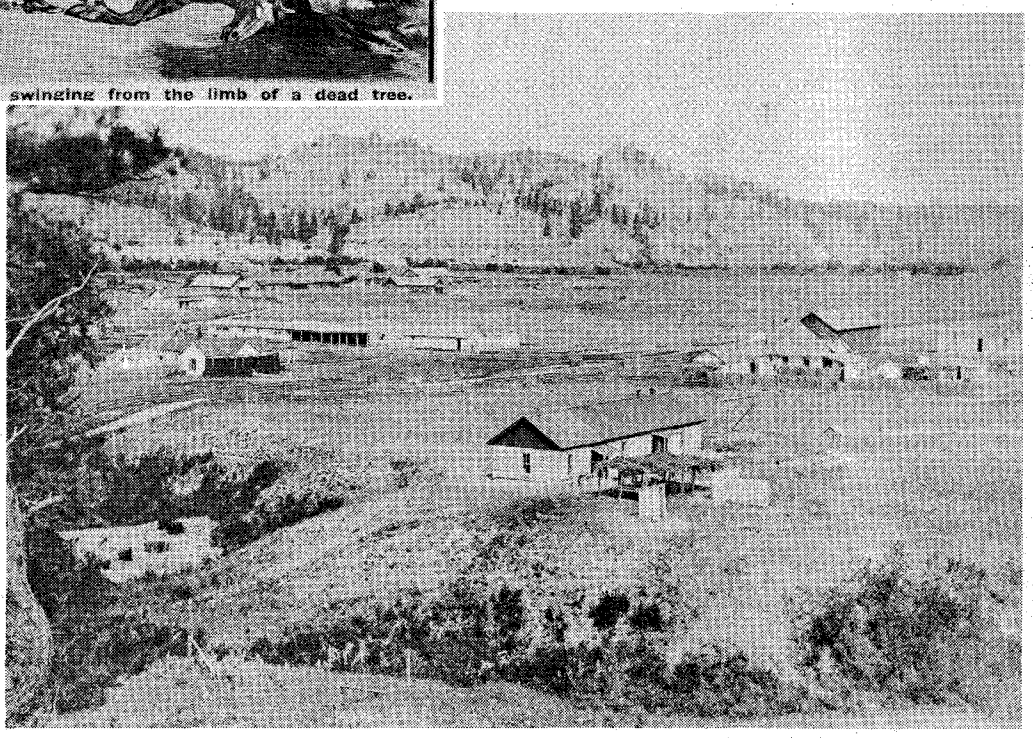
Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection




The form of a man was swinging from the limb of a dead tree.

***DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST.*** *Old Cap Collier Library was a series devoted to detective adventures. Most of the scenes were staged in eastern cities but occasionally there was a need to go West to track some fugitive from justice as in the accompanying illustrated issue. It appears someone got to the robber ahead of the detective.*



*The Cheyenne Agency at Lame Deer, Montana*

Historical Society of Montana, Helena



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# PICTORIAL

Smithsonian Institution

*REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY: NO HORNS ON HIS HEAD (H' co-a-h' co-a-h' cotes-min). A brave of Nez Perce tribe painted by George Catlin.*



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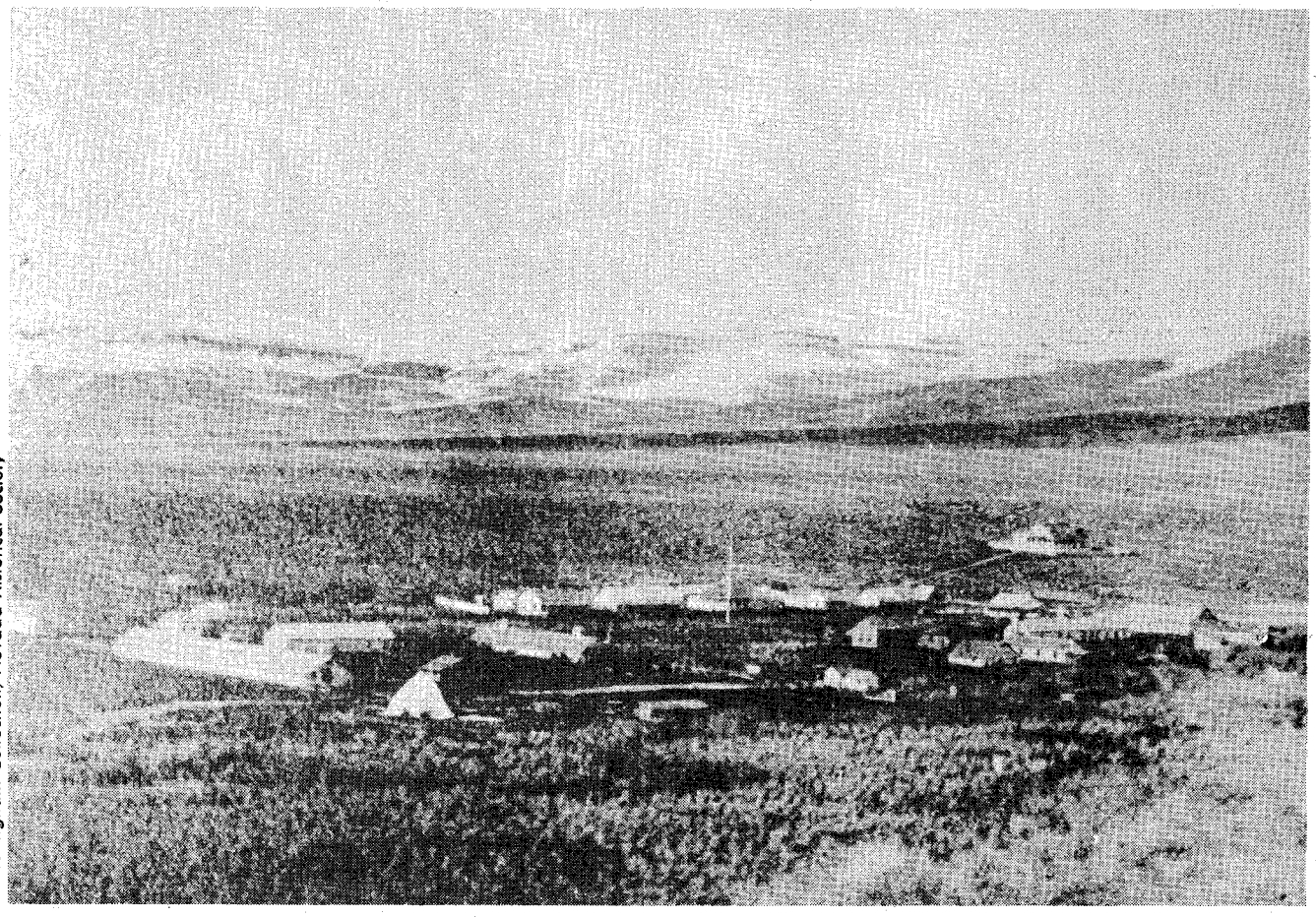
FORTS OF THE WEST

# FORT McDERMIT

## Last Of The Nevada Military Posts

By Louise Cheney

**For twenty-four years Fort McDermit stood on the north bank of the East Fork of the Quinn River. From 1865 until 1889, the Fort McDermit garrison fought bloody battles with the hostile Indians.**



Buckingham Collection, Nevada Historical Society

*Fort McDermit from a photo taken by Lt. Holly in 1887.*

In Humbolt County, Nevada, on the north bank of the East Fork of The Quinn River, near the mouth of a canyon in the Santa Rosa Mountains and a hundred miles south of Boise City, Idaho once stood the staunch Indian fighting post of Fort McDermit. Established in 1865 right after the end of the Civil War and abandoned in 1889, it lasted for twenty four years and was the last of the Nevada forts to be abandoned.

The old post, now long gone, is identified with the dramatic in Nevada history, for its brave troopers in blue knew the terrible violence of Indian warfare, the twang of bows, the swish of arrows, the roar of muskets, the boom of cannon. And well too, many of them knew the horror of red, barbaric death by the hostiles.



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Fort McDermit had its beginning as a military camp first known as the Quinn River Camp, No. 33 which was established in the summer of 1865 by Captain J. C. Daughty on the orders of Lieutenant Colonel Charles McDermit of the Second Cavalry and Commander of the Military District of Nevada.

Primarily Camp McDermit was established to halt Indian depredations in the settlements of the vicinity and to protect the wagon road and stage route from Virginia City, Nevada through Star City and the Quinn River Valley to Ruby and Boise Idaho.

Before, during and after the Civil War the Indians in the Humbolt region of Nevada were plundering, scalping and murdering. These hostilities had spread all the way from the eastern part of Nebraska where the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes were the aggressors through Utah Wyoming and westward to California. The Paiutes and the Shoshones were the aggressors in Nevada. The Paradise Valley in Nevada suffered from Indian depredations as did the popular crossing of the Humbolt known as Gravelly Ford. Many wagon trains headed westward stopped at the ford because of the lush grass in the region and the easy crossing. In fact the majority of the wagon trains stopped at Gravelly Ford and many an emigrant lost his life there from the Indians. So many emigrants lost their lives there that an emigrant cemetery was established. The tragic Donner party is known to have stopped at the ford.

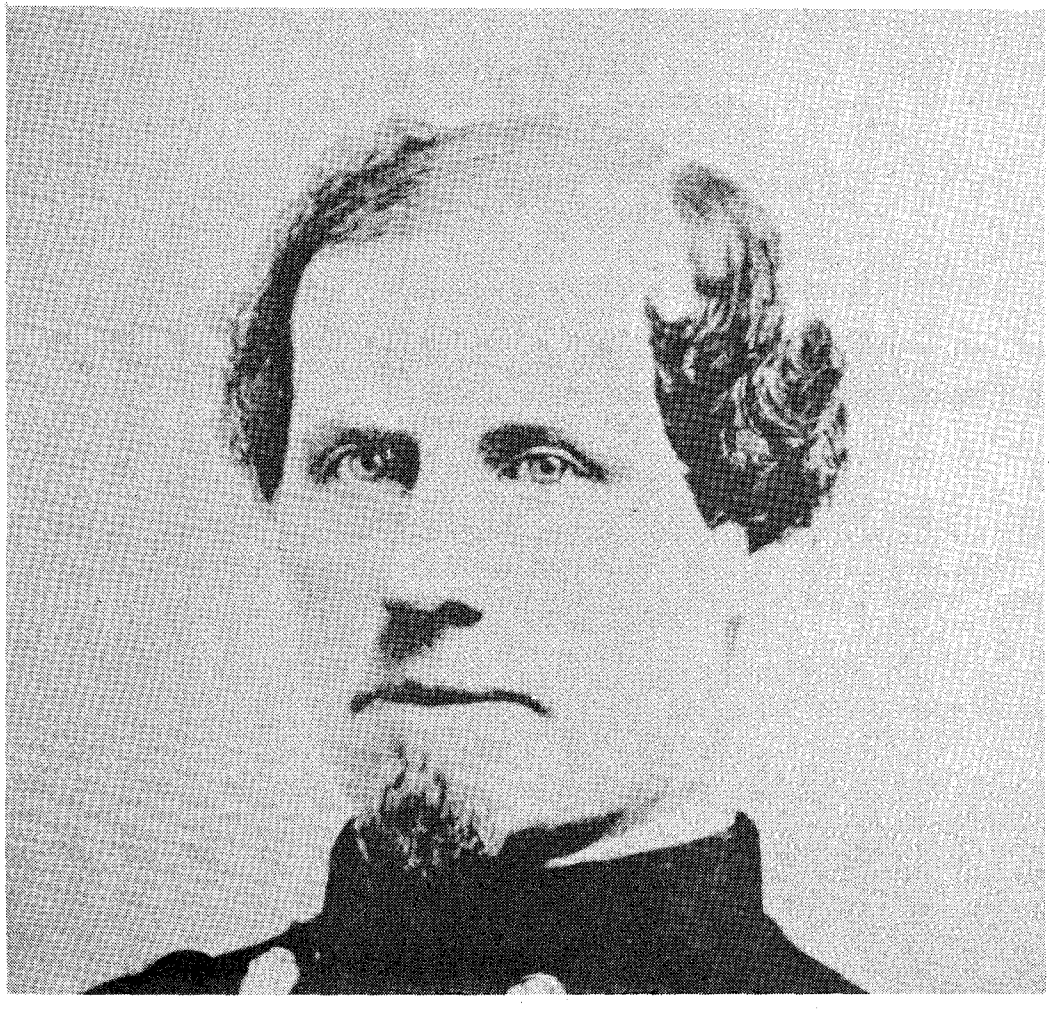
The main reason for the Indians' hostility was the encroachment of white settlers on lands that the red men honestly believed belonged to them. Then too after the end of the Civil War in April, emigration regained its former magnitude and momentum and a veritable flood of emigration swept through Nevada on its way to Manifest Destiny. The Indians bitterly resented the white men shooting their game and usurping their land.

Colonel McDermit determined to put a stop to the Indian depredations in the Humbolt region. He personally entered the field in an effort to curb hostilities. The troopers engaged the warring Indians in skirmishes time after time. McDermit tried in other ways to bring about a lasting peace between the whites and red men. He sought to stabilize relations between the two races and tried to bring about an understanding between them. When in the Spring of 1865, Austin, Nevada, a prosperous silver mining town in Lander County, was threatened by hostiles and the citizens appealed to Governor Blasdel, Colonel McDermit with a regiment of cavalry accompanied the governor to Austin. There the party met about one hundred and fifty Indians and talked. The result was that all Indian hostilities stopped in Lander County. The friendly Indians of Nevada liked and admired Colonel McDermit and called him "father".

It was in July of 1865 that McDermit ordered Captain Daughty to establish in the Quinn River Valley the military post that was later to become Fort McDermit.

But not long after its establishment tragedy came to the post for the brave Commander of the Military District of Nevada was killed in an Indian ambush while on a scouting trip from the camp. His body was sent to Fort Churchill where it was buried with military honors.

Lieutenant Colonel Hooker of the Sixth Infantry succeeded Colonel McDermit as commander, and in his honor renamed the camp on the Quinn River Camp McDermit with the approval of higher authority.



Addenbrooke Collection, Nevada Historical Society

*Lt. Col. Charles McDermit who established Camp McDermit. Soon after the establishment of the camp he was killed in an Indian ambush.*



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*Nevada Indian chiefs during the time of Fort McDermit. Po-i-to or Old Winnemucca, Nu-ma-na or Captain Dave, and Na-ma-ga or Young Winnemucca.*

Colonel McDermit was such a brave soldier, such a great patriot, so beloved by all the men who served after him, and so highly regarded by the friendly Indians of Nevada that a brief biography of him is in order here. Charles McDermit was born in Cambria County, Pennsylvania in 1820 and attended school at Ebenburg where he learned the trade of a cabinet maker. He served in the Mexican War (1846-48) as a lieutenant with the Second Pennsylvania.

At the end of the war he migrated to California which under the treaty of Guadalupe-Hildalgo belonged to the United States and there supervised the erection of Benicia Barracks. Later he was sheriff of Siskiyou, California. He then served as a member of the California State Assembly. He moved to Fort Jones and there in 1861 enlisted in the Army and was given the rank of captain. In November of that same year he was promoted to the rank of major. In March 1862 he became commander of Fort Churchill, Nevada.

A short time after assuming this post he was made Commander of the Military District of California. In May of 1865 he was made a Lieutenant Colonel. His death in an Indian ambush on August 7, 1865 was a great loss to the men under him, the friendly Indians of Nevada, the state and the Union Army (For a more detailed biography of Colonel McDermit see the Sagebrush Soldiers by Phillip Dodd Smith published in Nevada Historical Quarterly, Vol. 5, Nos. 3 4 July December 1865).

After the death of McDermit near the camp of the Quinn River the soldiers searched the vicinity for hostiles but found none. Lieutenant Colonel Hooker, then in Command of Fort McDermit, wrote to Colonel Drumm of the California Department in San Francisco that he believed the hostiles had retired to the wilderness country in the vicinity of Pyramid Lake.

At the beginning of his all out campaign to quell the Indian uprising in Nevada, Colonel McDermit had requested help from the Department of California. This request had been heeded so that in the summer of 1865 there was an abundance of soldiers in the Humbolt region. Colonel Hooker continued the campaign that McDermit had started.

The post was intended for the housing of two companies. When completed it was built around a rectangular parade ground of 600 feet by 285 feet. The first buildings erected were of one story with shingle roofs and were made of adobe stone. These buildings, put up in 1866, were of poor construction.

In the late 1870's more frame buildings were erected. The men's barracks were two rough stone edifices. There were three sets of officers' quarters: quarters of the adjutant, the ordnance storehouses and a quartermaster's wagon house. Each of the men's barracks were 104 x 24 feet. All buildings were of frame and stone construction.

There were also a guardhouse and a magazine, both of stone. The quartermaster's storehouse, granary and stables were frame as were the commissary storehouse and the post shops. Originally the hospital was of stone but it was replaced by a frame building. It was located north of the post buildings. Eight bed patients could be accommodated in the hospital.

Company I, 2nd Cavalry was mustered out in June of 1866 and was replaced by a company of the 1st U. S. Cavalry.

Although Indian depredations had been almost quelled in 1865 after the death of Colonel McDermit, the settlers in the vicinity made



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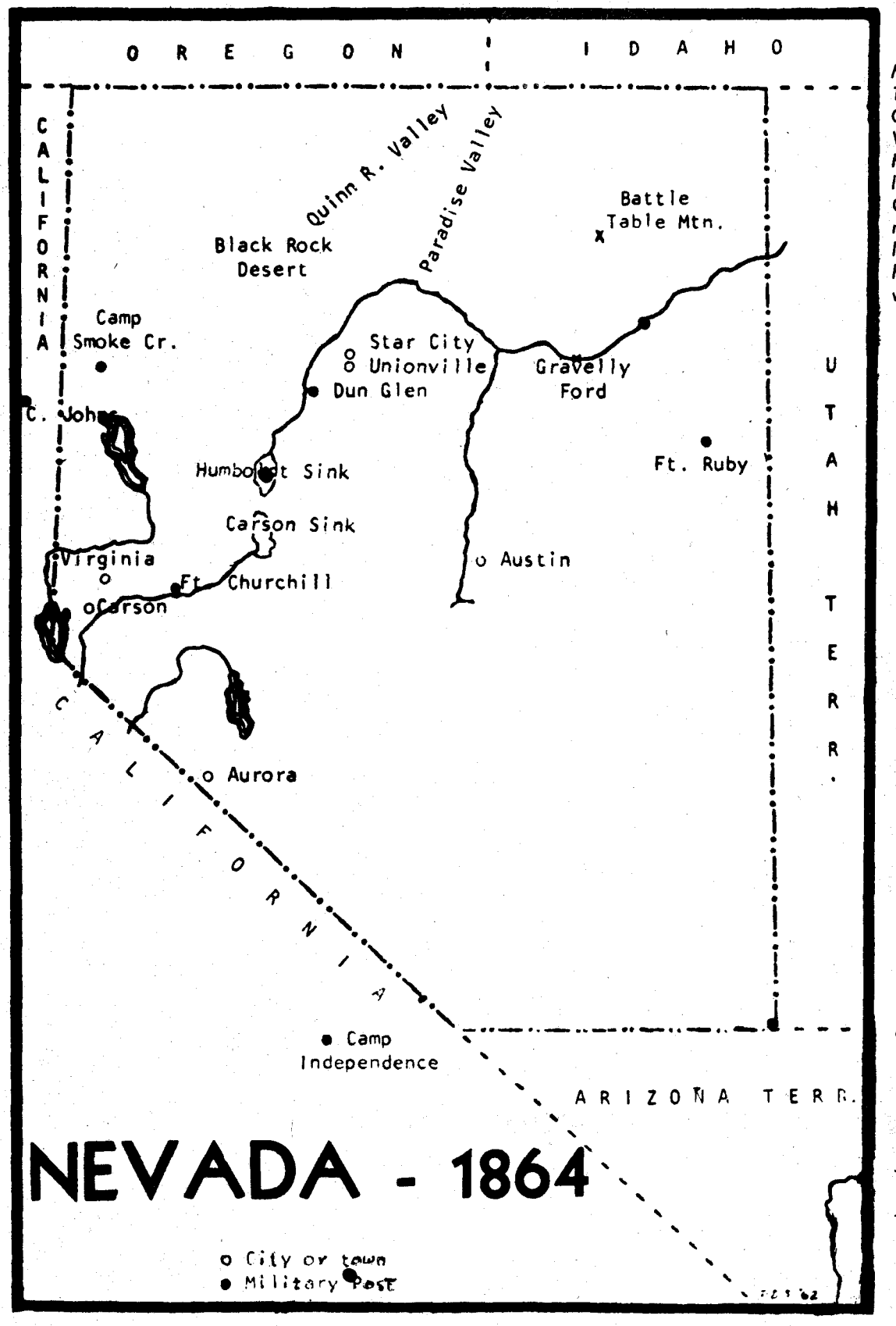


*Map of Nevada in 1864 shows the Quinn River Valley in which Fort McDermit was located. At Gravelly Ford, many emigrants lost their lives from hostile Indians who preyed in the area.*

From "The Sagebrush Soldiers", by Phillip Dodd Smith

a complaint to the military in 1867 of Indian atrocities. When this complaint was received by Major General H.W. Halleck, he ordered a company of the 8th Cavalry from Churchill Barracks to proceed to the scene of the hostilities. He also ordered the Nevada District Commander, Bvt. General T. C. Devin, Col. 8th Cavalry to proceed to Camp McDermit and there direct the troop movements.

Some Indian hostilities continued during the next year, 1868. Companies F and M of the 8th Cavalry under Bvt. Major Dudley Seward and Captain and Bvt. Lieutenant James N. McElroy composed the garrison of Camp McDermit. For a brief spell Company L of the 1st Cavalry was a part of the garrison at the camp. Then Company F was transferred to another post and only Company M was at the garrison.

At this time the hospital matron at Camp McDermit was Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the Paiute Chieftain, Winnemucca. She was able to speak English fluently, as she had been educated at Santa Clara Convent in California. She wore the dress of the white woman. She sought an understanding between her people and the whites. Later she wrote a book (presumably



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the first book in English by an Indian woman). She lectured and founded a school for Indian children. As an interpreter and teacher she served well at Fort McDermit.

She later became a leader of her people and even tried for understanding and peace. She staunchly believed in the "brotherhood of mankind." She accomplished much in Nevada in the way of understanding between the white and red men. On June 2, 1871 a historical marker honoring Sarah was dedicated on the site of the old officer's quarters at Fort McDermit. In every way Sarah was an exceptional woman.

Major General John M. Schofield, in his annual report to the War Department in 1872, stated that Camp McDermit was barely fit for occupation for the coming winter, being garrisoned by only one company of cavalry. He made note of the fact that the location was an expensive point for supplies to reach. He noted also that a "better point, nearer the railroad and nearer the sources of fuel and forage can be selected." He recommended that "Camp McDermit be rebuilt at a more suitable location."

However Company C, 1st Cavalry remained at Camp McDermit until 1877. At that time it was ordered into the field to take part in the Nez Perce campaign. And company I, 12th Infantry under Captain E. F. Thompson was dispatched from Angel Island, California to occupy the post. The infantry arrived on June 25, 1877.

The 12th and 8th Infantry regiments exchanged posts in 1878. The Bannack Indian War broke out in Oregon in that year also, so there was some delay in the exchange of stations. Quite a few military forces were stationed at Camp McDermit, namely: Company B and K, 12th Infantry from Benicia Barracks, California (Let it be remembered here that the brave McDermit for whom the camp was named, had built Benicia Barracks years back); Companies B and K were commanded by Captain H. G. Egbert. On their way to Camp McDermit, they were joined at Carlin, Nevada by three more companies from that regiment. These above regiments arrived at Camp McDermit on June 8, 1878. From Camp Bidwell, California came Company C of the 1st Cavalry. Company B. (mounted as cavalry) and Companies E and F, 4th Artillery commanded by Captain Marcus P. Miller came from California and arrived at the camp June 24, 1878.

Companies H and K, 4th Artillery 8th Infantry and I, 12th Infantry were ordered to go to Winnemucca by forced marches on July 6. From Winnemucca they proceeded to San Francisco via rail, then by boat to the Columbia River and northeastern Oregon to join the command of Brig. General O. O. Howard which was engaged with the Bannack Indians in that area. Left in command of Camp McDermit at that time, (July 1878) was Captain H. C. Hasbrouck who had a double job, that of commanding the military establishment and of caring for several hundred Paiute Indians who remained friendly.

In the last part of August 1878 came the end of the Bannack trouble in Oregon and all troops were returned to their stations. Company C, 8th Infantry under the command of Captain A. W. Corliss arrived at Camp McDermit on September 1878. Company C relieved Company I same regiment which left for San Diego, California. On October 4, 1878 Company I, 1st Cavalry left Camp McDermit for Camp Bidwell, California.

On April 5, 1879 the name of the post was changed and Camp McDermit officially became Fort McDermit.

Company C, 1st Cavalry, commanded by B. F. Bernard relieved Company C, 8th Infantry. Company C, 8th Infantry was removed to Arizona to fight the Apaches in 1881. During that time when Company C, 8th Infantry was absent from the post, a detachment of Company G, 8th Infantry from Fort Halleck comprised the garrison at Fort McDermit.

Company G, 1st Cavalry came back to Fort McDermit on the 29th of November, 1880. On May 8, 1882 it was sent to Fort Bidwell, California. Company K, 8th Infantry commanded by Captain W. Worth relieved Company G, 1st Cavalry the same day that it departed from Camp Bidwell. Commander of Fort McDermit in 1883 was Captain Worth and the next year, 1884, Captain Gordon Winslow was commander of the post.

General Wm. T. Sherman, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, advised that Fort McDermit be abandoned as "obsolete". He also recommended that "the reservations and buildings be sold or transferred to the Department of the Interior for sale or grant under existing laws for disposition of the public domain."

In 1884 and 1885 Major General Pope advised that a part of the reservation of Fort McDermit be given to the Paiute Indians in the area. In December 1886 the hay reserve was given up. But Fort McDermit was not abandoned and was still garrisoned.

Fort Halleck was abandoned in 1886 and Captain R. G. Armstrong with his company of the 1st Infantry went to Fort McDermit. He relieved the company of the 9th Infantry which was at the post, and his 1st Infantry became the last garrison to ever serve at Fort McDermit.

In 1888 Major General O. O. Howard advised that the post on the Quinn River be held, but on July 24, 1889 it was transferred to the Department of the Interior. The reconstructed buildings were used for an Indian reservation and school. Fort McDermit was the very last of the military posts in Nevada to be abandoned.

Fort McDermit during its twenty-four years of service on the Nevada frontier was of prime importance. It served well as a guardian of the stage and mail routes from Nevada to Idaho and as an effective bulwark against the hostile Indians in the region of the Humbolt. It became a base of operations for the Indian uprisings of 1866, '67 and 68. The Modoc Lava Beds trouble in Oregon and the Bannack trouble.

Old Fort McDermit is long gone but it was truly an empire builder in its day. Its historic importance has in no way dimmed with the passing years. As a military garrison in the state of Nevada it helped accelerate the westward movement and hastened civilization in the Humbolt region. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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*Nevada,* by Effie Mona Mack, The Arthur H. Clark Co. 1936.

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*Early Nevada Forts,* by Col. George Ruhlen, USA retired, Nevada Historical Society Quarterly, Volumne VII, Number 3-4 1964.



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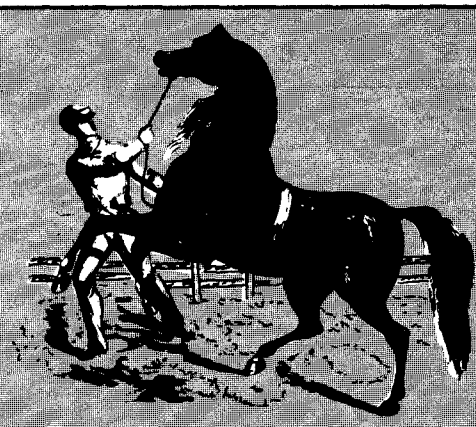
# THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

JOHN BENDER ARRESTED

John Bender, the Kansas butcher, who is charged with over a score of atrocious murders, has been arrested, with his wife, in Nebraska.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 21, 1880

BENDER MURDERS IN KANSAS

The persons recently captured in Nebraska and taken to Kansas as the Bender murderers, have been discharged, not proving to be the guilty parties.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Aug. 28, 1880

VICTORIO RAIDING IN THE SOUTHWEST

Victorio's band of Indians are causing great trouble on the Rio Grande. They recently attacked and robbed a mail coach and killed three men.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 25, 1880

FLOOD ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

The Rio Grande overflowed its bands for the first time since 1869, destroying the cotton crop and inflicting great damage upon railroad stock.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 4, 1873

FREMONT DYING FROM CANCER

John C. Fremont has a cancer of the stomach, which will kill him in a year. Bonaparte died of that disease.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 20, 1873

TEXAS BEEF IN NEW YORK

The arrival of ten car-loads of Texas beef in good condition in New York demonstrates the practicability of the plan by which it is proposed to render the prairies of the Lone Star State tributary to our markets. But, who, ten years ago, would have believed it possible that an ox killed on the Trinity or Sabine could be served up fresh on the Hudson?

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 17, 1874

YOUNG'S 19TH WIFE TO LECTURE

Brigham's nineteenth wife, Ann Eliza Young, is coming East to lecture. Although opposed to the Utah creed, she lectures to make more money.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 20, 1873

GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN NORTHWEST IOWA

Four thousand persons in northwest Iowa are suffering from famine caused by the grasshoppers that destroyed the year's crops.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 3, 1874

VIRGINIA CITY SHOWS ITS GRATITUDE

Virginia City, Nevada, sends a silver brick to the commander of the British ship **Niobe**, for his action in the case of the **Virginius**, bearing this inscription: "Lambton Lorraine: You are a "brick"; this is another — presented by Americans who love Humanity and its manly defenders. Virginia City, Nevada, U.S.A., 1873." (The **Niobe** came to the aid of the **Virginius** which was under attack by the Spanish.)

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 17, 1874

CHIEF OURAY BURIED IN SECRET

When Ouray was sick, there being several Indian medical men in attendance upon him, it was with the greatest difficulty that proper medicines could be administered by the three white physicians. Within thirty minutes from the time he died his body was wrapped in his blanket and robes, placed across a saddled horse and borne some five miles distant, to a secluded spot in the mountains and hid away in the crevices of the rocks. Five of his best horses were killed and his personal effects burned. Some of the Ute Commissioners desired to be allowed to accompany his remains to their final resting place, but were refused, no whites being allowed to witness their funeral ceremonies.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1880.

SON OF NEZ PERCE INDIAN CHIEF AWES AUDIENCES

Otto, the son of a Nez Perce Indian Chief is distinguishing himself as a sharpshooter in San Francisco. His most remarkable feat is in hitting a mark while blindfolded. A glass ball is suspended twenty feet away, and the boy is allowed to gaze at it. Then his eyes are bandaged, and he is turned around several times; but more than half the time he breaks the ball, though how he managed his aim is a mystery.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 23, 1880.

VICTORIO UNDER ATTACK

A dispatch from Tucson, Arizona, says that General Carr recently had a fight with a small party of Victorio's band, eighteen in number, in the Hatchet Mountains, killing them all. Bloody fighting is also said to have occurred lately between the Salteaux and Mandrill Indians, in which a large number of both bands were killed.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 16, 1880.

REUNION OF OLD SETTLERS IN TEXAS

At the annual reunion of the old settlers of Texas at Denton, the procession was headed by George Morris, who located in Texas fifty-six years ago, and has lived in the State under the Crown of Spain, Republic of Mexico, dictatorship of Santa Anna, Republic of Texas, United States, Confederate States and again the United States.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1880.



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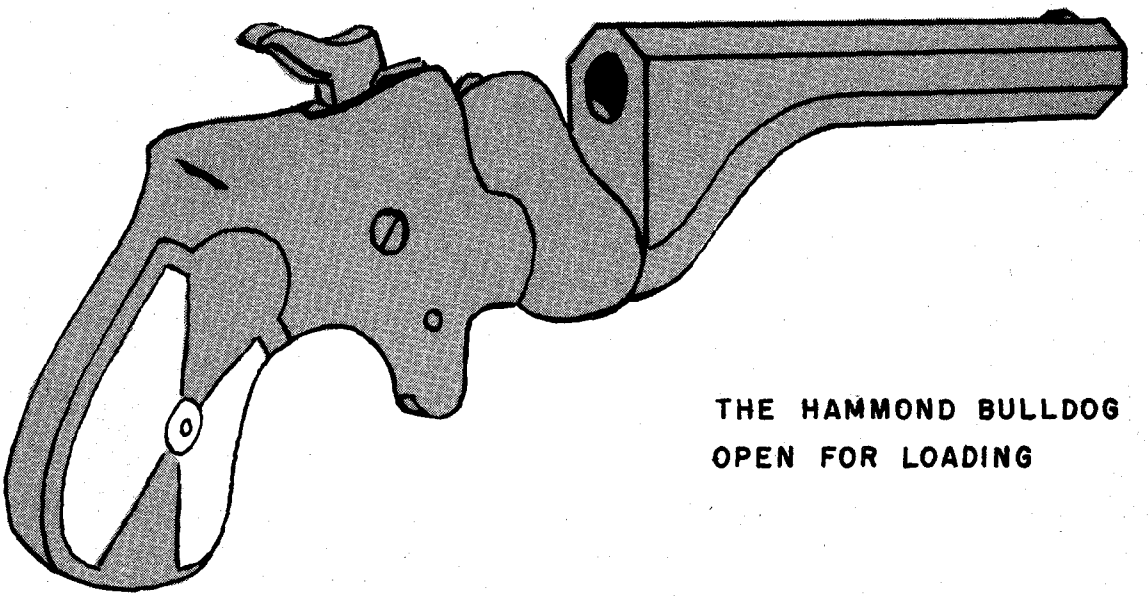
# GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



THE HAMMOND BULLDOG
OPEN FOR LOADING

As this department has pointed out before, there were many other handguns besides revolvers that became very popular in the early West. Even after the revolving six-shooters became more advanced and more dependable in a show-down, some of the better-known frontier characters invariably carried one or more small single-shot pistols to back up their main armament in a pinch.

One of these was Wild Bill Hickok. He is said to have been calm and deadly in a gun fight, and this could have been partly due to the knowledge that, if one gun failed or became empty, he had others to fall back upon.

Although it is generally accepted that a .32 rimfire Smith & Wesson "tip-up" revolver was on Hickok when he was killed, it was not like Bill to be carrying only one gun. Several articles about his murder by Jack McCall have said that, at that fatal poker game, Bill also had a Hammond Bulldog pistol in an inside pocket.

Now this is quite possibly true, for the reason I stated. It also sounds credible because the Hammond Bulldog was just the type Hickok would have chosen for a hide-out.

This was a single-shot pistol, but its popularity in the West was due to several factors. The Hammond was a good quality, American-made arm. It was slightly larger than the average derringer, but still very compact. It was smooth and streamlined — ideal for pulling quickly from the pocket without snagging. Also, it was a breech loader, taking a .44 rimfire cartridge. This made it capable of quick and easy reloading, while it packed a much greater punch than a .41 rimfire derringer of the same period.

The Hammond Bulldog .44 pistol (see drawings) was manufactured by H. Hammond in Naubuc, Conn., around the middle 1860's. It was also manufactured under the Hammond patent by the Connecticut Arms & Manufacturing Co. This firm's address is sometimes given as Glastonbury, but actual marking on a Hammond pistol shows it to be Naubuc.

It was first made for the .41 rimfire cartridge, under patent date of Oct. 25, 1864. The later model in .44 rimfire caliber, however, became much more popular with westerners, as this



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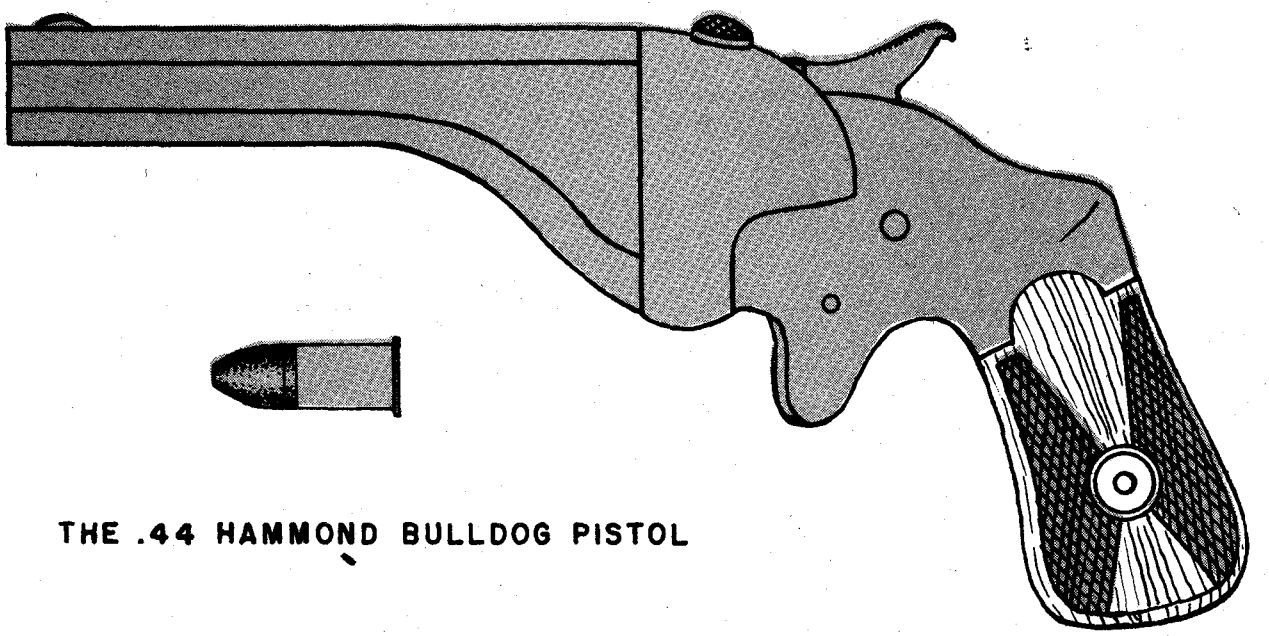
# THE HAMMOND BULLDOG PISTOL



THE .44 HAMMOND BULLDOG PISTOL

Sketched by author

was considered a powerful load at that time. More were made in .44 caliber. Today, most Hammond Bulldogs are found in .44, so that the scarcer .41 model brings a higher price from collectors.

This Hammond pistol has a four inch octagonal barrel, finely-checkered two-piece grips, a sheath trigger and is finished in blued steel. The front sight on ones I have seen was a low-profile, rounded brass blade.

To load the Hammond, a button is pressed on the top of the breech block, which pivots to the left to expose the chamber for loading the copper-cased rimfire cartridge. After closing the breech, the hammer must be cocked to fire.

As the barrel is longer than that of a derringer, and is rigidly aligned with the frame and grip, a Hammond is capable of pretty fair accuracy up to 25 or 30 yards. It can kill a man at greater distance.

This is an unusually rugged and dependable pistol, so it is not surprising that it gained some degree of popularity in the West — where more complex arms were often shunned.

One of the stories which has become a Western legend centers around a .44 Hammond Bulldog.

This concerns the death of Big Nose Kate Fisher, or Kate Elder, the notorious character of Dodge City who became the mistress (some say the wife) of gun artist Doc Holliday.

Big Nose Kate often carried a Hammond Bulldog pistol herself. But one night in the Can Can Saloon, at Bisbee, Arizona, the tables were reversed.

Kate is said to have been serving as a hostess in the Can Can. She stepped up on the bar rail to draw a beer for a customer. Suddenly a pistol roared from near the Faro table and Kate fell, accidentally killed by a Hammond which was drawn in a gun fight.

Doc Holliday was in Tombstone, where he was found by a messenger. Performing an autopsy with a straight razor, Doc decided that it had been an accident and did not press the issue.

I first heard this story in Bisbee, when I lived in the nearby border town of Douglas. Though there are different versions of the story, this is the one Bisbee residents believe.



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# What Really Happened

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

Custer Battlefield Museum

*General Custer as he appeared at the time of the Battle of the Washita. His last stand at the Little Big Horn will never cease to be argued.*

**When George Armstrong Custer led five companies of the famed U.S. 7th Cavalry to their deaths against a horde of Indians on June 25, 1876, he had been told there'd be no more than 1500 Indians in the area but more like 15,000 savages were under the command of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse waiting in ambush.**

On June 25, 1876, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer and five companies of the U. S. 7th Cavalry rode to their deaths against a horde of Indians near the Little Big Horn River in Montana. From that moment on, charges and countercharges, accusations and denials have clouded the truth of the encounter, in which the only survivor on the losing side was a wounded horse. Custer and his death actually became a political issue in the presidential elections of that year, and the controversy has continued unabated ever since.

What really happened at the Little Big Horn, and why has it been so hard to figure out? To understand this, it's necessary to know that Custer had been very vocal in his criticism of the Indian Bureau, and had just arrived from Washington where he had been called to testify against Secretary of War Belknap, whose honesty was the subject of several hot and highly political congressional investigations. President Grant was so angry with Custer for his testimony that it had taken personal pleas from Generals Sherman, Terry and Sheridan to get him to



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# At LITTLE BIG HORN?

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*Sitting Bull took a major part in the Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn.*

allow Custer to return to the 7th Cavalry and lead his regiment on its important campaign that summer.

The hostiles were to be rounded up and put on reservations, and Generals Crook, Terry and Gibbon were involved in a major expedition designed to see that the Indians didn't get away. This was Indian territory, and on their home ground the great warriors of the plains were nearly always unbeatable, melting away into the brush and canyons before the onslaught of the most well-trained and determined soldiers. It would take everything the Army could put together to catch them.

To this end, General Terry, who was placed in command of the expedition, met with Gibbon and Custer to decide on a course of action. Their meeting place was an old steamer, the FAR WEST, which was being employed to carry men and supplies up river as far as possible toward the Indians' encampment. The trouble was that nobody knew exactly where the Indians were.

Custer, who had become famous as "The Boy General" during the Civil War, was a key man in the attack. The handsome cavalry leader, with his restless blue eyes, copper-colored hair and lithe figure clad in buckskins, was known for his daring and for his success in Indian warfare. Seven years on the plains had made him wary and experienced in dealing with the Indians who held him in high esteem for his toughness and determination.

His fearless charges had broken up more than one of their attacks. A flamboyant commander, with incredible powers of physical endurance along with a decided flair for showmanship, he had made many stout friends and staunch enemies in his amazing career. Although he had been demoted from his Civil War brevet rank of major-general, Custer, who was now only 36 years old, was still a lieutenant-colonel when other men had not been so fortunate. For various reasons including jealousy, the enmity of certain other officers followed Custer wherever he went.



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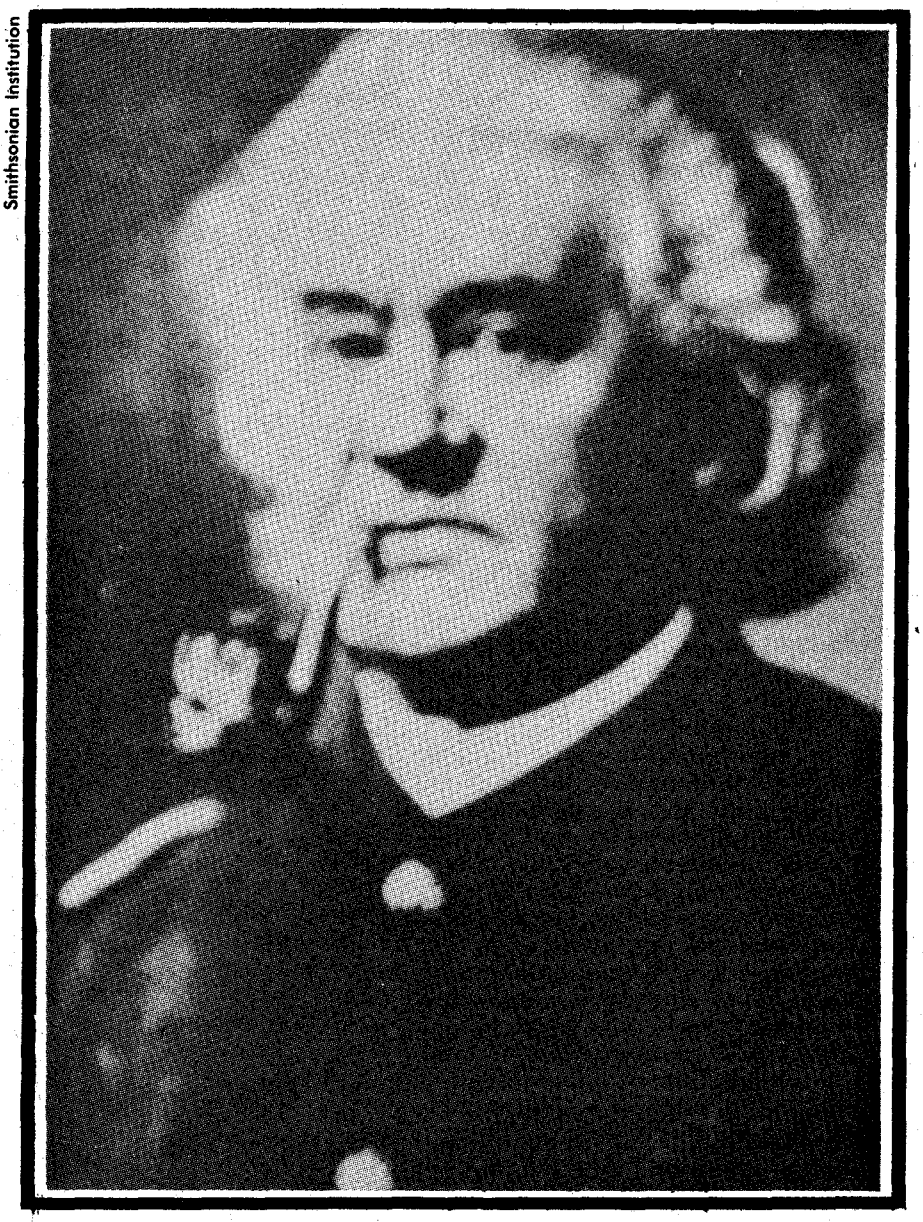

Smithsonian Institution

*Capt. Frederick Benteen acted with considerable gallantry in rallying the spirits of the besieged remnants of the 7th cavalry after the battle of the Little Big Horn.*

Nevertheless, Custer's reputation as a courageous and effective fighting man had been well-earned when he participated in nearly every major battle of the Civil War. In charge after charge he was more than conspicuous, defeating the fabulous Jeb Stuart and even leading the last charge that brought surrender from Lee. Against the Indians, too, he had shown the same stubborn will to take the offensive and keep after the enemy until he won, and what he lacked in tactical brilliance he made up for in dogged persistence.

But as Napoleon had met his Waterloo, so Custer was unknowingly riding toward a battlefield where he would find no victory. The first act in the tragedy that was to take place at the Little Big Horn had already occurred a few days before, on June 17, when General George Crook's troops had been surprised and chased from the field by a large force of Northern Cheyennes who had come to join the Sioux and other tribes to fight against unbearable encroachments on their way of life. But based on the intelligence reports they had received, the largest estimate of warriors that the military leaders on the FAR WEST expected to find was about 1500. General Crook by this time knew better, but his message to that effect had not yet arrived.

On the way to the rendezvous, Major Marcus Reno of the 7th Cavalry had discovered a large Indian trail. Terry ordered Custer to follow this trail with his entire command, and if he came in contact with the hostiles, to strike them or pin them down so that they couldn't escape. The plan was to surround them with Custer's, Terry's, and Gibbon's columns, and thus force the Indians to surrender.

It was a good plan, and it might have worked but for one thing: the number of Indians at what was probably the largest encampment in the history of the plains Indians, was closer to 15,000 than 1500. Army intelligence reports had failed to uncover anything like a true estimate of the size of the opposing force.

Of course Custer was unaware of this as he marched his regiment along the trail that Reno had found. His outfit included 12 troops of cavalry, 3 companies of infantry, a large pack train, a platoon of Gatling guns and the regimental band, which Custer loved to hear play "Garryowen," an old Irish drinking song that had been adopted by the 7th Cavalry. Among Custer's men were two of his younger brothers, Captain Tom Custer who had been awarded two Congressional Medals of Honor during the Civil War, and Boston Custer who was along as forage master. Other Custer relatives in his command were his brother-in-law, Lt. Jim Calhoun, and his teen-aged nephew, young Autie Reed. All of them died with him.

There were others present who were not so friendly toward Custer. Prominent among these were Major Reno and Captain Frederick Benteen, two of Custer's most persistent enemies in the Army. Reno had seen Custer pass him in rank and nursed a private grudge against him, while the embittered Benteen, a wealthy Virginian who had fought for the Union but had seen his career go nowhere, made it his business to denounce Custer at every opportunity, even in the newspapers. As it turned out, it was just as unfortunate for these two men as it was for Custer that they were under his command this day.

The column marched 73 miles in three days, passing several deserted Indian villages and an empty lodge with a white man's scalp dangling from a pole. Then on the night of June 24th, Custer halted the regiment on a ridge overlooking the valley of what the Indians called the Greasy Grass River, otherwise known as the Little Big Horn. His Indian scouts studied the country and insisted that they saw a big village 12 or 15 miles away.

But Custer, whose experience had shown him that scouting



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reports were frequently inaccurate, was unable to see anything ahead even through his field glasses. Nevertheless, the next morning he gathered his officers together, told them of the reports, and said he thought they should proceed, but with caution, remaining hidden until within striking distance of the village which they were fairly sure was somewhere below on the Little Big Horn. Absolute silence would be necessary to avoid discovery.

The next morning at dawn, on the fateful day of June 25th, Custer moved his command cautiously ahead, reminding everyone to be as quiet as possible. However, the plan of action was changed abruptly by three Indians who spotted the column and made a dash to alert their camp. Fearing that the Indians would get away, Custer decided to act immediately. Ordering every man to be armed with 100 rounds of ammunition, he divided his command, sending forces under Reno and Benteen to find and charge the Indians from two sides, and moving forward with his own five companies to attack the rear. Some of Reno's men looked back on their way to the battle and saw Custer waving his hat to them in encouragement. It was the last they ever saw of him alive.

The fortunes of the three commands were somewhat different. Benteen rode some miles and didn't find any Indians, so he turned his column back to report to Custer and ask for new orders. On the way, he received a message from Custer's adjutant, Lt. Cooke, which said: "Benteen - Come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. W. W. Cooke. P.S. Bring Pacs (sic)." "

It was impossible to follow this order as the pack horses were far in the rear, too far away to be of much help for quite awhile. But Benteen had little time to think about that. Reno's troopers had ridden into an enormous encampment and were nearly cut to pieces. Reno had quickly ordered a hasty retreat, and the remains of his troops were heading for a nearby clump of bushes followed by swarms of Indians. There was nothing for Benteen to do but to join Reno and try to hold out as long as possible until help came.

Meanwhile, Custer had ridden to a ridge before descending toward the river and saw a huge village, bigger than what he had expected, with perhaps twice or three times the number of braves. But everything looked peaceful enough, and the element of surprise was with the Cavalry. He sent his bugler, a young Italian national named Martini, back with the message for Benteen to bring up more men and ammunition. The enemy wouldn't get away this time. Down he rode, into a trap. The Indians, forewarned by Reno's arrival in their camp, rushed at Custer with appalling numbers. Within thirty minutes, "The Boy General" and all his men, about 250 of them, were dead.

The Indians continued to attack Reno and Benteen until nightfall, when the terrible sounds of savage music and shouting were heard from the Sioux camp. Unknown to the besieged soldiers, the Indians were celebrating their great victory over Custer, their second defeat of the Army in eight days. Souvenirs taken from the bodies were traded and the victorious warriors were jubilant. Their losses in the battle had been light.

At dawn on the 26th, they renewed their attack of Reno and Benteen, continuing nearly all day. Then suddenly, the shooting stopped and the Indians disappeared. The embattled soldiers were too stunned and exhausted to move that night, and there were many wounded. All had suffered terribly from a lack of water, as Indian snipers had shot at everyone attempting to reach the river. Some of the volunteers who went for water under these perilous conditions were later awarded Congressional Medals of Honor.

On the morning of June 27th, advance members of General Gibbon's column came upon a horrible sight, a battlefield strewn with hundreds of naked bodies. When they discovered the survivors of Reno's and Benteen's commands, the grim business of identification began. Even aside from the horror of it, it was not an easy job. Some of the

*(continued on page 72)*

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*Maj. Marcus Reno was exonerated with faint praise by a court-martial that he requested to clear his name. He was eventually dismissed from the Army for "conduct unbecoming an officer".*



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# THE DEFENSE OF FORT RIDGELEY

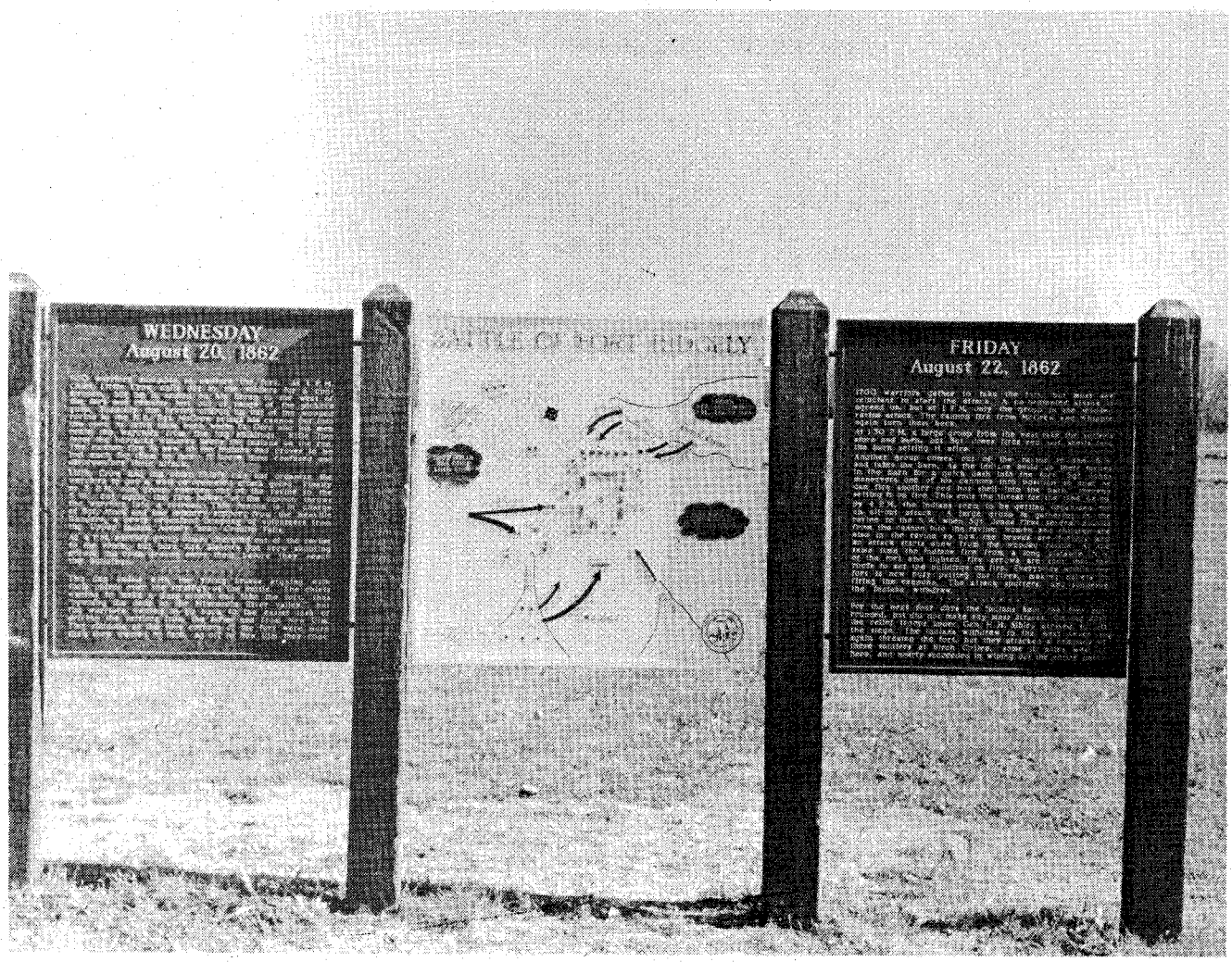
By
Earl V. Chapin

**On August 18, 1862, Fort Ridgely was a hazardous place to be. Fort Ridgely wasn't really a fort and it didn't have many able-bodied soldiers. It had no water supply and hostile Indians could and did crawl close enough to strike with bow - and - arrow or tomahawk. Nevertheless, Fort Ridgely did not fall and the Sioux Uprising suffered a serious defeat.**

Fort Ridgely, overlooking the Minnesota River in the south central portion of that recently created state, was a poor place to be that bright forenoon of August 18, 1862. And it was getting more so by the hour.

In the first place, Fort Ridgely wasn't really a fort; it was a collection of barracks, commissary, officers' quarters, stables and log houses. It had no stockade, no bastions. Its ammunition dump was out in the flat. It had no dug well. Water was obtained from a spring down the ravine.

In the second place, the high grass countryside surrounding Fort Ridgely was swarming with armed and




*The Battle of Fort Ridgely is depicted on plaques at the battle site.*



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hostile Indians. About one hundred Mdewakanton and Wahpekute Sioux under Chief Little Crow had unexpectedly attacked the Lower Agency that morning. Survivors had begun to struggle in to the fort by 10 a. m., bearing news of pillage, arson and slaughter.

Fort Ridgely had been built in 1853, from whence the military might keep watch of the Minnesota Sioux after they had signed away 24 million acres of land for thirty cents an acre to be cooped up in a narrow reservation along either side of the Minnesota River, some 70 miles long and 40 miles wide. Seven years later the white man got half of that small allotment while the traders got most of the payment to cover alleged Indian debts.

Now suddenly there was use for Fort Ridgely and its soldiers. At a mid-night meeting, the Lower Sioux bands had elected to go to war against the whites and named Chief Little Crow their leader. Couriers had been dispatched to the Whapeton and Sisseton Sioux of the Upper Agency to enlist their support of the uprising.

By day's end there would be some six hundred Indians on the warpath, and Fort Ridgely would be jammed with refugees. The fort was garrisoned by only sixty-seven enlisted men and forty-six of them had marched off that morning, under the command of Capt. John Marsh, to stem the carnage at the Lower Reservation.

That left thirty soldiers at the fort, soon to be outnumbered by frightened settlers; men, women and children, some of them wounded.

The titular caretaker of this disorganized flotsam of misfortune was Lt. Thomas P. Gere, age nineteen, with only eight months of service in the army. On him the command had devolved with Marsh's departure.

Moreover, Gere had the mumps.

To make matters worse, of the thirty men left when Marsh departed, eight were sick or on hospital detail, leaving an effective fighting force of twenty-two men.

Lt. Gere looked upon the scene with a jaundiced eye. Fort Ridgely had been built "to keep an eye on the Sioux," but one thing was certain: You couldn't keep an eye on the Sioux from the fort itself. Situated on a small plateau at the edge of the valley, it was surrounded by ravines to east, north, and south up which Indians could come within musket range without exposing themselves.

On the plus side was Lt. Gere who was not about to lose his head even though he might lose his scalp. There were also Dr. Alfred Muller, the post surgeon, Benjamin H. Randall, the sutler, and Ordnance Sergeant John Jones who was to figure largely in the coming defense.

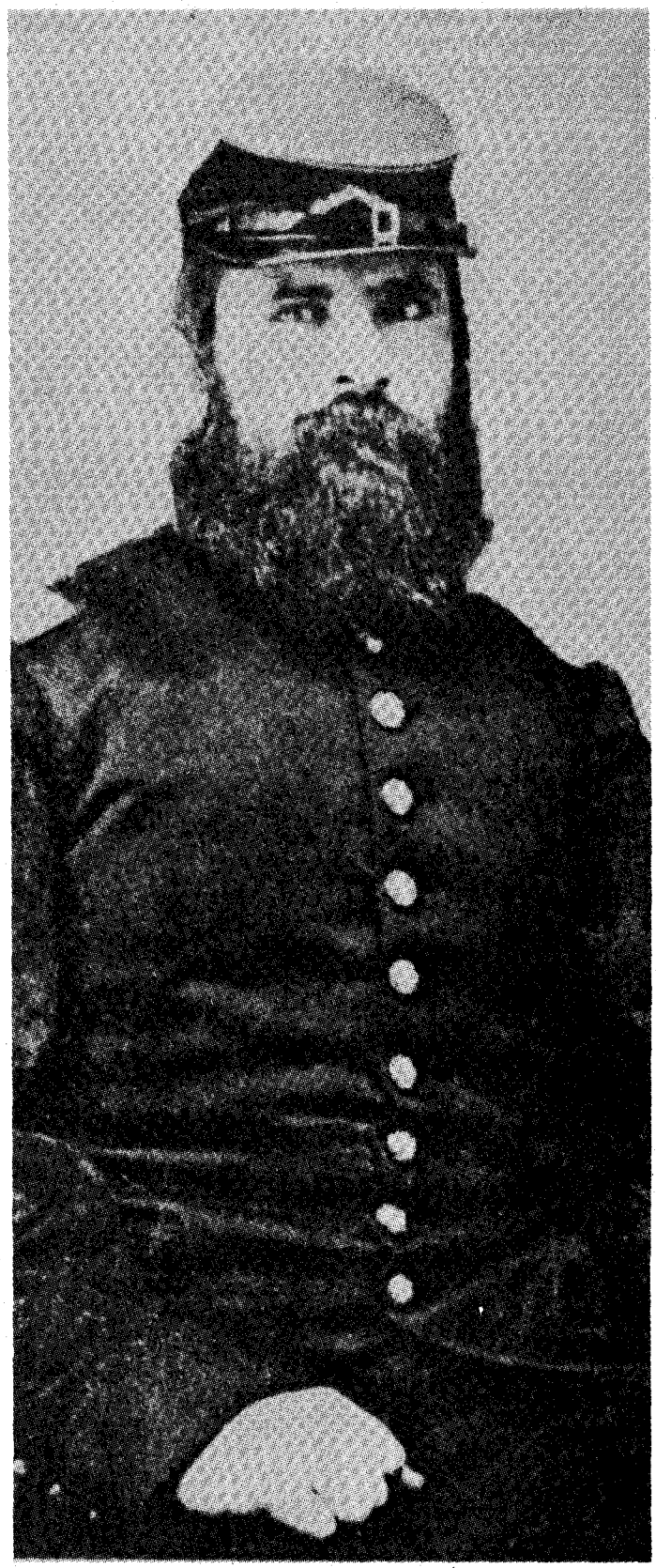
Randall busied himself filling every available container at the fort with water from the spring below the bluff. Dr. Muller tended the wounded settlers, some of the women refugees served as nurses. The soldiers carted the ammunition to the parade grounds.

Around noon a stagecoach clattered up, four armed guards riding shotgun. Big deal! The stage carried $71,000 in gold. This was the tardy annuity about which the Sioux had gone to war. It had arrived one day behind the end of patience.

Lt. Gere detailed soldiers to hide the barrels of gold in one of the buildings.

Gere became increasingly nervous over the failure of Capt. Marsh's command to return. Refugees kept stumbling in bearing horrifying tales of massacre. The hours dragged slowly by, the brazen sun slid toward the horizon. The slow wind seemed to waft the sounds of fitful conflict to the anxious listeners.

Darkness had cloaked the prairie when two men waving signal limped in. They were the vanguard of Capt. Marsh's expedition and they bore bad news.



*Sgt. John Jones whose artillery probably saved the day for the defenders of Ft. Ridgely.*

It had been rather foolhardy for Capt. John S. Marsh to challenge 100 Indians with forty-six soldiers. Capt. Marsh was a brave man, but he knew little about Indian fighting.



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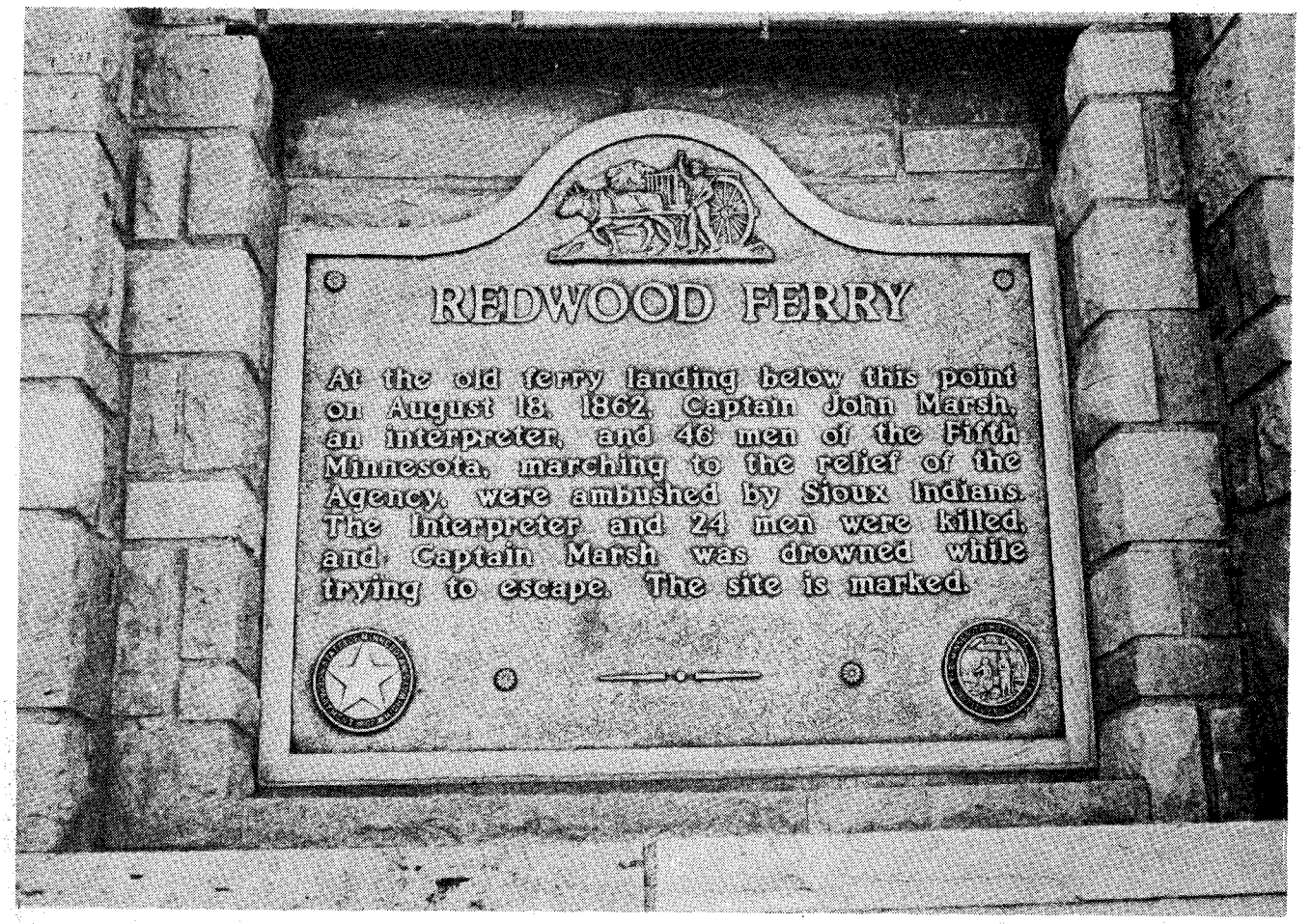
REDWOOD FERRY
At the old ferry landing below this point on August 18, 1862, Captain John Marsh, an interpreter, and 46 men of the Fifth Minnesota, marching to the relief of the Agency, were ambushed by Sioux Indians. The interpreter and 24 men were killed, and Captain Marsh was drowned while trying to escape. The site is marked.

*Marker at the site of the Redwood Ferry ambush where most of Capt. Marsh's command were massacred.*

As the extent of the Sioux uprising became apparent, Marsh acted. He first sent Corporal James C. McLean down the road that led toward Fort Ripley on the Mississippi River. His mission was to overtake and turn back the fifty men of Company C, Fifth Minnesota, which had left for Fort Ripley the day before. "Return with your command immediately" was the order to Lt. Sheehan. "The Indians are raising hell at the Lower Agency."

So it was that Capt. Marsh set out for the Lower Agency with his soldiers and Peter Quinn as an interpreter leaving Gere in charge of the fort.

Marsh and Quinn rode mules; the soldiers rode in a wagon train which caught up with them, so precipitately did Marsh leave Fort Ridgely.

More refugees were met, the first being Johnny Humphrey, twelve-year old son of the agency physician Dr. Philander Humphrey, John Magner, and Dennis O'Shay. Thinking they would be safer with the soldiers, the three joined the troops.

Johnny had fled the agency with the family. His mother was helped from a sickbed to make the perilous journey. She became exhausted on the way and the party paused for rest at a deserted farmhouse. While after water for his mother, Johnny heard shots ring out at the cabin and knew the portent. He did not go back. Now as the troopers approached the spot, they found the cabin a smouldering ruin. Mrs. Humphrey and two children had died inside; Dr. Humphrey lay in front of the cabin steps, his head split open by an axe.

The troops were now meeting refugees by the score and still warm corpses illustrated their tales of horror. Capt. Marsh was warned by several that the Sioux force was too strong for them. They urged the soldiers to turn back. Marsh felt that it was his duty as a soldier to go on.

At just past noon the troops reached the Redwood Ferry just below the agency. Many refugees had escaped by this ferry until the ferryman was shot down.

The place was as still as death. Under a warm sun the high grass waved slightly, but the leaves hardly moved on the hazel and willow brush that grew profusely in the river bottoms. The flat-bottomed ferry boat was moored on their side of the river like an invitation to cross. Perhaps this was by design. For in the undergrowth across the river scores of Indians were carefully concealed, their guns cocked, awaiting a signal. Marsh's men stood in closed rank, a titillating target.

They saw only one man. He stood on the opposite bank, arrayed like a chief. He was Shanka Sak, White Dog, overseer of farmer Indians and regarded as "civilized." White Dog, speaking to Quinn, proposed that the soldiers come over on the ferry and hold a council. Marsh and the soldiers were wary. Horses were discerned among the trees. Sgt. John Bishop saw grass and leaves floating on the river when he went to get a drink and surmised correctly that the Indians were crossing the river upstream.

When it became apparent that Capt. Marsh would not take the bait, there was a volley of gunfire from Indians on both sides of the river. At least a dozen soldiers fell dead on the spot, among them Quinn the interpreter, who toppled off his mule.



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Sgt. Bishop, Sgt. Solon Trescott and two others ran for the shelter of the ferryman's house and barn. Three were shot down but Bishop got between the buildings. A bullet splintered the stock of his musket and struck him in the thigh. Bishop came face to face with a brave, All Blue, who was so surprised that he missed his target though firing both barrels of his shotgun. All Blue got a second surprise a moment later. Pvt. James Dunn, coming up behind Bishop,shot him.

But it was an unequal contest. Six-foot Ezekial Rose, wounded in the arm, went down the road with two braves in hot pursuit. His long legs won the contest. Not so fortunate was Edwin Cole who was tomahawked.

Three soldiers fought with their backs to the same tree; all fell. Thomas Parsley feigned death until dark. William Blodgett and William Sutherland, both pierced by bullets, crawled off into the brush.

It was a rough go for the soldiers — twenty four of them died in as many minutes. Captain Marsh gained the flimsy shelter of a thicket. Around him gathered Sargeant Bishop, Private Dunn, Ole Svendsen severely wounded, and the three refugees whom they had met on the way.

As Marsh led the men through a thicket stretching down the river far about two miles, they were joined by other soldiers until the party numbered fifteen, five of them wounded. Indians eventually blocked the way, and Marsh ordered a crossing of the river. Marsh took the lead, holding his boots and pistol over his head. Beyond his depth he began to swim but was seized with a cramp and sank. Pvt. Dunn grabbed Marsh by the shoulder as he came up the second time, but the captain slipped from his grasp and disappeared in the muddy stream.

The command fell upon Sgt. John Bishop, 19.

As soon as Lt. Gere learned of the Marsh disaster he sent a dispatch to the commanding officer at Fort Snelling and Gov. Alexander Ramsey. It read:

"Hd Qrs Fort Ridgely Minn. Aug. 18th. 8 p.m. Comdg. officer Ft. Snelling Capt. Marsh left this post at 10½ this morning to prevent Indian depredations at the Lower Agency. Some of the men have returned — from them I learned that Capt. Marsh is killed and only thirteen of his company remaining. The Indians are killing the settlers and plundering the country. Send reinforcements without delay. P.S. Please hand this to Gov. Ramsey immediately."

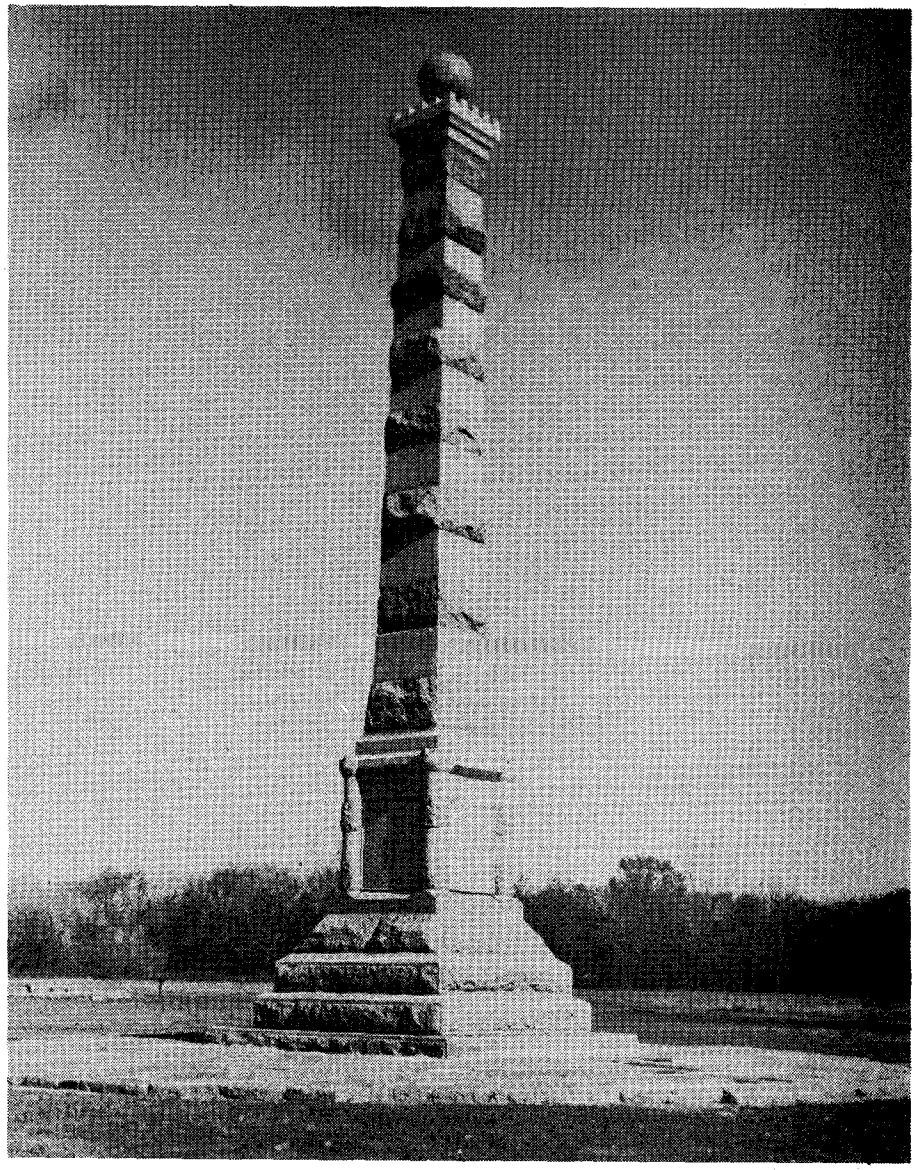
Fort Snelling was 121 miles away.

The message was entrusted to Pvt. Wm. J. Sturgis who was mounted on the best horse the fort could afford. Sturgis wore down several mounts before he completed the trip in eighteen hours.

Past midnight Gere dispatched a second urgent message to First Lieutenant Timothy J. Sheehan to return with his fifty men by means of a forced march. Sheehan had received Marsh's message and was already doing his thing. A forty-mile fast march brought his Company C, Minnesota Fifth Infantry, to Fort Ridgely by noon on Tuesday.

Before the uprising, Indian Agent Thomas P. Galbraith had been enlisting men to go to the Civil War and had enrolled about fifty. On their way to Fort Snelling they had reached the village of St. Peter when Pvt. Sturgis showed up on his lathered horse, bearing the news of the outbreak. Galbraith's command was without guns, but that problem was soon solved. He found fifty Harper's Ferry muskets belonging to the state, requisitioned them, and assisted by Norman R. Culver of the Fifth Minnesota Infantry, collected powder, buckshot and lead and set his men making cartridges. Thus evolved the Renville Rangers. Once properly armed they set off for Fort Ridgely, arriving there Tuesday evening. There were now about 180 fighting men in the garrison.

They were needed. About 250 refugees, most of them crowded into the stone barracks, had now



*Monument to the defenders of Fort Ridgely at site maintained by the Minnesota Historical Society.*



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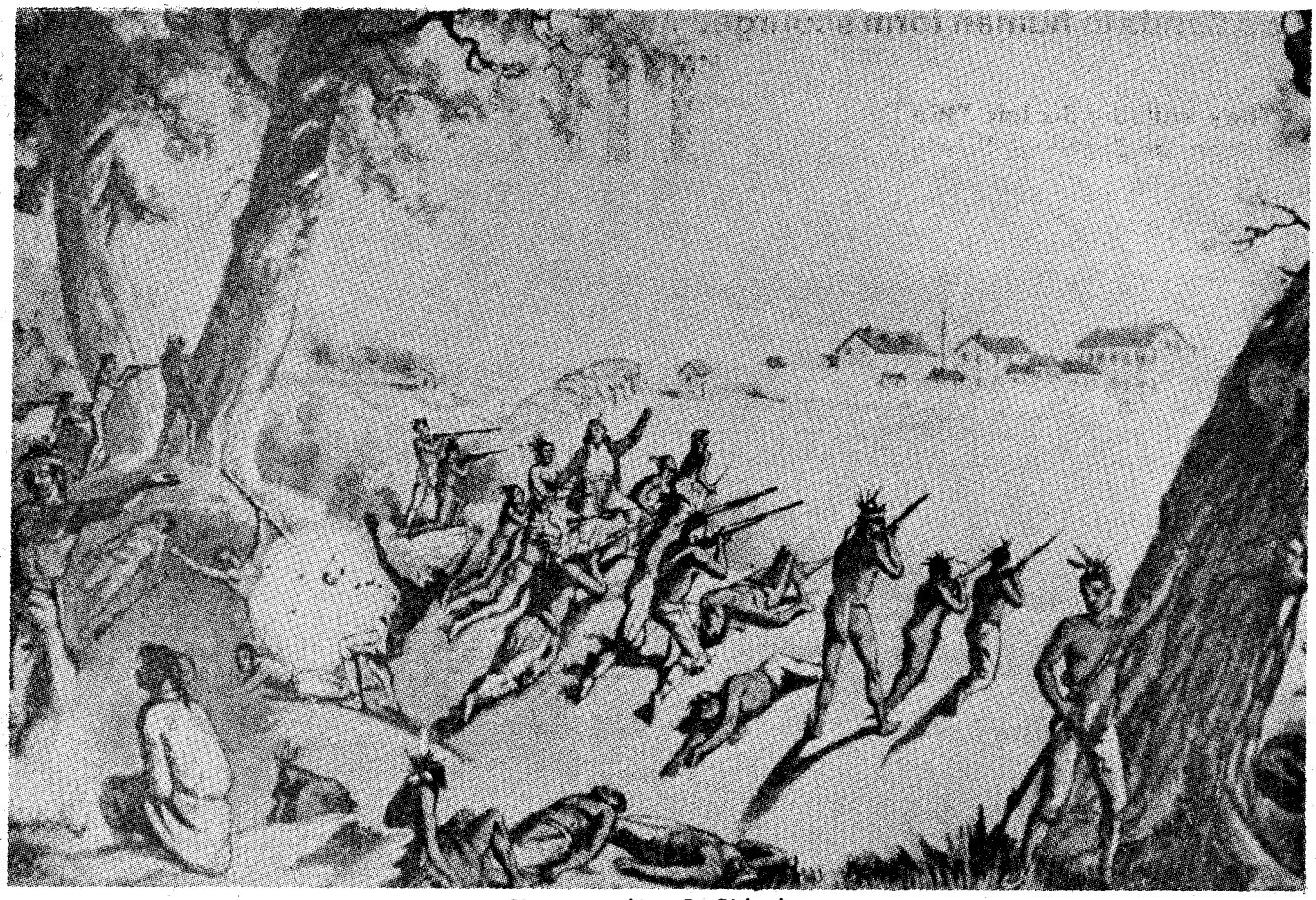

*Sioux attacking Ft. Ridgely*

gathered for protection at the fort.

The Indians had ranged far and wide, killing and looting, meeting virtually no resistance. It wasn't until Wednesday that Little Crow managed to assemble his plundering forces for a real military effort against the fort. In the meantime, the fort command had passed to Lt. Sheehan. Ridgely's fighting force was now made up of 52 Army regulars, 50 members of Company C, 50 Renville Rangers and a 25-man contingent of refugee settlers under Randall, the fort sutler.

Fort Ridgely also had Sgt. John Jones. Big, burly and bearded, Sgt. Jones had been left behind at the fort with various pieces of cannon when U.S. troops were withdrawn the year before. Jones was an ordnance expert. The guns were his babies and to relieve the tedium of infantry drill, Jones had taught Company B men how to use them. With battle imminent, Jones organized gun detachments and prepared to surprise the enemy.

At the southeast corner of the compound was a 12-pound Napoleon. This was a smooth bore muzzle loader served by a crew of five or six men. It could fire two aimed shots a minute with shells of solid balls, or four charges per minute at point blank range.

At the southwest corner of the fort was a six-pound Napoleon. This could cover the ravine to the southwest and keep the Indians from making a mass attack. At the northwest corner of the fort was a mountain howitzer and at the northwest corner, a twelve-pound howitzer. The largest cannon was a 24-pound howitzer which was kept in the middle of the parade grounds.

On Wednesday the Indians began to surround the fort, hiding in the ravines which provided such good access. A little after 1 p.m., Little Crow appeared on horseback on the open prairie west of the fort. His intent was probably to distract attention from the ravines where his warriors lay hidden, camouflaged by prairie grass and wild flowers in their headbands.

Suddenly there was a galling fire from the main body of Indians concealed in the east ravine. The Sioux swarmed up out of the draw, like angry hornets, drove back a skirmish line and found cover in some of the out buildings.

Lt. Sheehan had placed his men on the parade grounds, but after Sioux marksmen had killed one and wounded a second he ordered them to take cover and fire at will.

Visit the site of Fort Ridgely, now an historic monument, and you can still see the breastworks thrown up by the gun crew at the menaced northeast corner of the fort when they moved the 12-pound howitzer out to better vantage to get at the Indians swarming up from the ravine. This crew was commanded by Capt. J. C. Whipple, a civilian who came into the fort with the refugees. He had been an artillery officer during the Mexican War.

In the midst of flying lead, Sgt. James G. McGrew trundled the mountain howitzer he commanded over from the northwest corner of the fort and joined Whipple in blowing up the attackers. Meanwhile Sgt. Jones, though dangerously exposed, stopped diversionary attacks from the south and west. The cannoneers were well supported by musket fire.

The Indians were greatly disconcerted by the artillery fire which they had never faced before; they complained about the "rotten balls" (howitzer shells) which flew into shrapnel when fired. Without the artillery the outcome of the first attack may have turned out differently. While they had possession of the outbuildings, the Indians managed

*(continued on page 59)*



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**Two fiends in human form scourged the early American frontier. They were—**

# THE BLOODY BROTHERS HARPE

**They called Micajah "Big" Harpe and Wiley "Little" Harpe two of the most vicious, blood-thirsty killers along the Wilderness Road to Kentucky. They began as horse-thieves in Tennessee and wound up as murderers, rapists, and insane torturers. Both met a fitting fate before the saga ended.**

COVER STORY

By Norman B. Wiltsey

By the early 1800's the westward push of the pioneers was well started. Along the Wilderness Road to Kentucky and the promised land beyond; down the Ohio River journeyed these hardy ones, preparing the way for the flood of emigrants to follow in the years to come.

Right along with these first pioneers went the killers and robbers, vicious predators taking their grim toll of the unwary. Worst by far of these savage outlaws were the sadistic Harpe brothers; Micajah (Big) Harpe, a homicidal maniac at the very least, and Wiley (Little) Harpe. Big Harpe, by virtue of his size and brute cunning was the leader of the pair.

The Harpes began their gory career of robbery, murder and mutilation around the turn of the century by stealing horses in their native Tennessee backwoods hamlet of Beaver Creek near Knoxville. This was just a shade less reprehensible than taking an ax to one's crippled old grandmother, and immediately a posse of angry citizens set forth to capture the Harpe boys and give them the 39 lashes prescribed by frontier law for horse-stealing (Later the penalty was changed to hanging). The posse found the Harpe cabin empty, the brothers and their little harem of females long gone.

One member of the posse, an expert hunter, picked up the fugitives' trail and the vigilantes caught up with the horse thieves as they neared the Cumberland Mountains. The Harpes made no attempt at resistance.

By now the temper of the posse had changed, becoming almost jovial upon the recovery of the stolen horses. Carelessly they relaxed their vigilance on the return journey to Knoxville, and the Harpes seized the opportunity to escape. So quickly did they vanish into the tangled wilderness skirting the trail that not one effective shot could be fired after them. No horse could make its way through the heavy underbrush, and on foot no man could overtake the outlaws. The terrible Harpes were on the loose!

Micajah and Wiley rejoined their women at a pre-arranged rendezvous. Big Harpe started raving to the girls about the "minions of Satan" who had "stole" their horses and nearly gotten them flogged. "The Lord will send me sacrifices!" bawled the madman. "The wicked Pharisees will pay tenfold in blood before their sins are washed clean."

"A-men!" said the women and Little Harpe in unison, and the weird crew waited confidently for the first "sacrifice" to appear.

Victim Number One showed up within the hour: a well-dressed young man jogging a fine bay gelding along the lonely Wilderness Road. Spotting the villainous looking Harpes, the traveler warily loosened his horse pistols in their saddle-holsters. Micajah grinned a disarming, snaggle-toothed grin and said "Howdy!" and Wiley did likewise. The young women smiled shyly and the tense traveler relaxed. Sally and Susanna, the brothers' common-law wives, were too shabby and weatherbeaten to rate a second glance from the handsome young horseman, but Betsey Roberts—Micajah's comely, well-built girlfriend—was an entirely different proposition. The youthful traveler pulled up his steed to engage Betsey in gay conversation, turning his back disdainfully on her loutish companions. This was a fatal error as Micajah promptly bashed in the back of his head with an accurately aimed rock. He fell gasping off his horse into the road where Little Harpe quickly ended his suffering with his knife.

The take in this killing was excellent: the fine horse, $200 in gold and the brace of pistols. Big Harpe cackled in glee to discover that the victim's riding boots fitted his own ample feet. Wiley claimed the deceased wayfarer's fashionable blue coat, though the garment hung loosely on his meager frame and set the girls to giggling at his grotesque appearance. Little Harpe bristled angrily and belted the nearest female in the mouth, whereupon Micajah grabbed him and admonished sternly: "Bubba, give no thought to your earthly image but think rather of your immortal soul!"

Micajah dragged the stripped and battered corpse into the bushes along the road, mounted the snorting gelding with a flourish, and led out for Kentucky and the Ohio River. Soon, however, a snag developed. The women started bitching about walking, and even the usual frontier expedient of "light n' tie" (riding the horse by turns) failed to quiet their nagging. Finally Big Harpe ordered them to shut up while he prayed for Divine assistance. "The Lord has observed our need and will soon provide horses for all," he announced triumphantly at the close of his lengthy petition to the Almighty. The girls were dubious, but Wiley chimed in with his usual confident "A-men!" The party moved out, on the lookout for the promised good fortune.

Presently two horsemen—each leading a spare mount—rounded a bend ahead. Grinning wolfishly, the Harpes returned the friendly salutes of the approaching riders and turned politely aside in the narrow road to allow them to pass. "No shootin'," whispered Wiley drawing his knife.

Wiley, a slick knife-thrower, got his man between the shoulder-blades for a clean kill. Big Harpe clumsily landed his blade in the small of the other rider's back and finished him off by kicking in his skull with his fancy new brass-toed boots as the victim lay writhing and screaming in the dust. Both bodies were robbed and quickly hidden in the underbrush.



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Well-mounted and in a merry mood, the Harpes and their ladies rode on up the Wilderness Road. Near dusk they stopped at a wayside tavern where mine host's sour countenance at their wild, uncouth appearance was transformed into a warm smile of welcome at the sight of gold. They dined well and retired early, rising at sunup to breakfast on fried eggs, ham and grits. There was one other early diner, a handsome young gentleman. His bold eyes met Betsey's across the smoky kitchen—and electricity crackled between them. Bet contrived to drop her handkerchief as she left her table, and the young man rushed to pick it up. "Stephen Langford of Virginia, at your service, ma'am," he announced with a gallant bow. "May I dare hope that you too are traveling north to the Ohio frontier?"



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"*Mistress,* not ma'am, sir!" corrected Bet coyly. "Yes, we are journeying north to the frontier. I would be pleased to have you join us, if my—uncle does not object."

Big Harpe bared his yellow fangs in a smile. "Well now, bub, you look like a proper young gentleman. I reckon 'twill be all right if you tag along."

"Thank you, sir," replied the youth gratefully.

"Thank you, uncle," murmured Betsey, batting her long eyelashes.

Young Langford had little time to become acquainted with his buxom charmer. Barely a mile from the tavern, at a point where the gloomy forest arched completely over the narrow road, Micajah dropped behind the entranced youth and broke up his pretty speech-making by ramming a butcher knife in his back up to the hilt.

Betsey was briefly depressed by this killing. The handsome Virginian had possessed a gift for graceful flattery and she had enjoyed his fleeting company.

Micajah commiserated with her. "I know how you feel, gal. He was a likely lad and 'tis too bad he had to die. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The Harpes moved leisurely on into Kentucky, overtaking a foot peddler south of Barboursville. Casually they beat the old man to death and rifled his pouch of a few gold and silver coins, throwing away as worthless several banknotes. Micajah magnanimously allowed the women to select a few yards of bright cloth from a peddler's pack, then tossed his broken body into a convenient ravine and his pack after it.

Behind them the bodies of two of their victims had been discovered. An alarmed citizenry had raised a posse to hunt down the killers. Captain Joe Ballenger, leading a dozen armed settlers, trailed the Harpes to Carpenter's Station (present site of Hustonville, Kentucky). There the posse found the macabre outfit seated along the road, calmly enjoying a lunch of cornpone and sowbelly.

"The Lord be with ye, brother," Micajah cheerily greeted Captain Joe. "I know why ye seek us. But hark ye! Our blood will be upon your hands if ye hang us without a fair trial."

"You'll get your trial, you filthy beast—you and your whole foul crew," growled Ballenger in disgust, prodding Big Harpe to his feet with the muzzle of his rifle. "Get moving before I forget my promise and let daylight through you!"

Lodged in the Danville jail to await trial, the fantastic Harpes settled down to enjoy life at the taxpayers' expense. Awkward complications ensued, for it developed presently that all three of the women were pregnant. Susanna, Micajah's alleged wife, was so far along that labor seemed imminent at any moment. Ten days after her incarceration, a midwife had to be hurriedly summoned to deliver Susanna of a daughter. The male Harpes took prompt advantage of the furor and excitement to knock a hole through the flimsy jail wall and escape. The chivalrous pair fled north toward the Ohio River, easily outdistancing their timid pursuers. On the way, they kept their hand in by killing three more luckless travelers, named Trabue, Dooley and Stump (The first-named, Johnny Trabue, was a mere lad of 13). The Harpe murder score now stood at eight known slayings and perhaps as many more unknown.

Meanwhile, back at the Danville jail, chaos reigned as first Betsey Roberts and then Sally Harpe gave birth to a son and daughter respectively. The bill for food, midwife services, sugar and Hyson tea—the latter item then regarded as essential for expectant mothers—had reached staggering proportions and the harried jailer was about to climb the wall.

The trial of the three "female desperadoes" was possibly unique in legal history in that each of the defendants carried a suckling babe at her breast. The prosecuting attorney, confronted with such overwhelming evidence of maternal love, could do nothing more than charge the accused with aiding and abetting their villainous consorts in five vile murders. Counsel for the defense ripped this feeble charge to shreds in short order. Quoting the Biblical case of Mary Magdalene to the bemused jury, he sternly warned them not to "cast the first stone" that would send these "poor betrayed innocents to the gallows or to prison. Think of the babes they hold at their breasts; think of the brutish, lustful males who violated their sweet girlish trust and brought them down to this state of degradation!" he thundered. "Gentlemen, you cannot—nay, you *dare* not—do aught but free these poor females!"

Wiping away sympathetic tears, the jury quickly returned a verdict of "Not Guilty".

Immediately the good ladies of Danville provided the forlorn girls with food, money, new clothing for themselves and their babies and a horse for transportation (Evidently their generosity did not extend to three horses).

Tearfully, Betsey, Sally and Susanna accepted the gifts and promised in return to go straight home to their aged parents in Tennessee, forever renouncing their wicked mates. A pleasant aura of self-righteousness enveloped all, and everybody was happy except the glum members of the Danville town council who had to raise money to pay the whopping bills.

Naturally, instead of heading for home and parents, the girls lit out to rejoin the boys. At Green River they traded the horse for a boat and pushed off downstream for the Ohio and a meeting with Big and Little Harpe. Micajah and Wiley welcomed them for obvious reasons, but were somewhat disgruntled at sight of the infants. Sally's child was sick and cried most of the time.

Kept awake by the baby's whimpering and alarmed lest the sound alert prowling lawmen to their whereabouts, Micajah grabbed the pitiful morsel of humanity from Sally's arms, swung it by the heels and dashed out its brains against a tree (Before his own grisly death, Big Harpe was heard to mumble that of all his murders he regretted only this one—his own "daughter". Of course the child could have been sired by either Harpe, but Micajah declared the infant to be his).

While the hunted Harpes hid out in a dank and dismal cave on the Ohio, the outraged state officials of Kentucky issued posters offering $300 each for the capture of the killers. In these official notices the monstrous pair were described as follows:

MICAJAH HARPE alias ROBERTS is about six feet high—of a robust build & is about 30 or 32 years of age. He has an ill-looking, downcast countenance & his hair is black & short, but comes very much down his forehead. He is built very straight and is full-fleshed in the face.

WILEY HARPE alias Roberts is very meagre in his face, has short black hair but not so curly as his brother's; he looks older though really younger, and has likewise a



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downcast countenance ...

Parenthetically, it should be noted that other contemporary descriptions of the Harpes list Wiley as having red hair, thereby lending credence to the theory of some historians that they were actually cousins instead of brothers.

Hearing of the posters at a remote trading post where they had bought supplies, the Harpes fled to Cave-in-Rock, the infamous robbers' den on the lower Ohio. The lonely stretch of the river between Yellow Bank (present Owensboro, Kentucky and the site of old Fort Massiac) below the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers was controlled by the Cave-in-Rock outlaws. In such savage company the fearsome Harpe brothers were right at home—at first.

Soon, however, Big and Little sickened even the hardened river pirates with their maniacal brutalities. Operating always as a team, the diabolical pair used their knives to vivisect their victims. Emasculation of male captives was another method of torture that especially excited both Harpes, stimulating them sexually into bestial assault upon the women taken in raids on the flatboats.

The payoff came when the playful Harpes lashed a naked prisoner on the back of a valuable horse and pushed horse and man over a 300-foot cliff almost onto the heads of their confederates lounging around a campfire on the river bank below. This last caper was too much for the outlaw chief, who seized his shotgun and ran the whole Harpe crew off into the woods. Only the desperate pleadings of Betsey Roberts and/Susanna Harpe saved Big and Little from death then and there (Sally, it is to be presumed, kept silent because of the murder of her child).

Micajah, once he was safely out of buckshot range, promptly threw one of his "frothing fits." Howling incoherent obscenities at the "devils" that haunted him, Big Harpe scared the women into running off into the forest with the two children. The moment they were out of sight, he snapped out of it. "Come on, Bubba," he grinned to the apprehensive Wiley. "We must go forth through the land to bring word of the Lord to the heathen!" Wandering aimlessly across Kentucky, posing as Methodist preachers to whoever would listen to their rambling sermons on hellfire and damnation, the weird pair added incredibly to their list of victims without running afoul of the posses scouring the wilderness for them.

A youth named Coffey was killed ostensibly for his squirrel rifle. William Ballard was murdered for no discernible reason. In swift and ruthless succession the Harpes racked up six additional highway killings, the last being James Brassel. Robert Brassel, brother of James, escaped death by leaping into heavy brush along the road and legging it through the woods as hard as he could run. Micajah and Wiley hunted him for hours before losing his trail in the gathering darkness.

Demented though he surely was, Big Harpe knew that Brassel's escape would bring the hunters hot on their trail. Accordingly they started back for the outlaw country, following the old Trace to the Ohio River. Micajah had in mind a plan he figured would throw the lawmen off the scent and give him and Wiley time to return to the pirate hangouts along the river. Near Trade-Water River Crossing lived Moses Stegall who had known the Harpes in Tennessee. "We'll head for Moses' place and hole up there until all this fuss blows over," Big Harpe told his brother. Wiley nodded vaguely, "Sure enough, Bubba. But suppose Moses won't *let* us stay at his place?"

Big Harpe cackled his evil laugh and said, "You remember that good-lookin' woman of his? Well, Bubba, we'll just take it out on *her* if Moses turns us down! That'll bring him around mighty fast."

(The spine-chilling horror of the events that followed make all the dark crimes of later-day frontier outlaws pale into insignificance. That the Harpes were insane we cannot doubt. The question is *why?* That mystery was equally puzzling to writers of the period in which the atrocities occurred. Wrote Judge James Hall, in his *Story of the Harpes,* published in 1824:

"Neither avarice nor want nor any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood—a deep-rooted enmity against human nature, could alone be discovered in their actions ... Plunder was not their object; they took only what would have been freely given them, and they destroyed without having suffered injury, and without the prospect of benefit ... ")

The Harpes reached Stegall's cabin near dusk of the following day. Mrs. Stegall recognized her ghoulish visitors and readily admitted them. Moses had gone to the nearest settlement to trade for provisions, she said, making them welcome.

After serving her mad guests with venison stew and cornpone, Mrs. Stegall inquired if they would mind sharing the loft with another traveler—a Major William Love, surveyor, who had business with her husband.

Micajah shook his shaggy head, staring fixedly at the pretty young woman with his wild black eyes. Nervously, she turned away to replace the iron stewpot on the fireplace crane.

Big Harpe gulped down his bowl of stew, sopped up the gravy with a slab of cornpone, licked his greasy fingers and rose to climb the ladder to the loft. Wiley smirked his idiot grin at Mrs. Stegall, hurriedly finished his stew and followed Micajah up the ladder.

Major Love, snoring loudly on his cornshuck mattressed cot, was doomed. Big split his skull with a single blow of his tomahawk. The murdered man's pockets yielded a few dollars in coin which Micajah flung disdainfully into the straw covering the floor of the loft. Wiley scrambled around on his hands and knees hunting the coins while Micajah strode the loft muttering and cursing. The blood madness was on him again, and presently he lifted his clenched fists and cried out: "Yeah, Lord, the woman has sinned and must die!"

"A-*men!*" mumbled Wiley.

Silently the Harpes slipped down the ladder. Mrs. Stegall, knitting before the fireplace, rocking her baby's cradle with her foot, rose in screaming terror from her chair as Micajah lunged at her. Somehow she eluded his grasp, raced to the door and fled into the night. Little Harpe threw his knife after her, gashing her cheek and almost severing one ear. Big Harpe, pausing only to scoop up the wailing baby and hurl it against the cabin wall, pursued the shrieking woman to the edge of the clearing and drove his butcher knife into her back. Hastily firing the cabin, the Harpes saddled their horses and rode away. Half a mile from Stegall's blazing cabin, the murderers met two of Stegall's neighbors hurrying to the fire and shot them both down.

Moses Stegall, returning from the

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## FORT RIDGELEY

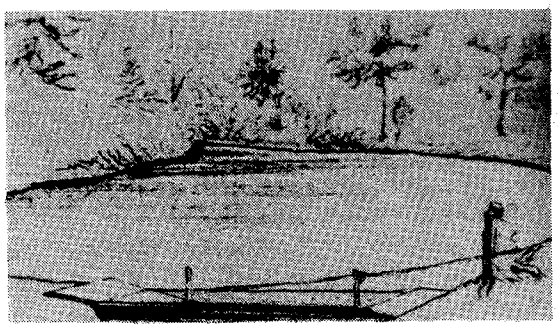
*(continued from page 54)*

to drive away the horses, mules and cattle while others fired upon the garrison in every direction. On the north side of the fort the Sioux got inside the breastworks from which position they inflicted two casualties on the troops at the cost of three of their own dead. One Indian also put his gun through the window of Sgt. Jones' house and fired some shots at his family.

Rain began during the night and fell heavily until the afternoon of the following day. The garrison spent the time improving their fortifications and fetching water from the spring. Refugees continued to straggle in until it was necessary to cut rations.

After the Wednesday assault Little Crow withdrew to the Lower Agency and messengers were dispatched for reinforcements. They were joined by a considerable number of Whapeton and Sisseton Sioux. When the Indians returned on Friday for the showdown, they numbered some eight hundred warriors.

Quietly Indians surrounded Fort Ridgely again. At about one o'clock firing began from all sides. The main attack was made from the south and Indians managed to reach the vantage of a big log horse barn on that side. This was a threatening situation but Sgt. Jones was equal to it. He fired the six-pound Napoleon through the corridor of the Headquarters building and landed a red hot shell on the horse shed. Mrs. Muller, the doctor's wife, assisted in this shot by pulling a rope that opened the door just as Sgt. Jones gave the command to fire. The horse barn was set ablaze, driving the Indians out. The sutler's house was also fired in the same manner when Indians occupied it.



*The only known sketch of the Redwood Ferry is the one made in June 1863 by Wilfred J. Whitefield, a member of Sibley's expedition.*

Gunfire and "demoniac" yells continued from all directions. At the same time the Indians were gathering for an all-out attack from the ravine to the southeast. Little Crow had been wounded. The command fell to Cheif Mankato.

This was the showdown. It didn't quite come off. Just as the Indians poured out of the ravine with blood-curdling war whoops, Sgt. Jones and O'Shay let fly with a double charge of cannister at point blank range. The Indians who could, fled in wild disorder. As a parting admonition, the 24-pound howitzer was limbered up. Though the Indians were soon out of range, they were shaken by the great noise of the cannon which reverberated through the valley.

The defense of Fort Ridgely had been so successfully conducted that only three defenders were killed, thirteen wounded. The Indian losses were estimated at around a hundred.

The garrison, expecting further attacks, spent four more anxious days before help arrived. Fort Ridgely was relieved on August 27 when newly - commissioned Col. Henry Sibley arrived with 1,400 soldiers.

The defense of Fort Ridgely had an important bearing on the course of the Sioux Uprising. Said Chief Big Eagle:

"We thought the fort was the door to the valley as far as to St. Paul, and if we got through the door nothing could stop us this side of the Mississippi. But the defenders of the fort were very brave and kept the door shut." •RW

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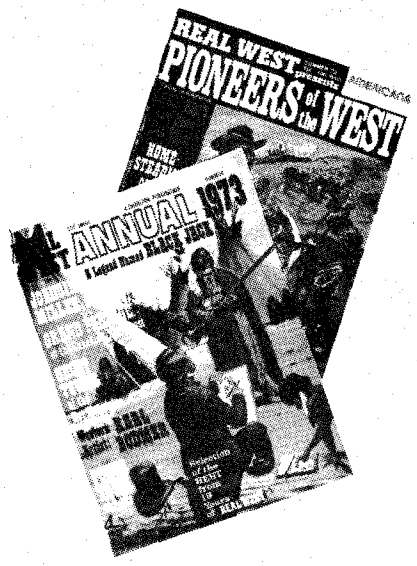


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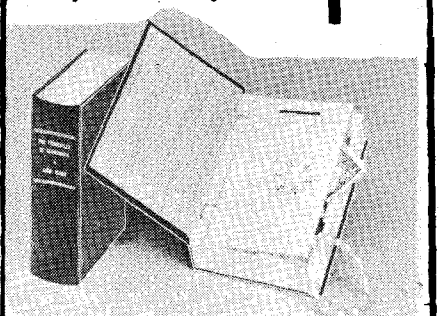

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## CAPTAIN JOHN

*(continued from page 34)*

became everyday occurrences, Higgins listing one outrage after another. "I might continue to cite tragedy after tragedy which resulted directly from the sale of liquor to the poor red man by white men who worked under the actual protection of the constabulary. But the instances I have given will suffice to show the condition of things that prevailed in and about this Christian town, beneath the shadow of church spires and within earshot and stone's throw of the peaceful and happy homes of pioneer settlers."

By now even Captain John had become addicted. Once he had been levelheaded and cunning; now his mind was benumbed by all-powerful drink. He had been handsome and dignified; now he was a "besotted, quarrelsome creature," his fine blue greatcoat soiled and tattered.

Finally came the day when the schooner *Royal Charlie* was fired upon from the Haida Village while sailing out of the harbor. Victoria constables — the same who were deaf, dumb and blind when it came to investigating the organized illegal liquor traffic — promptly marched into the village and arrested Captain John and his brother.

The chieftain had submitted meekly until officers started to search him in the Bastion Square police barracks. Suddenly, John drew a knife and slashed widly at the nearest constable, his brother doing the same. A split second later, both were shot dead.

Half an hour after, Higgins arrived on the scene, to find both braves where they had fallen. Someone had covered John with his shabby overcoat, and placed his old officer's cap, the one with the gold braid, over his face.

Raising the cap, the journalist "gazed long at the features which were placid and peaceful in death. Something of the old-time nobleness lingered there and his coal-black eyes, which were still open, seemed to gaze sadly, if not reproachfully, into mine. As I replaced the cap, these words from Wolfe's great poem occurred to me:

" 'He lay like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him.' "

Thus ended the pathetic career of Captain John. His wasted life in capsule form was that of the British Columbia Indian. Victimized by the callous, ravaged by white man's disease against which he had no defence, the Indian fell by the tens of thousands. Crowded villages became ghost towns overnight.

If modern-day readers find it difficult to believe Mr. Higgins' appalling account of 1904, they need only to consult many irreproachable records in the Victoria Provincial Archives to confirm his calendar of horror.

Anthropologist Wilson Duff, in *The Impact of the White Man,* cites disease, particularly smallpox, as the British Columbia natives' greatest foe. One epidemic, which began in Victoria with the arrival of an ailing white man from San Francisco, raged throughout the province for over two years. Within that short period, it is estimated that one-third of the native population — almost 20,000 souls — perished!

But the devastating effects of liquor, physically and psychologically, cannot be refuted. More than epidemic, more than the white man's advanced ways, liquor destroyed the complex Indian culture, his integrity and independence. Poor Captain John was but one victim of thousands. Abetted by the ignorant and poisoned by the profiteer, he and ill-fated brothers form the most ignoble chapter in provincial history.

It is a poor enough distinction and one of which, even today, all should be ashamed. ●RW

## WOMEN WERE SCARCER THAN GOLD

*(continued from page 6)*

would be the "ladies" for the night. Just to prevent any confusion the "women" would be designated in various ways; such as, a turned-up hat brim, a bandanna tied to the arm, or suspenders hanging loose at one's sides. Certainly not a totally satisfactory example of frontier ingenuity, but at least it was a source of amusement for men in a land where women were scarcer than gold! ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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*Shady Ladies of the West* by Ronald D. Miller.
Wells Fargo Bank — History Room, San Francisco.



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## GUS MENTZER

*(continued from page 28)*

Gus turned and fired, killing Eddelson on the spot. Now he climbed aboard a switching engine that was sitting on the tracks and worked frantically at the controls. The mob was coming on again and Gus fired once and then tried again, but the gun was empty! The last shot mortally wounded another man in the mob, but the final click of the hammer closing on an empty cylinder told the rest of them that now they had him.

In a flurry of motion, Dollman subdued the angry and frightened Gus Mentzer and led him across the street to another, less elegant saloon, the Little Brindle.

There was talk of lynching at the Little Brindle. Harvey Moulton, a friend of the slain Eddelson, led the cry for lynch rope justice. "I say hang him now! He's already killed two good men! We all saw it!" It seemed like everyone in the crowd went along with Moulton, but Deputy Dollman stood his ground. He'd get help, he said, to move the prisoner from Brindle's to the jail and then left another deputy, Berger, in charge of the prisoner.

Most of the crowd milled in the street outside the Little Brindle while Moulton went in to talk with Berger. A few words were exchanged and then Moulton pulled the manacled prisoner away from Berger and declared he was going to be lynched. Berger drew and fired point-blank at Moulton, but as the dying Moulton sank to the floor, he drew his own gun and sent a bullet through the deputy's stomach.

Predictably, Gus Mentzer headed for the back door during all of this and for the third time that fantastic day in Raton, the crowd was after Gus Mentzer.

Gus had sobered up enough by then to be thinking a little more clearly and he headed for Frick's Butcher Shop. Frick had been friendly with Gus ever since the latter arrived in town. Indeed, they'd hoisted a few mugs of beer together and spun a couple of yarns at the new saloon. Perhaps Frick would at least save him from the mob until Dollman returned, he reasoned. But too much water had gone under the bridge that day. Frick counted friends among the men Gus had killed and his own appetite was for a lynching!

Frick backed the terrified Mentzer into a corner and threatened him with a meat cleaver until the mob arrived. It was the end of the line for Gus Mentzer!

A rope was placed around Gus's neck and the end was thrown over the signpost of the Raton Bank. Then strong arms pulled on the end of the rope to draw the strangling victim off his feet and into the air. Suddenly there was a creak and then the sign came crashing down from its post on top of the still scrambling, fighting Mentzer. The accidental reprieve was short lived, however, and soon one of the boys shinnied up the post and secured the rope for another try.

On the following morning the good citizens of Raton shook their heads to be sure they hadn't dreamed it all. But it was no dream. Gus Mentzer's body was still hanging by the neck from the signpost of the bank as mute evidence that the bizarre events of yesterday had indeed happened. At the undertaker's shop of Mallet and Van Harem, five wooden boxes were being made ready to accommodate Gus and his victims. The Rev. O. P. McMains, a Methodist circuit preacher, well known to the townspeople, was on hand making preparations for the funerals he would soon conduct and very likely he had a few words to say on the violence of men. For the newspaper editors, it was exciting news and soon, in every town within a hundred mile radius, the presses would turn out the story of that stranger - than - fiction day in Raton, New Mexico — the day they hung Gus Mentzer. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

From the microfilm collection at the University of New Mexico Zimmerman Library, the following newspapers:

Santa Fe Daily Democrat, June 28, 1882.

Las Vegas Daily Optic, June 28, 1882.

"The Law in Their Hands", by Kenneth Fordyce, unpublished ms in the Museum of New Mexico Library, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

*Raton Chronicle,* F. Stanley for Raton Historical Society, 1948, World Press, Denver.

*Desperadoes of New Mexico,* F. Stanley, 1953, World Press, Denver.

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## SHOSHONE MIKE

(continued from page 11)

by the fact that twenty-eight days had passed since the Indian massacre. The posse was determined that the Indians' head-start would avail them nothing. And once in Little High Rock Canyon they discovered ten sets of moccasins, riding and walking, by the tracks. Following these the posse moved eastward where they found the renegades' first camp at frozen High Rock Lake. There positive proof was found that these were indeed the murderers, for a piece of Harry Cambron's saddle leather was found with his name carved on it.

Crossing the upper part of Black Rock Desert the boys came across a slaughtered Miller and Lux cow. Now rest stops became minimal as the posse tried to shorten the distance between themselves and the renegades. At another camp another grisly trophy was found: a Chinaman's dried scalplock and queue!

Trailing those renegades proved hard work. Often the trail was lost in the snow or when they crossed rocky ground. Yet, whenever the trackers despaired, there to their astonishment would flutter a piece of torn clothing, a bit of buckskin that once belonged to the murdered stockmen.

Ottie remembered thinking that it almost appeared as though those Indians were deliberately leading them on towards them! Yet, strangely, all along the trail the posse would come across spaced "Look-outs" built of sagebrush and ambush fortifications erected at strategic points.

By February 24th most of the posse had reached Winnemucca. Sheriff Ferrel went on to Elko to assist the Sheriff, J. C. Young, in organizing a posse there to prevent the renegades from reaching the sanctuary of the Western Shoshone Indian Reservation in Elko County.

Then northeast of Winnemucca, at Paradise Valley, a storekeeper mentioned that two strange young bucks had come in to buy some food. A sheepherder also mentioned that both he and a wandering prospector had seen a strange band of Indians near Winnemucca, and the leader had been riding a white horse.

"Harry's white horse!" exclaimed Ben Cambron angrily.

At Lyng Canyon the tracks were easily followed. By now the posse were strung out for they knew they were nearing their quarry. The trackers surmised the renegades were covering around twelve miles per day. They also discovered that the Indians were finding deep snow in the country towards Squaw Valley, and had been forced to backtrack, north toward Clover Valley, which move had delayed them.

The Surprise Valley boys were in the vanguard as the posse cleared the low eastern hills of the Osgood Range. Meanwhile, the country's newspapers, feverishly following the manhunt, kept the nation aware of progress in glaring headlines: "MURDEROUS INDIAN BAND NEAR TUSCARORA!" The Reno Gazette and California's Sacramento Bee had sent crack reporters to Winnemucca to cover the story.

On February 26th the posse came in sight of Clover Valley through which Kelley Creek flowed. Skinny Pascal, Nevada's crack Indian tracker, suddenly yelled: "See Injun smoke! Over there!" And he pointed towards a column of blue sagebrush smoke rising from the bed of distant Rabbit Creek. The pursuers nearly went wild.

"Cap" Donnelly ordered the riders to form a skirmish line in a semicircle as they galloped forward, so as to block the renegades' possible escape. Just then the Indians' large tri-colored Collie began barking furiously, alerting the Indians.

Quickly Donnelly ordered Skinny Pascal to go down to the renegades and order them to give up; they were surrounded. Skinny slid down towards fifty feet of the old chief and began palavering in Shoshone. But the chief began screaming obscenities at them, whirled and snapped off his rifle. The rest of the surprised Indians raced for their arms, while the whites prudently got back out of range.

The posse members were now milling everywhere, anxious to get at their enemies. There was no leadership now, but Ben Cambron quietly took charge. They sent a volley into the camp and the Indians rushed for cover. Deadly bullets kept the posse from charging foolishly upon the Indians. They found themselves watching, fas-

(continued on page 80)



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## THE AMERICAN INDIAN

*(continued from page 35)*

much wood in this area and these people were expert in wood working as well as weaving. They made boxes, cradles, dishes, houses and totem poles out of wood.

Before the arrival of Columbus this was somewhat of a melting pot where tribes from the interior of America mixed with the new arrivals from Asia. These tribes had much in common, but differed in physical characteristics and language. Some spoke a language related to Tsimshian, while others spoke a language related to the Athapascan of the interior plateau. The people living in Canada and Northern Washington were usually muscular and tall, having lighter skin; while those of the Southern coast of Washington and Oregon were darker in color and tended to be broad-chested and shorter.

The Haida lived in Canada, with a few in northern Washington. They were graceful, with coppery skin. They had a calendar divided into twelve months according to the phases of the moon. Each morning at dawn, the sun rays would enter a knot hole on the eastern wall of a house and shine on the opposite wall on a spot marked with charcoal. When the mark started in the opposite direction, a half year had passed. They wahed their hands and rinsed out their mouth before each meal. After salty food they drank water. When guests came the hostess cooked, and the host served; they did not eat with the guests. Food was sent home with the guest and the next day the platter was washed and returned, often with a small offering on it. Houses were built of wood but had no windows. Each house would last over fifty years and had great totem poles often sixty feet high placed in the center of the house. The totem was carved with the totemic crest of the owner and his wife.

These people were expert canoe builders making over seven different types, each hollowed from a single log. The largest was seventy feet long and eight feet wide and could carry thirty men and a three-ton load. Canoes were used for every purpose; for stream, sea, ceremony and work. The crafts were usually steered and propelled by paddles, but when the weather was right, sails were used. The Haida decorated almost everything they made with designs representing animals.

The Okonagan lived in north central and eastern Washington, British Columbia, Idaho and western Montana. They were a Salish-speaking people. While they did not live on the Pacific coast they were influenced by the people who did. Soap, used for washing the body and hair, was made by soaking dogwood leaves in cold water for an hour to produce a lather. Dogwood was gathered in August and part was stored for later use. Other plants and seeds were also gathered and part of them stored for winter. Measuring was done in relation to certain parts of the arm, also the width of the thumb, and the span of the thumb and forefinger. Time was kept by tiny knots tied in a string, one knot meaning one day; and after one hundred knots were made a larger knot was substituted for them. Knots for one hundred were tied larger than the others, then the counting went on.

The Wishram living on the Columbia river basin was the first tribe known to the explorers of this region. Fishing was the main source of food, with hunting second. Plants and nuts were gathered. Two meals a day were served, one in the morning and one in the evening. Canoes were built of white cedar or pine, some having figures of men or animals on the bow and stern. The leader sat in the stern and steered while three paddlers had places in front of him. There were three classes of people: The highest class being the chief and his family; next the middle class, who were not closely related to the chief; and the lower or very poor class who had no possessions or slaves. Slaves were captured in war or secured in trade.

The Makah were located in the northwestern corner of Washington State. They had no difficulties in getting food and were happy and contented. When they became dirty in hunting or fishing they washed their clothes and themselves upon their return home. They washed every morning, even in the coldest weather. Most took three meals a day of the same food; usually, boiled duck or fish, dried halibut and whale oil. Fingers were used, but wiped on a cedar bark which had been beaten into a soft mass, and they rinsed their mouth with cold water. Their canoes were a work of art, carved from a single cedar log. When whaling, the canoes were manned by eight men; six paddled, one steered, and one threw the harpoon.

This covers only a few of the tribes of this area, Indians living in other areas of the country will be discussed in later articles. ●RW


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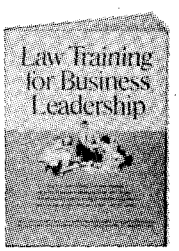


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# MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

## DALLAS STOUDENMIRE

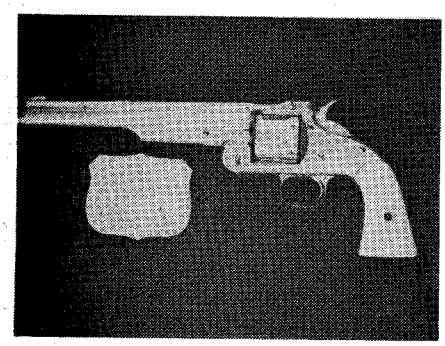
Dear Editor,

I read with great interest "The Death of Dallas Stoudenmire", by Leon Metz. Writers like Mr. Metz make your publication one notch above the others in the Western field.

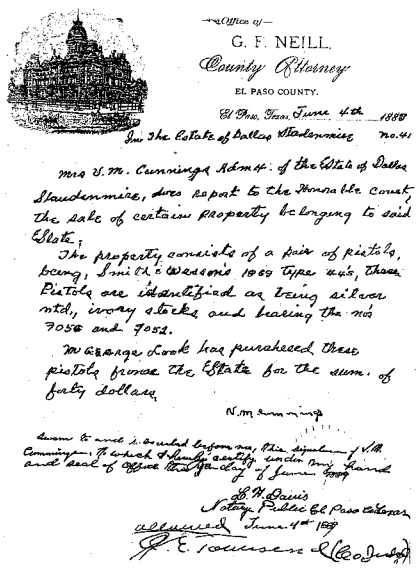
Since Mr. Metz wrote this article and his book on the subject; some new information has come to light. The Mayor's Docket Book, has been found. Case #1 of April 1, 1882, shows that James and Frank Manning were brought before the Court by Acting Marshal J. B. Gillett for 'Gambling' and were fined $25.00 plus $3.70 Court Costs and $2.00 Marshal's fees. Since this is the first entry in the book, we can only presume that there were prior such violations. On May 3, 1882. Frank Manning was arrested with several others for the same offence. The fine was the same. Frank and James were arrested several other times for gambling by Marshal Gillett after Dallas left office; Case #98, June 1, 1882, case #168 July 1, 1882; case #213, Aug. 1, 1882; Case #238, November 1, 1882. From the above information we can see why the Mannings disliked the "Mighty Marshal".

Enclosed please find a photo of another of Dallas Stoudenmire's pistols and his city marshal's badge with a letter from his sister.

Thanks
Robert E. McNellis
10304 Cardigan,
El Paso, Texas 79925



*Dallas Stoudenmire's pistol and city marshal's badge*



Office of—
G. F. NEILL,
County Attorney
EL PASO COUNTY.

El Paso, Texas, June 4th 1888

In the Estate of Dallas Stoudenmire, No. 41

Mrs S. M. Cummings Admx. of the Estate of Dallas Stoudenmire, does report to the Honorable Court the sale of certain property belonging to said Estate.

The property consists of a pair of pistols, being, Smith & Wessons 1869 Type 44's, these Pistols are identified as being silver mtd., ivory stocks and bearing the nos 7058 and 7052.

Wm Grange Cook has purchased these pistols from the Estate for the sum of forty dollars.

N. M. Cummings

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this signature of Mrs Cummings. I do hereby certify under my hand and seal of office this 4th day of June 1888

E. M. Davis
Notary Public El Paso County

Allowed June 4th 1888

*Letter from Dallas Stoudenmire's sister concerning the sale of two of his pistols.*

## THRESHING MACHINE

Dear Sirs:

After reading Maurice Kildare's article about old steam threshing engines blowing up, I'll add a few other hazards that were part of the old days of threshing. Beside the danger of boiler explosions, one that was equally as bad was having the tractor break through one of those small wooden bridges over a creek or gully. Quite often when this happened, the engineer was pinned against the boiler and either "fried alive", scalded to death by live steam, or just crushed like a cracker between the tractor and the water tank or wood wagon. I never saw this happen, but my dad told of it during the years he worked as an engineer on these steam tractors in Minnesota and North Dakota around 1910 to 1915.

Other hazards were "runaway teams", getting a rock into the separator where it "really raised hell", getting an arm caught in one of the belts or even inside the separator while adjusting parts or just checking the straw. Now and then a fellow would get careless and catch his pitch fork in the drive belt. I knew one fellow who did that and had the fork jerked out of his hands and whipped across his stomach. It tore up all his intestines and he died a slow and painful death.

Some fellows would stick their fork in the ground from the top of a load of bundles; then jump to the ground. Now and then a fellow would accidentally land on his fork handle with disastrous results. While pitching bundles in the field it was quite common now and then to have a snake come up your fork handle. Even if the snake wasn't poisonous, it never failed to give a man a busy few minutes getting rid of the snake.

But I liked the old days of threshing and silo filling and still drive many miles every summer and take many photos of "Threshing Bus" here in the northwest, when these old engines are restored to safe working order. They are more valuable now than they were new, over 75 years ago. Steam power is making a comeback. This includes steam generated power plants, autos, buses, steamboats and small sawmills and one fellow has a steam engine in his Model A Ford. Most of these fellows are members of the Western Steam Fiends Association, Inc. Western Antique Power Association or Early Day Gas Engine and Tractor Association. They travel many miles to find parts for old engines, then spend hundreds of hours getting the engine back into running order. Maurice Kildare is welcome to become a member of the Western Steam Fiends Association for the small sum of $5.00 a year. Our members are all over the U. S., Canada, England and as far away as New Zealand.

Sincerely,
Walt Thayer
Wetnatchee, Washington

## THRESHING MACHINE

Dear Sirs:

Got a bang out of the thresher story by Maurice Kildare. Those Were the Days. When I was a kid I was a water monkey on a Case outfit. I could tell how low the water in the tank was by the whistle of the engineman. Sometimes I had to run at a gallop to make it on time, but I always managed to make it. Believe me you had trouble getting water at times, and sometimes there were two or three outfits within a 4 or 5 mile radius of the water supply and there were races to get to it first. There threshers were a part of the scene in those days, and it took muscle to farm them. Anybody who has never smelled the smoke from a steam thresher has missed something. I lived in Nebraska near the Kansas border and worked in both states. I worked on a rig in Dakota and could always smell something like a fire and every noon and night when the separator was cleaned out it would catch fire. The operator had left an inspection plate off the end of the cylinder and straw would wind up there solid and when it got enough air it would burst into flame. Like I said, Those Were The Days.

Keith Mong
R2
Tupert, Idaho
83350

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GERONIMO

Gentlemen:

Reference letter appearing in Mail Roundup, October 1972, issue of Real West, from Mr. Jerry B. Taintor; Captioned "Geronimo a Chiracahua Apache".

Like Mr. Taintor I am horrified that he, Mr. Taintor, refers to Geronimo as a Chiracahua Apache. To use Mr. Taintors words; "There is a wealth of histroical information about Geronimo ..." Therefore, if Mr. Taintor, had conducted serious research on him he would learn at once that Geronimo (GOYATHLAY) was a BEDONKOHE Apache who as a young man was influenced by Mangas Colorado and then later affiliated himself with Cochise and the Chiracahuas'; as a result he considered himself a Chiracahua. The fact remains that Geronimo was born and reared a Bedonkohe Apache.

Sincerely

Lee V. Worthen
Lt. Col. USA - Ret.
Box R - 19
APO 09205
New York, N.Y.

SENATOR TERRY'S PHOTO WRONGLY CAPTIONED

Gentlemen:

Please refer to the story, The Black Sorceress of San Francisco", page 19 No. 111, January 1973 issue of Real West. Apparently you do not check the source of your information, or rather Clarence M. Fink, the author did not. On page 22 you printed a picture and referred to it as U. S. Senator William Sharon of Nevada.

The picture is not Senator Sharon but David S. Terry. My source is a leather bound book entitled "Life of David S. Terry, Presenting an Authentic, Impartial and Vivid History of his Eventful Life and Tragic Death." It was compiled by and edited by R. E. Wagstaff, published by the Continental Publishing Company, San Francisco, California in 1892.

The book was presented to me by a friend, Arthur Hensley, whose father, J. M. Hensley was sheriff of Fresno County, California from January 1888 to 1892. In the front of my book is the same picture you printed with the signature D. S. Terry. I believe you should print a correction and send me a copy.

D. E. Broughton
Apt. 7
5075 N. Roosevelt
Fresno, Calif. 93704

**We must have all goofed on this one: the writer, the Bancroft Library who supplied the photo and your editor. ● RW**


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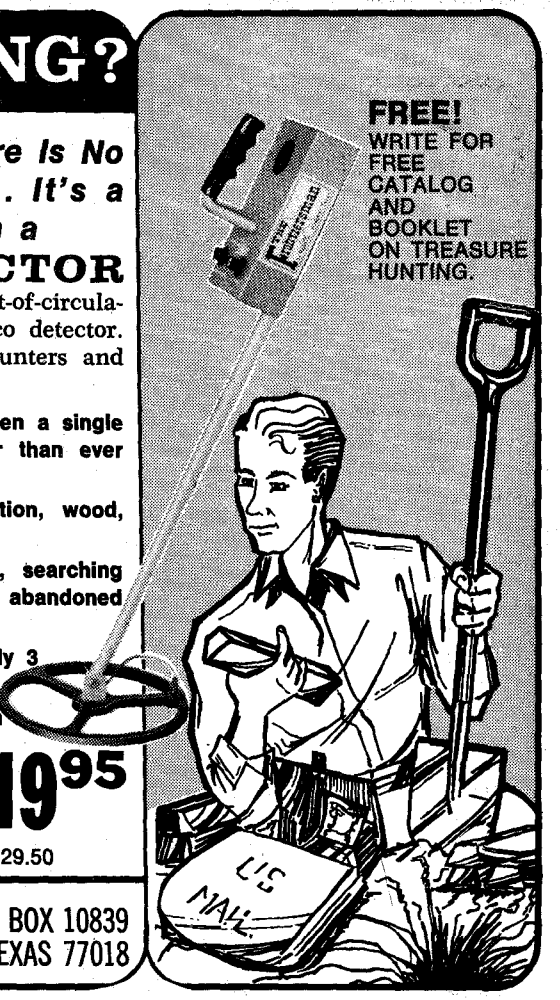


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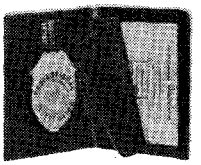

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# They Died Together, FRENCHY McCORMICK And OLD TASCOSA

by Beverly Daniel

*Frenchy McCormick as a young woman in Tascosa.*



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Frenchy McCormick was a beautiful, black-haired dance-hall girl who probably came from Louisiana. No one knows. Her story began in the late 1870's in Mobeetie, Texas, where cowboys from the trail drives were so captivated by her beauty and long black hair, they nicknamed her Frenchy.

There she met a witty Irishman named Mickey McCormick, who owned a livery stable at Tascosa, Texas, located in the Texas Panhandle near the present town of Amarillo. Also a gambler, specializing in monte, Mickey always won when Frenchy was beside him. Calling her his luck, he took her back to Tascosa to be "his woman".

At that time, Tascosa was booming and the livery business was good, but during the evenings, Frenchy dealt monte while Mickey played at the Old Tascosa gaming tables. In the 1880's Billy the Kid and many other famous characters of the old West frequented Tascosa. Frenchy treated the outlaws and the respectable men alike, gambling with them all, but Mickey was always her man and everyone knew it. If another woman was present and Mickey's luck turned bad, Frenchy ran her off, forcibly if necessary.

In 1881 when Oldham County was organized and marriage licenses could be obtained conveniently, Mickey and Frenchy married. Frenchy gave her name as Elizabeth McGraw, but added, "No one knows or ever shall know, who I am." She never spoke of relatives or home or why she had left Louisiana to come West. There was speculation that she went to a convent school, left home with a man who deserted her, and was too ashamed to return or even let her family know where she was. She followed the boom-towns of Dodge and Abilene in Kansas, before coming to Mobeetie.

Early settlers came to Tascosa from the north, figured the railroad would come from that direction, and built the town among the cottonwoods on the north bank of the Canadian River. But the railroad came from the south, missing the town by the width of the Canadian, and Tascosa began to die.

Mickey and Frenchy vowed they would never leave the town or each other. But one day in 1908, Mickey walked to the back door of their adobe home and called his dogs together, planning to go hunting. Instead, he sprawled across the bed, too weak to walk.

"I went to him," Frenchy said later, her face shrunken with grief. "His eyes looked strange. I asked him if he wanted water, but he said he didn't."

"I wonder what you'll do." Mickey

**(continued on next page)**


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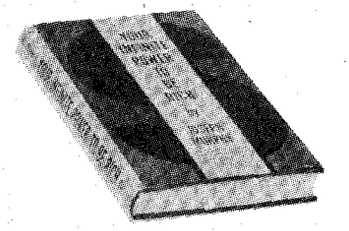

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*Frenchy McCormick in old age, standing in front of her home in Tascosa.*

said, looking at Frenchy sadly.

Not understanding, Frenchy went to the kitchen for water. She returned, bent over him, and Mickey repeated his question. A few minutes later he died.

He was buried up the hill from their small adobe dwelling in Casimero Romero Cemetery. Loving him in death as she had in life, Frenchy vowed to stay close by his grave till she could take her place beside him. For seven years she had neighbors, but in 1915, the county seat was moved to Vega. This was Tascosa's death blow; Frenchy became the only resident of the old townsite.

From her crumbling home in the deserted town, Frenchy McCormick watched the first automobiles come. Airplanes destroyed the quiet of the Canadian breaks; giant mechanized shovels gouged gravel from the banks of "her" river and humming power lines stretched over Boothill Cemetery. Finally even a Boys' Ranch started close by, with the youngsters living in the old courthouse, their exuberant shouts ringing strangely in the dignified old building.

In later years, Frenchy became totally deaf and went days without seeing anyone. Friends begged her to accept offers of a better home, but she refused. "I want to be close to Mickey," she said, glancing out the window toward the cemetery and his grave.

Finally in 1939, she moved to the home of a friend in Channing, but only after she extracted this promise: When she died, they would take her to

*Monument at Frenchy McCormick's grave site at Tascosa.*



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the old cemetery and bury her beside Mickey. For over a quarter of a century, she had lived alone in a deserted town to fulfill her promise to Mickey.

In January of 1941, at the age of 88, Frenchy died at the home of her friend in Channing. Since she was a ward of the state, it would have been far cheaper to bury her in Channing, but public opinion demanded that the promise to her be kept and she was taken to Tascosa. She was buried by Mickey's side, and her twenty-nine year vigil of love was ended.

In the chill wind at the cemetery, a dozen youngsters from Boys' Ranch just over the hill sang "Home On The Range". To the fifty who had gathered to pay their respects, it seemed Old Tascosa was gone forever.

One of the Boys' Ranchers there that day was Don (Butch) Snyder, who had known Frenchy when she lived near the gate to Boys' Ranch. From his first meeting with her, Don had been intrigued by her devotion to a dead man and grew to admire her indomitable will.

Through the years, after he left Boys' Ranch to become a cattle puncher, Don Snyder often heard the oldtimers ask why a gravestone had never been placed at Frenchy's grave. At the time of her death, some had suggested that a stone to match Mickey's should be erected, but the years passed and nothing was done. The grass grew tall over the tin marker above Frenchy's grave.

In 1965 Snyder mentioned the lack of a proper gravestone to a friend who immediately donated $20. Soon after, a news story in the Amarillo paper brought ample funds from readers who were touched by the thought of the unmarked grave. A quarter of a century after her death, a monument was placed.

Thus ended one of the frontier's greatest love stories. Frenchy McCormick's death sealed for all time the secret of her early life, but regardless of her beginnings, this one-time dance hall girl became a legend. She and Tascosa are inseparably linked by history, by their full and lusty youth, and by the long, sad death watch over her husband's grave and over her town. Her passing turned to history forever the memory of the roaring boom-town days of Old Tascosa. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:


Several clippings from the Amarillo Globe News, Amarillo, Texas.

Maverick Town, The Story of Old Tascosa, by John McCarty, University of Oklahoma Press.



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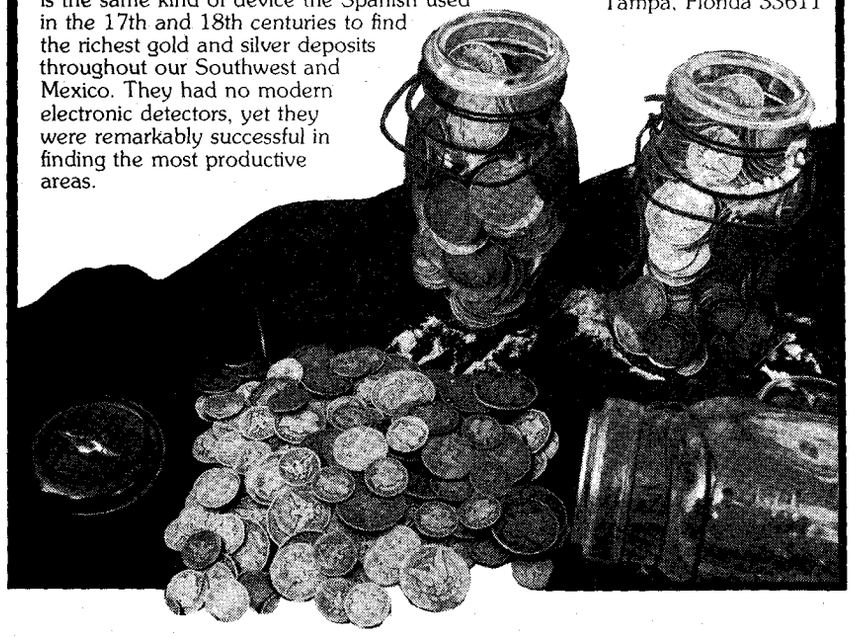

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## BLOODY BROTHERS HARPE

*(continued from page 58)*

settlement, found his dying wife still conscious and able to whisper the names of her assailants. He remained with her to the end, and then rode back to the settlement to recruit a posse to track the Harpes. Six men joined Stegall to take the killers' trail at daybreak.

The posse sighted the fugitives near noon of the second day of hard riding. The Harpes—again united with their trusting women!—had stopped a solitary traveler who surely owed his life to the sudden appearance of Stegall and his companions. At sight of the posse, Wiley instantly wheeled his horse and took to the deep woods. Micajah bent over his horse's neck and spurred the tired animal down the road in a frantic effort to escape.

John Leiper, riding a fast mare, gained steadily on his quarry. John fired his rifle when within fifty feet of Big Harpe, drilling him dead center through the spine. Harpe slumped in his saddle, dropping the reins. His played-out horse slowed to a walk and stopped. Micajah rolled limply off his mount into the road and lay still; Leiper's bullet had paralyzed him from the waist down.

Leiper dismounted from his horse and stared down in shuddering revulsion at Harpe. Micajah stared back with his strange, burning eyes and croaked: "The Lord made of me a flaming sword to destroy the wicked! Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blasphemous beast!" growled Leiper, "prepare yourself to meet your Maker—if you can!"

Behind Leiper raced Moses Stegall. Sobbing his fury, Stegall flung himself off his horse. "Don't kill him, Moses," cried Leiper. "Let's try to get him back alive for the hangman."

An inspection of Harpe's spinal wound disclosed that he could not be moved and was, in fact, dying. Yet he lingered on in searing agony, babbling of his many murders and repeating over and over that they had been Divinely inspired. The only killing he appeared to regret was that of Sally's baby. "Pore little tyke," he mumbled. "I hadn't oughter slammed its head agin a tree. Pore little tyke ... "

These pious mouthings were too much for Stegall to take. "Damn your black soul to Hell, Micajah Harpe!" he said harshly, drawing his long knife. "I'm going to cut your head off!"

Grimly Stegall went to work at his gruesome task. Seizing the killer by his curly black hair, Stegall drew his knife slowly across the back of the neck, cutting to the vertebrae. Blood spouted as the deliberate executioner pulled Harpe's head back to cut his throat. Harpe snarled weakly, "You're a God-damned rough butcher, but cut on and be damned!"

The grisly deed was quickly finished. Stegall plunged his knife into the front of the neck, again cutting to the vertebrae through flesh, tendons, arteries and jugular, completing a surgical circle. Robert M. Coates, in his graphic book *The Outlaw Years,* describes the climactic scene of the ghastly drama in these words: "Then he (Stegall) wrung off the head as a good butcher would do, and held up the dripping thing for all to see. Even then, the eyes were open and the twisted mouth seemed to be cursing them ..."

In a bizarre aftermath to Harpe's horrific "execution", the enraged posse forced Susan Roberts, who claimed to be Micajah's wife, to carry the gory head by the hair for a considerable distance. One of the men reported that as Susan lugged it along, she kept murmuring "Damn the head ... damn the head!" Finally Squire McBee, leader of the posse, took pity on the wretched creature and placed the head in a sack or wallet carried at his saddle bow.

Three miles north of what later became the town of Dixon, the posse came to a large oak tree beside the road. Here they halted, sharpened the end of a projecting limb and impaled Harpe's head upon it "as a warning to other outlaws". The letters H. H. for "Harpe's Head" were carved upon the trunk of the tree in such a position as to be easily discernible by travelers passing by. For many years the place was known as Harpe's Head, and the road that passed it was called the Harpe's Head Road. Even today, old timers of the area recall that their grandfathers spoke of the spot as devil-haunted.

Little Harpe, meanwhile, had fled clear to Natchez where he joined Sam Mason's outlaw band operating out of "The Devil's Punchbowl," a huge crater in the earth just outside the town. There, in 1803, Little Harpe and a fellow traitor named Mays murdered Mason, cut off his head, plastered it in blue river clay for preservation, and presented it to the authorities for the reward upon it. Their treachery backfired, for they were recognized by a Kentuckian named Captain Stump who was in Natchez on a search for his stolen horses.

Not only did Stump spot Little Harpe as one of the nefarious brothers who had killed a relative of his, but he also recognized the horse that Wiley rode as his own favorite mount stolen from his farm some days before! The outraged Captain trailed both outlaws to the courthouse where they were scheduled to pick up the reward for Sam Mason's head. The magistrate, about to deliver the reward money to Little Harpe and his partner, was amazed to learn from Stump that the "Mr. Setton' who had turned over the outlaw leader's head was actually Wiley Harpe.

Both men were held at gunpoint by the bailiff until the sheriff arrived to take them into custody. Early in 1804, near Springfield, Little Harpe and Mays were hanged, their heads severed and stuck up on poles in warning to their mates.

Today, the sole reminder of the terrible Harpes is the gloomy spot in Hopkins County, Kentucky, where the posse posted the monster's head in a tree along the road. The ghastly head became a whitened, grinning skull and was eventually stolen in the dead of night by a neighborhood "witch woman" for use as powdered bone in a concoction to cure her nephew's fits. There is no record as to the success or failure of the "cure" in the case of the unfortunate youth.

The great oak itself has long since fallen, leaving only dim, chilling memories of this evil chapter in America's frontier past. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Spawn of Evil, by Paul Wellman, 1964
The Outlaw Years, by Robert M. Coates, 1930
The Devil's Backbone, by Jonathan Daniels, 1962
Historical Sketches of Kentucky, 1847
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**SWEN BERYMAN**

*(continued from page 21)*

and butter for wool to keep spinning wheels humming. Bushels of pecans and walnuts for sacks of flour or bales of hay. All these commodities Swen exchanged for operating cash to various dealers in Austin.

One of Swen's occasional customers was a pretty young rural school teacher named Viola Eanes, a niece of Jeff Davis, ex-president of the fallen Confederacy.

For many years Swen Beryman ran that flourishing business at Oatmanville. The town has long since been swallowed up by the growing city of Austin. Placidly time went by for him as Texas and the West began taking on the shape of the twentieth century. He minded his own affairs and didn't get mixed up in neighborhood quarrels. Nor did rowdies ever again try to hurrah him after the way he "fixed" Brack Hendricks. He retained his interest in things Swedish, corresponding with relatives in the old country, reading the weekly *Texas Posten* as regularly as he did the Austin Daily Statesman.

Of course, he missed the feel of a horse under him. He always looked sort of wistful when customers brought him deer hides to swap for merchandise. But nobody ever heard him carp or whine because his riding and hunting days were finished

Swen's children grew up to be fine young Texans. Their father, of such strong Swedish background, made no objection when they began marrying into Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish families. One of his grandchildren, a brilliant girl, would become one of the state's first woman lawyers. Unfortunately she died at a young age.

Swen and Johanna spent their last years in retirement at the little town of Dripping Springs near their beloved Pedernales. The unwritten Beryman story faded after Swen's death at age 62 on May 14, 1898. It was resurrected the day I talked with the lady by the wagon wheels.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Beryman family records.

Conversations with Travis County, Texas pioneers.

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## LITTLE BIG HORN

*(continued from page 49)*

bodies, generally those nearest to the Indian camp, had been hideously mutilated and were unrecognizable. All had been stripped of their clothes and other belongings, and many had been scalped. Tom Custer had been scalped three times, and his heart was cut out.

Custer himself was not scalped, although it is very likely that he would have been, had the Indians known whom they were fighting. "Pahuska" or "Long Hair," as the Sioux called Custer, had just had his hair cut before leaving Fort Abraham Lincoln on this summer expedition, and neither the Cheyenne nor the Sioux recognized him. The scalp of the famous Custer, even with short hair, would have been deemed quite a prize. He had been shot twice, once in the head and once through the heart. Either wound could have been the fatal one.

Needless to say, the entire nation reacted with schock and dismay to the dreadful news of Custer's last stand. Arriving in the frontier town of Bismarck, South Dakota, on July 5, the day after the great national centennial had been celebrated with such joy, the steamer FAR WEST, on which the commanders had planned their battle strategy, brought the tragic news. Custer's entire command had been wiped out, and five members of his family killed! It was incredible.

Explanations were demanded as to how such a disaster could have been allowed to happen, and in that election year, much political hay was made in the newspapers. Grant's enemies blamed him for everything and urged the voters to get even with his party in the November elections, which almost happened, as the Hayes-Tilden match had to be decided by the House of Representatives. Custer's friends, including General Nelson Miles who personally investigated the battlefield, publicly blamed Reno and Benteen for deserting and betraying Custer. General Terry, in an effort to extricate himself from blame, wrote an unfortunate report accusing Custer of disobeying orders, which was impossible in view of the official written orders he himself had given Custer before he left, advising him to use his own judgment.

Reno and Benteen, who had long been known as enemies of Custer's, were constantly put on the defensive by Custer's friends, although in view of the situation, it is doubtful that either or both of them could have helped their besieged commander whom they didn't even know was under attack. All were victims of incredibly sloppy intelligence which had estimated a force of ten to fifteen thousand Indians at a maximum of fifteen hundred.

Nevertheless, Reno, who was exonerated with faint praise by a court martial that he requested in order to clear his name, was eventually dismissed from the Army for "conduct unbecoming an officer," and died a broken man. Benteen, who apparently acted with considerable gallantry in rallying the spirits of the besieged remnants of his and Reno's commands, very ungallantly repeatedly accused the dead Custer of having been responsible for the whole thing. He died in 1898 on his estate in Georgia, a very strange and bitter man. Custer, however, lost more than both of them: dying in the prime of his manhood, and being remembered by most people only for his last battle, which he lost.

Over the years, countless books have joined in the fruitless argument over who was to blame and why. Custer's bereaved wife, Elizabeth Bacon Custer, childless and now utterly alone, was stung by accusations that were hurled at her dead husband. She added fuel to the fire for many years by openly combating everything said to criticize him, and was actively involved in some of the written accusations. It was understandable and even commendable under the circumstances, but her method would have been deplored most of all by Custer, who always carefully avoided public accusations against his enemies.

So the Battle of the Little Big Horn passed into history, never to be exactly buried, but to be refought many times by armchair generals and by the wistful descendants of the Indian leaders of that day, who count it as the last great triumph for their side. In fact, it was a disaster for the Indians, too, because the horror of the tragedy aroused public demands for a war of annihilation against all the hostiles who fled from the approach of General Gibbon's forces, but were later totally subdued. Some of the great Indian leaders who were there that day, like Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, died in captivity, and the fortunes of all the plains Indians were soon at a low ebb. Thus, while the victory was a tribute to their great ability and courage, they lost the war.

National Archives

*Chief Gall of the Sioux.*

It all happened nearly a century ago, and the pros and cons are still being debated. As another centennial celebration is fast approaching, you can bet your last nickel that Custer buffs will still be arguing about what happened and why, well into the next century. Whatever side you're on, the Battle of the Little Big Horn never, never grows old. ●**RW**

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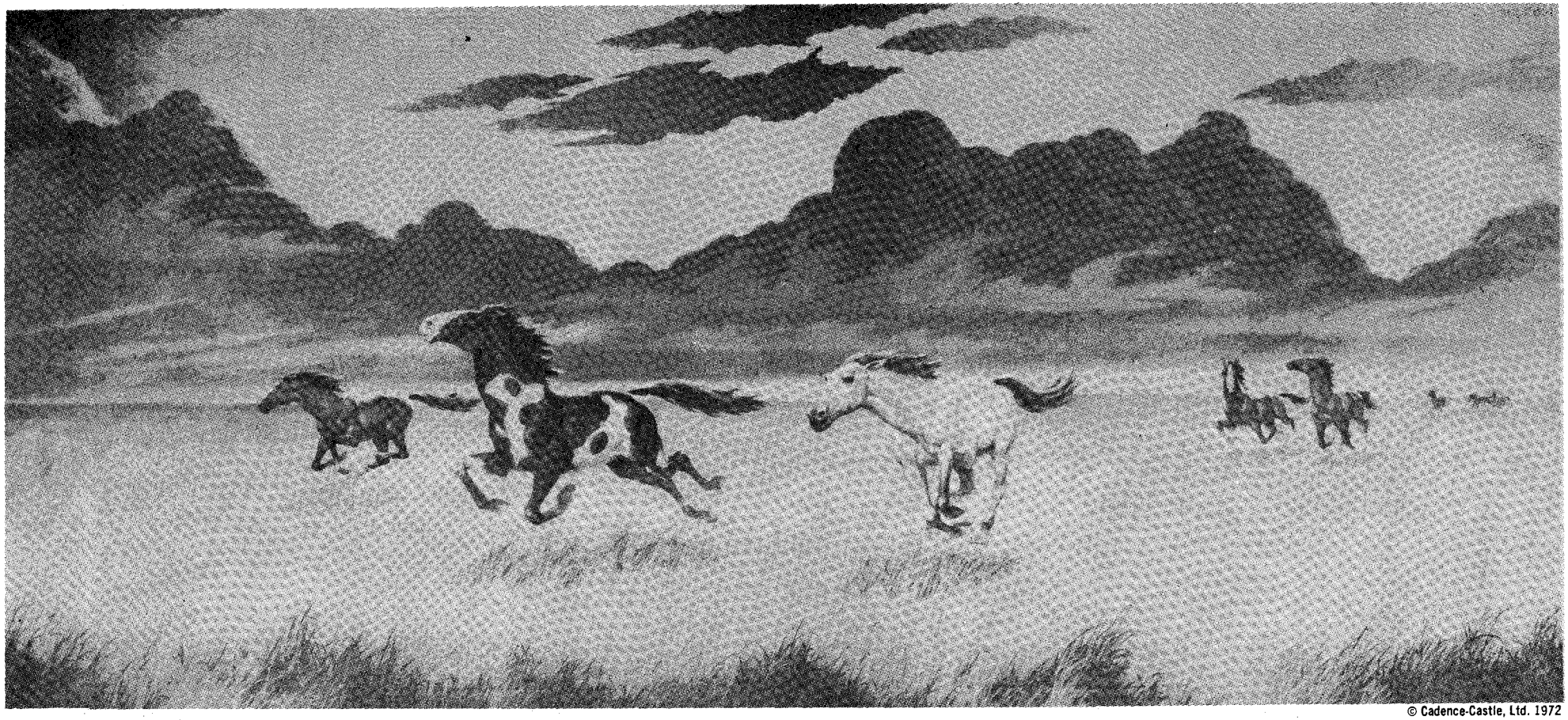

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## THEY STARVED THE INDIANS

*(continued from page 25)*

adventure-struck kids would be high-tailing it for the buffalo ranges out West.

But buffalo hunting for profit was not everything the book said it was. Frank Mayer, a fairly successful buffalo hunter, when asked how he spent his tremendous profits, only smiled. He dug into some old journals of his hunting days. These revealed: His best year was 1878 when he grossed $5,435. Of this, $3,020 came from the sale of hides, $1,304 from the sale of meat, $905 from the sale of tongues and $206 from fine specimen heads.

That was his gross, you must understand! By the time he had deducted expenses, he had left just $4,124. And this mind you, was his very best year. His average earnings for the ten-year period was about $100 a month.

Mayer figured his greatest profit was in selling first-class hides. Some men skinned buffalo by cutting through the hide at the neck, putting a hook in it and dragging it off with a horse. This method not only stretched the hide out of shape, but left a good deal of flesh attached to the inside. When such a hide was staked out to dry, the flesh frequently went sour and spoiled the hide. Mayer demanded his skinners do their work carefully. In consequence, he got premium prices of from $3.00 to $3.50 for the hide of a fine buffalo cow. Bull hides, being too heavy for most purposes, brought only $2.00.

The finest hides, called "silks," were rare. Mayer claimed he got only seventeen of these in all his hunting. A silk, as the name suggests, was a hide with exceptionally fine soft hair and they brought from $30 to $40 each. Buffalo heads for mounting sold from $10 to $20 a piece and salted buffalo tongues sold for 50¢ each. Except for the tongues, buffalo meat was wasted; though, occasionally a contractor with the job of providing meat for the men building a railroad would buy some. Even then, only the loin, hind-quarters, hump and tongue were purchased.

When the hides were fully dried they were folded down the middle with the hair inside and piled in stacks. Most freight wagons could haul 500 of these flint hides at a time, since a sun-dried hide lost about half its weight and weighed about thirty pounds for a cow and forty pounds for a bull. Most hunters hauled their own hides into town and sold directly to the hide buyer. But, a few buyers came out with their wagons to make the rounds of the large hide camps. At first the wagons were drawn by oxen, but later on they were hauled by mules for more speed. No matter how the hides were hauled, they soon reached a railroad siding and were stacked in huge rows awaiting shipment.

Many hunters began their hunt in Texas, working north as the buffalo traveled north following the grass as it turned green. They paused at those rivers which mostly ran eastward from the Rockies — the Canadian, Arkansas, Cimarron, Smoky Hill, Solomon, Republican, Platte, and their various forks.

Two railroads, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Kansas Pacific, built west across Kansas through the best of the southern buffalo range. Now, as Wm. T. Hornaday relates, " ... the rush to the range was only surpassed by the rush to the gold mines of California in earlier years. The railroad builders, teamsters, fortune-seekers, professional hunters, trappers, guides, and every one out of a job, turned to hunt buffalo."

Everyone wanted the fun of killing and few wanted the labor of skinning. Uncounted thousands of animals rotted on the plains. The waste and loss reached such proportions that each and every hide on the market represented five animals killed. Everything seemed to conspire against the remaining herds. The new railroads gave easy access to the bison's favorite range, and there was great demand for buffalo robes on the market. Too many things were appearing under the bison's sun too fast.

The Army began opening new posts throughout the West which created a new market for fresh meat. The railroads bought vast quantities for their construction crews. One contract hunter, the renowned Buffalo Bill Cody, is reputed to have killed 4280 bulls during 1868 and 1869. Still most of the meat was wasted, for the soldiers and laborers would eat only the choice cuts.

In the first three months after it reached Dodge City, the Santa Fe Railroad hauled 43,000 buffalo hides back east. The Wichita station shipped thousands upon thousands of hides, and as many as five freight carloads went out each day. A really small town, Great Bend, Kansas, shipped out 4850 hides in August of 1873.

When the Union Pacific reached Cheyenne in 1867, its east-west lines divided the plains buffaloes into two mammoth herds—the "northern" and the "southern". The train crews started carrying rifles. So did the passengers. Hundreds of animals were killed and left to rot; other hundreds were grievously wounded.

The hunters were doing their best to completely clear off the Kansas ranges. At one place on the prairie a surveying party found 6500 buffalo carcasses. The hides were stripped and the untouched meat was left to rot. When the wind was from the west, the stink of this rotting mess drifted into Dodge City.

J.N. Helton, A Santa Fe Railway conductor, said, "I could have walked for a hundred miles along the right-of-way without ever stepping off a dead buffalo carcass."

During the slaughter of 1872 and 1873, the railroads hauled 250,000 hides out of Kansas. This thinned the Kansas herds. Further hunting for hides was unprofitable and the buffalo runners discovered they were men without a job. They had been so thorough in cleaning out the shaggies on all the ranges that there were not enough of the critters left to fill a hide wagon.

It was only after all hunting was ended the runners discovered there never was a buffalo on the American continent. The animals they killed with so much aplomb were not buffalo at all. They were bison!

Bison or not, they had been the major food supply for the Plains Indians. Now the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, Apaches, Cheyennes, Sioux, Blackfoot, and all the rest must settle down on a reservation or starve. The buffalo runners had destroyed their food supply on the prairie. ●**RW**

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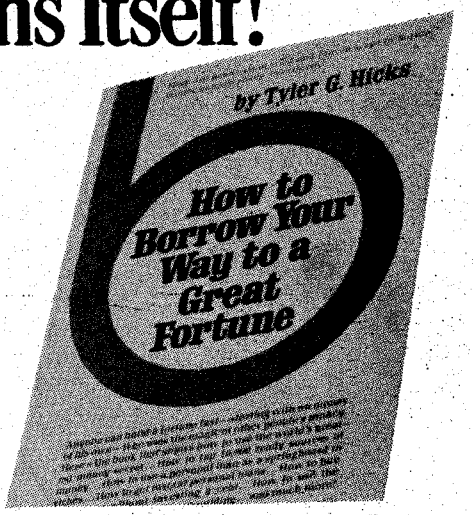
IS IT POSSIBLE?

# An Automatic Income for Life of $20,000... $50,000...$100,000 a Year...Without Working ...from a Business That Runs Itself!

**"I'll show you dozens of plans you can start easily—without investing a cent!" says Ty Hicks.**




Dear Friend:

Did you ever stop to think how great it would be to have an automatic income for the rest of your life—an income that goes on whether you work or not? An income of $200...$400...$800... $1,000 a week or more, to do with as you please?

Believe it or not, there are actually scores of businesses that could be bringing you a fortune, without your lifting a finger! Easy, proven, money-making businesses that practically run themselves —to give you extra income without work! All *you* bring to them is a little ingenuity and the step-by-step methods outlined in this book!

Furthermore, you can get into many of these businesses, *in your spare time—and build a fortune fast*—starting with no money of your own! That's right! An automatic income, without investing a cent!

## For Example—

- I'd like to tell you about a method a former blue-collar worker uses—requiring no equipment other than a pencil and paper, and no special skills. He helps other businesses get started. As part of his fee, he becomes a "silent partner" in each business. Today he has an income of more than $50,000 a year, from some 18 businesses. Yet he doesn't work even a minute a month at any of them!
- In another spectacular fortune-making method, all you do is make up company names, and sell them to companies that need names. Using this method, one fortune builder sold nearly $30,000 worth of corporate names in 6 months. And in the next six months, she sold $237,700 worth of names!
- And I'd like to show you how another fortune builder acquired a business that practically runs itself—a parking lot—without spending a cent of his own, even though he was a bad credit risk. Today, he owns 14 parking lots. His net income from each lot is $15,000 per year, giving him a total net income of $210,000 per year!

You'll find the full details in a new book which I have written...an eye-opening, profit-laden book that shows you a dazzling array of powerful, proven, money-making opportunities...90% of which require little or no cash, and even less effort!

## How To Borrow Your Way To A Great Fortune!

Everywhere I go in this world I meet successful, wealthy people. Were you to travel with me, you'd meet these rich people in the best hotels, the finest restaurants, exclusive clubs, and the biggest resorts.

What's more, you'd learn a great secret from these wealth builders.

- Nearly every person who built great wealth for himself in recent years did so with little or no cash and wound up with a lot of money!

If you met these people, as I have, you'd soon be convinced that the best way to build a fortune today is by using OPM—other people's money. It is the most powerful, the greatest key to fast riches, starting with little or no cash, known in the world today!

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ty Hicks has built several fortunes for himself and others, using the methods he gives you in this book. Today he has several *automatic incomes* going for him. "Automatic" because he spends less than two days a week, supervising these businesses—with ample time for travel, entertainment, hobbies!

*During his career, Mr. Hicks has made money in hotels, apartment houses, rental real estate, boating, shipping, publishing, amusements, the stock market, and theaters.*

*More amazing still, he began his search for wealth with no contacts, no private fortune,* his father having died when Mr. Hicks was only 14.

In this book you'll find scores of tried and proven ways to borrow money quickly, and use it to build a fortune...

Whether you're a man or woman, old, young, married, unmarried...Even if you haven't got a job...or are a member of a minority group...or have no permanent residence...these techniques will work for you! You'll discover...

- How you can get up to $5,000 easily on your signature alone, even if you have been refused before!
- How you can get up to $5,000 for as little as $8 a *month*!
- How you can get as many as six signature loans, for $5,000 each—*in ONE DAY*—for a total of $30,000!
- How you can get a large sum of money—thousands of dollars—that does not have to be repaid, is interest-free, tax-free, and can be used for any business purpose, including your salary!
- Over 10,000 ready sources of cash for you (many by mail)!

I'll show you how to use a loan as your springboard to riches! For unlike a car or TV loan, which doesn't pay you anything back, except pleasure, a business loan will often pay you a PROFIT of $50, $100, $200 or more PER WEEK!

Put these wealth-studded tips to work and you can soon be richer than you ever thought possible.

## Fantastic Fortune-Making Bargains!

There are unbelievably powerful fortune-making bargains available to you today. Opportunities—open to everyone—that you can take advantage of, with little or no cash, that can stuff wads of profit dollars in your pocket, quickly and easily! For example, you'll discover—

- How a $23,500 split-level home was purchased for only $180.22—and sold for thousands of dollars profit!
- How a 27-room mansion on 13 waterfront acres was purchased for only $98.18!
- How a $12,000 farm-style home was purchased for $55!
- How you may "mortgage out"—a technique that gives you ownership of a property with no money down and with a cash payment to you!

Incredible as it seems, these opportunities are in your local area right now! You don't need any kind of "luck" to find them. I'll show you exactly how to find such fortune-making bargains right away, in the pages of my book. Just apply a little *imagination to fit them into your own situation*—and you're on your way to a fortune like these.

## Shortcuts That Zoom Your Income!

You can, by using the methods in this book, make yourself a millionaire. Others have done exactly that. I've watched them. People like—

- Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was $68,000!
- Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get $400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. With*in 3 years, he was worth $500,000!*
- You'll see how Larry M. got the money he needed to buy $14,000 worth of paintings. In 2 years, he was offered almost FIVE TIMES as much for them. But Larry waited another year and sold them for more than SIX TIMES the purchase price: $100,000. This is a neat income —particularly when you remember that Larry didn't invest a dime of his own!
- Ben D., considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a $50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes! He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!
- Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money businesses. Soon he had a real estate office, a pet shop, a hardware store, a second gas station, and a laundry! His net income from these businesses was $75,000 the first year!
- Herb F. was a mailman for the Post Office, in a little town in the midwest. Using the method I tell you about—for obtaining large sums of money for as little as $8 a month—he obtained $40,000 without putting up a cent! He used this money to buy a $600,000 motel. Today he's on easy street after only a few weeks!
- Clint T. couldn't stand the 9-to-5 routine of his job. He decided he had to make a pile of money as quickly as possible. Using one of the sources revealed in this book, he borrowed $2,000 and invested it in a meat business. In less than 2 months, he made a profit of $12,300 —OR OVER $200 PER DAY FOR DOING NOTHING, while he had other people's money invested!

## I Want To Tell You All About These— And Many Other—"Automatic Income" Opportunities Entirely At My Risk! Like This:

There are hundreds of other profitable deals you can set up, using this ready cash! You'll learn about all of them in my book. I'll show you how to get into a business that's

- Simple to run! • Gives an immediate income! • Can grow quickly!

...and give you an automatic income for the rest of your life, perhaps! An income that goes on whether you work or not! Prove it yourself, entirely at my risk!

**— — MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY — —**

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of HOW TO BORROW YOUR WAY TO A GREAT FORTUNE by Tyler G. Hicks. I understand the book is mine for only $6.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk, or money back.

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## TRADING POST BULL PENS

*(continued from page 16)*

*Kay and Floyd Boyle, traders at Redlake (Tonalea) behind the counter in the bull pen. (1946)*

From author's photo collection

Entering the post, the whites would take one look at the old, almost priceless family heirloom jewelry in the pawn case. Then they made a beeline for it.

Navajos did not like them examining their jewelry. So we signed the cases with, "PLEASE DO NOT HANDLE PAWN"! That not stopping them we placed a trick locking device on the gate between the counters. But no matter what restrictive measures were used they always somehow managed to evade them, even after being told not to come behind the trading counter.

While at Inscription House trading post I had one very bad theft that almost erupted into fireworks. Fifty members of a well known conservationists club in California camped in the cedars on Red Mesa over night.

No sooner was the post opened at daylight than about twenty men, women and children piled in. Busy, I did not see them come through the locked gate. Ignoring the no-no sign they had half the pawn out of the case and were stuffed like canned sardines behind the counter when I caught them.

They were promptly sent out, angered because of not being allowed to handle and examine the pawned jewelry. Hardly were they gone when I inspected the case. Five large silver bracelets set with from fifty to a hundred turquoise stones were missing. I knew those bracelets well and the owners. They had been in pawn off and on over a period of several years.

Perhaps they had been misplaced so I went through more than 300 bracelets before I was able to state that they were gone. The club members were loading up to leave when I found their expedition leader.

I told him bluntly, "Unless those five bracelets are returned pronto I will have the Navajos search every vehicle and person in this caravan!"

He was highly indignant that I dared accuse any expedition member of stealing them.

"Okay," I replied, "either I get the bracelets here, and if not found by the Navajos I will telephone word to Tonalea and the tribal police will be on hand to search the outfit again."

We then had a telephone wire strung through to Navajo Mountain and he knew mine was no idle threat. He still muttered his displeasure when I left him. Half an hour later he appeared in the post and wordlessly deposited the bracelets on the counter with pawn tags still intact.

After I left Inscription House the new trader quit loaning pawn and posted a sign to that effect. Today trading regulations require that pawn be kept out of sight in a fire and burglar proof vault.

Navajos called the Hopi Indians stingy. Long ago they had cut down all the trees or destroyed them

**(continued on next page)**



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# SAVES UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR!

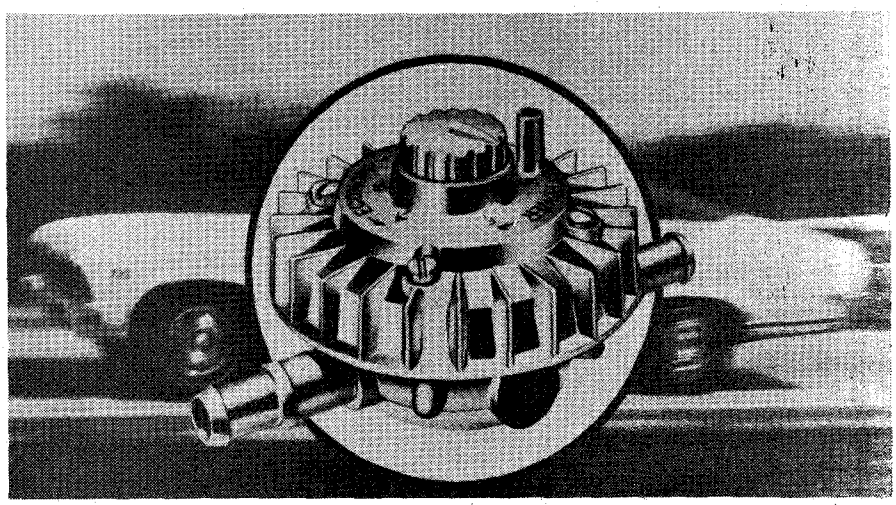
## And Gives You Up To 25% More Horsepower Doing It!

**How? By eliminating "Fuel-Pump Slop-Over"! And thus feeding your car up to 25% LESS gas (as much as two gallons an hour in heavy stop-and-go driving) . . . *at the same exact time that it gives you up to 25% MORE Horsepower doing it!***

***Like this . . .***

**WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? Just this—**

- **Up to 8 miles MORE per gallon—INSTANTLY!**
- **Jackrabbit starts—INSTANTLY!**
- **Skyrocket passing power—INSTANTLY!**
- **Up to 10 miles more per hour top speed—INSTANTLY!**
- **And up to $100 a year savings on your repair bills alone—INSTANTLY . . . and for as long as you drive that car!**



What does it cost you? Less than a new set of spark plugs! Less than five cents for every dollar you can save on gas bills THIS YEAR ALONE!

And how does it work? As simple as this—

### Stops Your Fuel-Pump From Over-Feeding Your Engine One Minute . . . And Starving It The Next!

Your car, like every other car, stores its gasoline in a gas tank . . . and then draws that gas out of that tank and feeds it to your engine with a fuel pump. This fuel pump was invented over fifty years ago! *It is a mechanical idiot!* It has *no* brain—just a *pump!* And therefore, it always feeds your engine THE SAME EXACT AMOUNT OF GASOLINE, whether you're stopped dead in traffic . . . or spurting past another car at eighty mile an hour!

*Think about it for a moment! The way gas is fed into your engine* today, when you're pulled up for a light your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! (That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out *the tailpipe.)* Then when you *pick up speed again to turn onto a highway,* your engine is still wasting a little less gas at 20 miles an hour . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

### IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO $100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED— IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQUIST *MINI-INJECTOR on your engine—*

As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-INJECTOR is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the fuel pump and the carburetor. A 12-year-old boy can put it on perfectly, *using nothing more than a screwdriver, even if he never* opened the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to *life again.*

Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolute top gas-power every single driving second! THAT DOESN'T GET ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings—your *key is hardly in the* switch before that engine is purring with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being choked up with raw gas that keeps the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on the ground!

Now at this time—YOUR ENGINE ITSELF SIGNALS TO THE MINI-INJECTOR EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-INJECTOR tells the fuel pump to deliver JUST THAT AMOUNT OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE!

You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door! And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

### You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

Now pull into the street and start cruising up to the first traffic light. You'll notice instantly that your foot sits lighter on the pedal . . . that your engine sounds silken-smooth . . . that it's practically floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few *short seconds ago.*

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first few cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. *It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before,* without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to spit out excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brake! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of its tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

### Prove It At The Lights! Prove It On The Hills! PROVE IT ON THE HIGHWAY— BY FLOATING RIGHT PAST OTHER CARS WHEN YOU WANT TO!

From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you! Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

*Now you're not fouling that car with too much gas 80 per cent of* the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only *sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right* down at the merest touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the lights whenever you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

*An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90* miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right *out of at the lightest touch of your foot!*

And—most important of all—STILL USING EVERY THRILL-PACKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE! *So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after* week . . . month after month! Till you've put a $20 bill back in your pocket . . . a $50 bill back in your pocket . . . a $100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally *less than a single set of spark plugs!*

### HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

**Here's how it saves you up to one gallon out of every five—at the same time that it gives you the most power-packed ride of your life!**

*Think of this MINI-INJECTOR as having two main parts.* The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-INJECTOR onto your car *is this: The miniature brain automatically senses* the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, *has no such measuring* device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-INJECTOR Takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-INJECTOR blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine (for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve), MINI-INJECTOR skyrockets its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

*So you save the money you want—and you get the power* you need—EVERY MINUTE YOU DRIVE!

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### Prove Every Word Of It At Our Risk! Far More Power On Far Less Gas From The Very First Second—Or We Send Every Cent Of Your Money Back!

And what's the cost for all this performance and all these savings? Only $11.98 complete—less than this MINI-INJECTOR can save you in your very first month!

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No ifs, ands or buts! It works for YOU, or it costs you nothing! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon . . . today!

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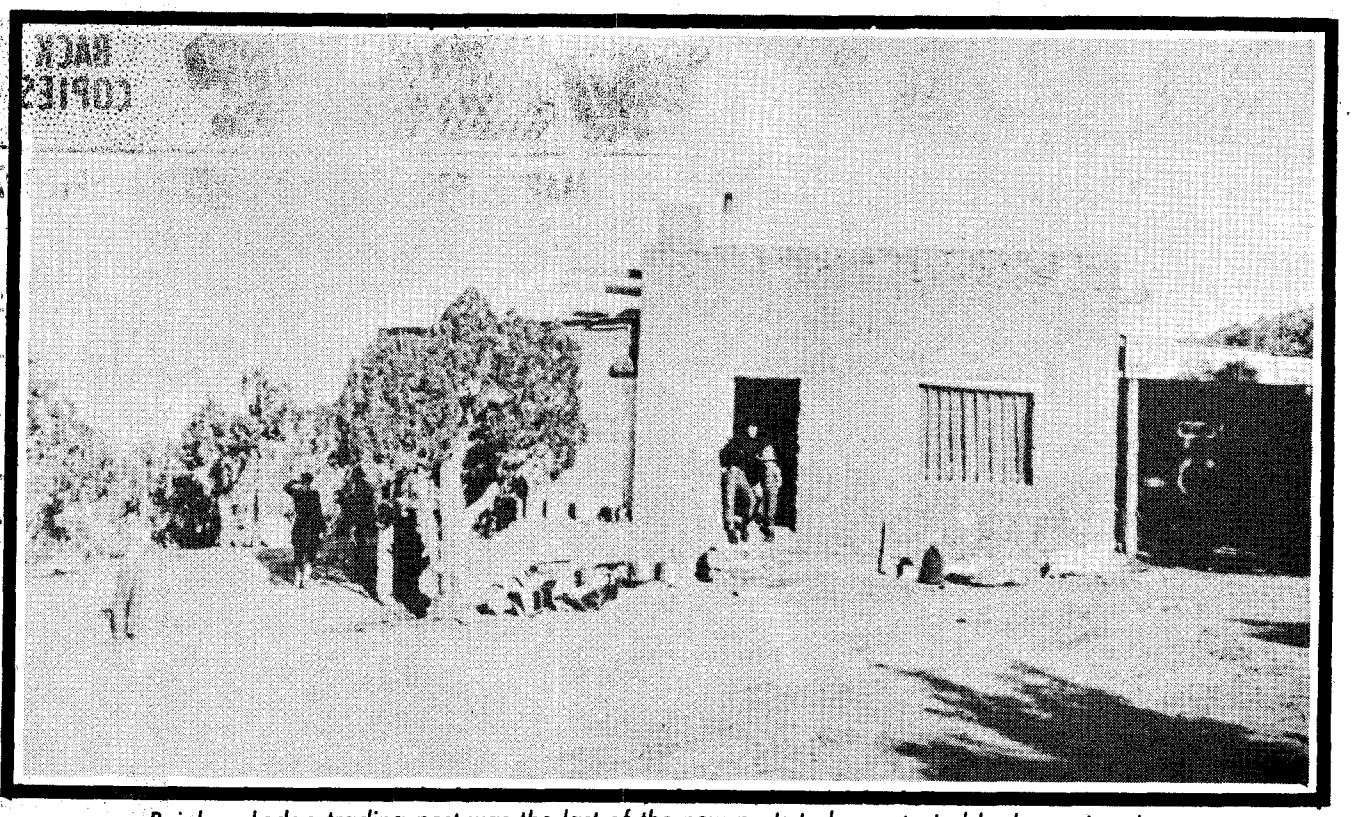

From author's photo collection

*Rainbow Lodge trading post was the last of the new posts to be protected by heavy iron bars.*

around their pueblos. This required them to haul firewood from a great distance.

In the western Navajo country they usually cut a truck load of cedar and hauled it out. Finally the district headman, or chief, decided to charge them for the privilege.

The Hopis kicked loudly in an uproar. A couple of them were roughed up and sent out woodless. Then the smart Hopi got around this by hiring some Navajo to cut a load of cedar logs and pile it near a road.

Hopis came frequently into the country for firewood, picking pinon nuts during the season, gathering medicinal plants and a few with burros hunting the site of Kwashtima, their ancient and centuries gone pueblo in some remote canyon.

The Hopis would enter the post and lean wordless for long periods against the counter. They stared avidly at the picture labels on the stacks of shelved canned fruit.

When they departed Navajos in the bull pen would say in great humor, "See, they tightened their belts and got a meal by just looking at those can papers and it didn't cost them one dime!"

The moccasin telegraph was no joke. News of tribesmen in the surrounding region reached the bull pen incredibly fast. Thus we knew that Hosteen Cilth Laki's wife had put his saddle outside the hogan door hours before he found it. This was the ancient tribal divorce law.

Long before agency police knew that two Indians in Navajo Canyon were distilling corn whiskey in coffee pots, I had tasted some of it. There was just enough alcoholic content to make an Indian drunk if he consumed a quart of the putrid stuff.

A Navajo near Kaibeto had served time in the penitentiary. On release he obtained a small copper still somewhere. He made and sold corn whiskey until finally he was arrested and sent to a federal penitentiary.

Officers didn't find his still but another Navajo did. Bringing it close to Inscription House he went to work. Not knowing quite how to make good corn squeezings he put a special bite into it. This was done by crushing green leaves of the nightshade plant in a funnel and then pouring the raw alcohol through it into a bottle.

This plant contains a deadly poison. Although he probably didn't get much into it the juice had a narcotic effect. He would appear in the bull pen with his hair standing on end and his eyes unable to focus.

His wife was a terror when he drank but she couldn't find his still. One time she brought a sack of pinon nuts and stood by while I emptied them into the bin.

Out popped a full pint bottle which she grabbed quickly. He had hidden it in the sack and then forgot about it. His wife ran from the wareroom into the store. Grabbing an ax handle she rushed on to him standing in the bull pen and got in a few good licks before he could escape to the outside.

Not a Navajo customer laughed until she chased him out of sight into the cedars. Then they really cut loose.

The old trading post bull pen with it's hallowed cutoms, its laughter and tragedy are no more. Not a dozen old time traders are left. A new crop of men have taken over. Most of them run what amounts to a railroad town supermarket.

There is no bartering in the Navajo language. Most Indians on the reservation today have a good command of English. The language is spoken only by Navajo clerks who work in the trading post, or market, whichever the case may be.

The old men and women reminisce fondly of the long gone days when a trading post was just that. Now all business is on a cash basis, no sums written on paper and the cost of each item subtracted as acquired or tin money (tokens) used as some of the oldest posts did.



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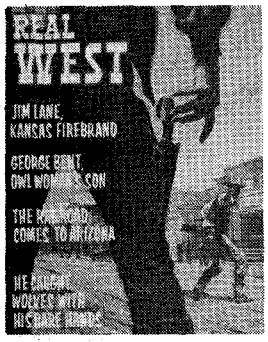
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JIM LANE, KANSAS FIREBRAND
GEORGE BENT, OWL WOMAN'S SON
THE RAILROAD COMES TO ARIZONA
HE BOUGHT WOLVES WITH HIS BARE HANDS

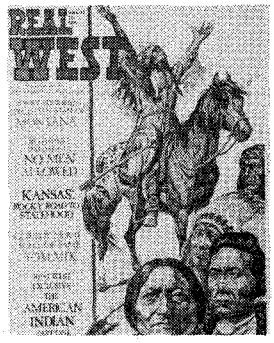
## SEPT., 1971

Jim Lane, Kansas Firebrand

George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands

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Sidney Edgerton -Forgotten Man Of Montana

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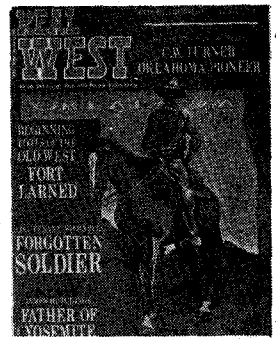
Kansas:Rocky Road To Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall Of Fame--Tom Mix




## APRIL 1972

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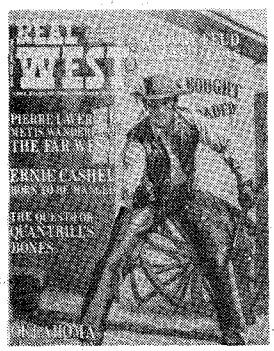
Lieutenant Sternberg--Forgotten Soldier

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W.Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer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ERNIE CASHEL BORN TO BE HANGED
THE QUEST FOR QUANTRILL'S BONES
OKLAHOMA

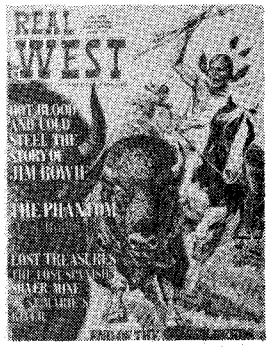
## MAY 1972

Pierre Laverdure--Metis Wanderer of the Far West

Ernie Cashel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery

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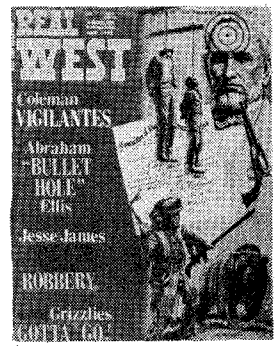


## AUG 1972

Coleman of the Vigilantes

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Jesse James and the Liberty Bank Robbery

The Grizzlies Gotta Go

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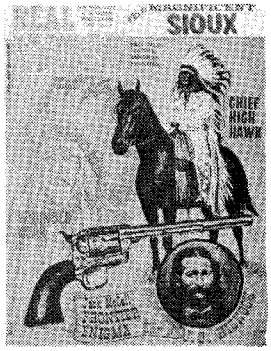


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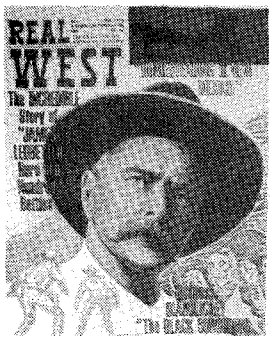
*UTE Raid at Little Navajo*

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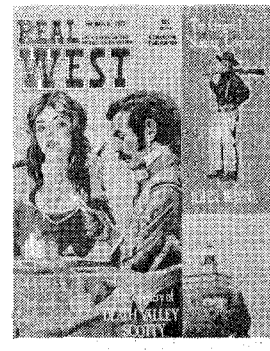


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## SHOSHONE MIKE

*(continued from page 62)*

cinated as the old white-haired chief put on his bright, feathered war-bonnet while the bucks and women smeared themselves with green and yellow warpaint. Soon the squaws and children were chanting as the wardrums began beating and they went into a war dance.

Yet each time the whites fired, a volley answered them, each pinning the other down behind cover. They found the renegades deadly marksmen. Ottie Van Norman and Charlie Stone jumped on their horses intending to keep the Indians from breaking away down the canyon, but George Holmes, on Ottie's right, suddenly yelled: "Watch out!"

"The next thing I knew I had a dull pain in my calf," said Ottie. "But I found out what it was. I'd got an Injun shot in my right calf, through my heavy chaps an' all! And that shot was a load of nails and bits of iron!"

The renegades proved tricky and well-drilled. Though badly wounded by now, the old chief was like a wildcat. While the whites tried to shoot them, they stayed behind cover and then popped out to snap shots and arrows at the whites. Meanwhile they had steadily been retreating. Then a scout squaw came out and weaved back and forth before the whites. She was fearless as she beat on a small drum, chanting. Suddenly a buck leaped out from behind her, snapped a quick shot at the posse, then darted back to cover and wriggled to safety.

The whites, too chivalrous so far to shoot at a woman, were thus at a disadvantage. As the battle raged it was hard to determine just how many Indians there were. There seemed to be a great many the way they popped up and down in every direction. It was seen that the renegades were trying to gain Deep Creek, another small tributary of Kelley Creek. It was there, as Ed Hogle walked up the slope for a better shot that the scout squaw weaved up towards him. In her hands she held a long spear bound at the tip with a wicked-looking sharpened sheep-shears, screeching a war song. Even as Ed stood, hesitating to shoot her and retreating, she suddenly dicked aside. From behind her voluminous skirts snaked a young buck who promptly snapped a bullet at Ed.

Ed staggered forty feet hollering: "Look out fellers! He got me!" then dropped dead.

Hughes shouted and the others nearby, seeing Ed fall, cursed and dashed for the Indians without further thought. The air was alive with bullets and arrows which "fell like rain!" The Indians fled in every direction, the young scout squaw grabbing two of the young children and rushing into the tall sagebush.

When one of the bucks fell, the rest turned to make their last stand, abandoning their mustangs and taking to the sagebrush. The posse's rifle cracked ominously bringing piercing screams as one by one the murdering Indians fell, to rise no more.

"Cap" Donnelly rode furiously among the posse ordering: "Don't shoot the squaws and kids!" But the infuriated Surprise Valley boys, remembering their mutilated friends and the death of their pal Ed Hogle, ignored the warnings and attempted to kill all the renegades. After all, the squaws were as bad as their bucks!

Ottie remembered: "An old squaw sat down there at the bottom of the wash banging away on her drum. Then I saw a squaw with hate blazing from her eyes aiming an arrow, but before she got the arrow off a black hole showed on her forehead, her hair went every which way and she dropped. A cowboy had seen her in time!"

It took three full hours to subdue the band in a running fight, with only four Indians left alive: the young scout squaw named Snake (also Heney) and three young children, one of them a baby. After a running chase they had to be tied down to prevent injury to their captors and to themselves.

Of the whites, there were only two casualties: Ed Hogle killed, and another posse member shot in the chest with a steel-tipped arrow. He later recovered.

It was not until the end of the battle that it was seen, much to the posse's chagrin, that their enemies had consisted of only four adult bucks, two squaws, two youngsters of twelve and fourteen and the young scout squaw and three very young children! Yet that band had fought as though they had many more warriors.

Ottie remembered how the old chief, as he lay dying, riddled with bullets, had raised himself up, feebly trying to aim his broken rifle and screaming: "Me Shoshone Mike! Me Shoshone Mike!" before a merciful volley put an end to his suffering.

So the murdering band had been that of Shoshone Mike Dagget who had thieved and murdered their way from north to south and east to west and back again. And it was discovered that it had been Shoshone Mike and his bucks who had ambushed the Chinaman and Mexican down near Wadsworth, and scalped the Chinaman for his queue! And taken their guns and ammunition. They had also killed a white boy near the Idaho border before heading south.

Before leaving the scene of the battle trophies were collected. These consisted of otter skins, spears, bows and arrows, drums, paints, rifles, pistols, an ammunition belt and pistol belonging to Harry Cambron, more of the stockmen's belongings, bridles, spurs, rawhide, deerhide moccasins, the baby's cradleboard, tomahawks, Mike's feathered war-bonnet and various other things.

Ottie had recognized the tri-colored dog as once having belonged to Pete Erramouspe. The Nevada State Police elected to take him along as their mascot.

When the small size of the little band was blazoned in the newspapers, public opinion veered. It was declared that Shoshone Mike's little band was one of the bravest to ever join battle with their white enemies.

But, no matter their small size, that band had fought as viciously as rattlers, without quarter until almost all had been killed.

Shoshone Mike's band had trod their last warpath ... the last Indian battle to be fought in the United States ... unbelieveably, in 1911!

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Massacre of 1911, by Effie Mona Mack

Nevada Historical Society at Carson City.Courtesy of Mrs. Myrtle Myles.

History of Surprise Valley (as included in California Northeast, a history of Modoc County) By William Brown.

Interview with Ottie Van Norman, last posse rider still living.

Interview with Mr. George Laxague, son of murdered stockman John Laxague



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# *YOUR NERVES* CAN CURE THEMSELVES

## once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

**If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!**

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

**constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...**

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And--equally as bad--*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats--"racing" heart--palpitations--or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands--or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

**"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...**

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

**And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated--OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!**

And that insight is this:
If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED... "rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are--again--all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and--instead--*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which--the great reward--*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

**In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!**

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*--including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"--*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness--perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms--and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind--*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

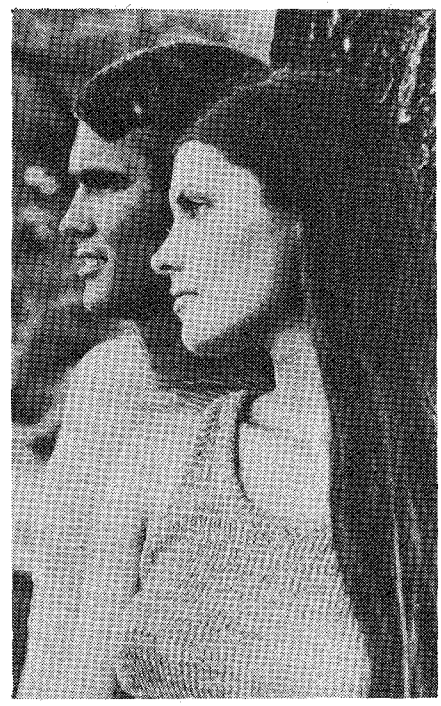
The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

*How to bring happiness back into your everyday life!* Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that *may have you waking up tomorrow morning* as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And--the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!



### WHAT OTHERS SAY:

*"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."*

*"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."*

*"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."*

*"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."*

*"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective--and so simple--I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.*

*"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."*

*"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."*

*"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."*

*"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."*

*"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."*

*"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."*

### WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves" -- indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**DR. CLAIRE WEEKES** became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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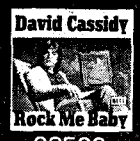

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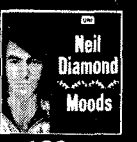

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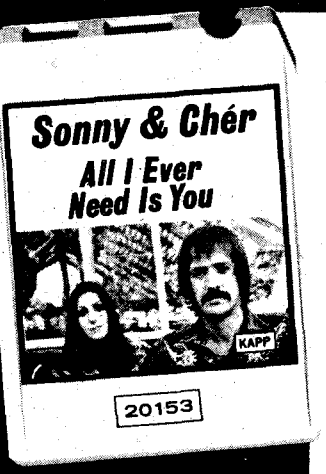

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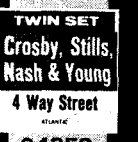

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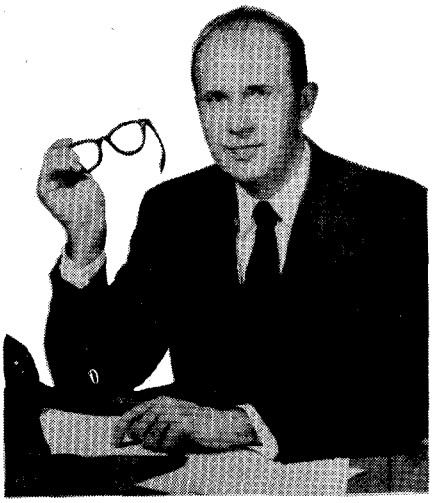
# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

*"It's easy," says Don Bolander...*

*"and you don't have to go back to school!"*



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

## BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question** *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

**Answer** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question** *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

**Answer** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

**Question** *Is this something new?*

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** *Does it really work?*

**Answer** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question** *Who are some of these people?*

**Answer** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

**Question** *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question** *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

*To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet,* How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 840-05, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

**DON BOLANDER,** Career Institute, Dept. 840-05 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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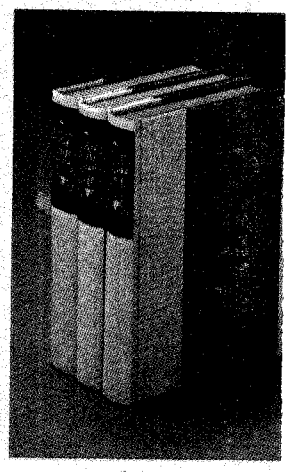

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